Mar. 8, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

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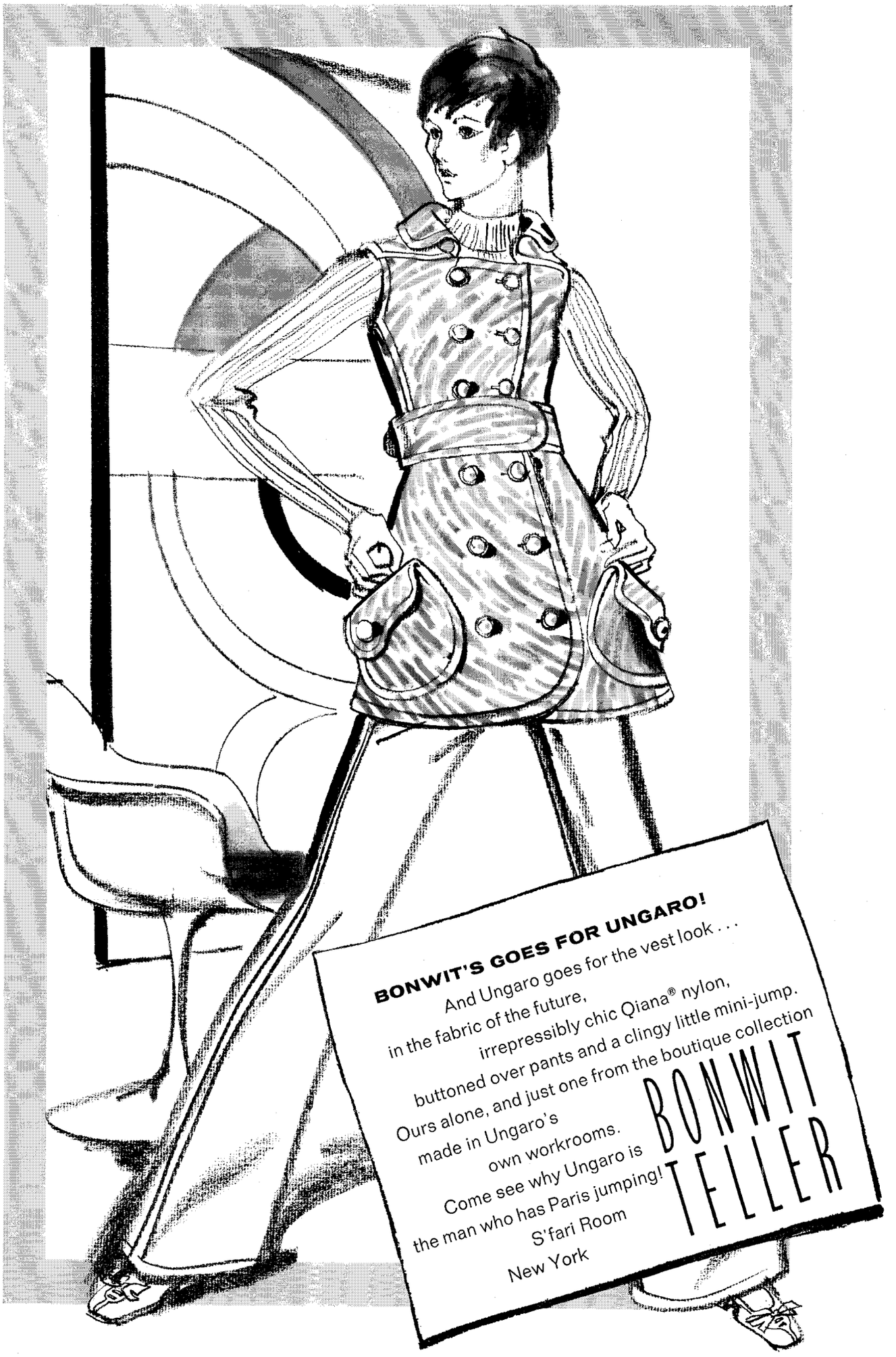

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Adaptation and **Next**—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. Gabriel Dell and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

APA Repertory Company—Shakespeare's **hamlet**: Thursday and Friday, March 6-7, at 8:30; Saturday, March 8, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday, March 10, at 8:30; Wednesday, March 12, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday, March 13, at 8:30; and Saturday, March 15, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Molière's **the misanthrope** (Richard Wilbur's adaptation): Friday, March 14, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

Big Time Buck White—The second half of this play, which originated in Watts and ran for three years in Los Angeles, simulates a meeting of a black-militant organization; the first half is taken up with the extremely comic antics of the leader's lowlife followers. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Boy on the Straight-Back Chair—A play by Ronald Tavel. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 22.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. The performances, under Edmund Cambridge's direction, are as good as the script, which couldn't be better. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. With Rosalind Cash, William Jay, and Douglas Turner. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 9.)

Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie?—A not very skillfully written play about a rehabilitation center for drug addicts, worth seeing for the high quality of the acting and direction. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dozens—A comedy by Laird Koenig, with a Negro cast made up of Al Freeman, Jr., Paula Kelly, and Morgan Freeman. Directed by Edward Parone. Previews through Saturday, March 8. Opens officially on Monday, March 10. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Forty Carats—Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, Franklin Cover, and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and cleverly directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—A long, loud whoop of a play, wonderfully acted by James Earl Jones. A huge cast is required to tell this sad tale of the betrayal of a good black prizefighter by many white villains. Howard Sackler is the author and Edwin Sherin is the adroit director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Hadrian VII—A play by Peter Luke, based largely on the peculiar novel of the same name by Frederick Rolfe. Alec McCowen plays the paranoid hero with great élan. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jimmy Shine—Dustin Hoffman in the title role is the main reason for going to see this skimpy little comedy by Murray Schisgal. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

Little Murders—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago by devising exactly the right comic style for its performance and finding the right actor for every part. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Donald Pleasence acts his tireless head off in the only part that matters. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Millionairess—A revival of Shaw's comedy, directed by Philip Minor. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

National Theatre of the Deaf—A stunning display of pantomime. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 8.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen playing a sort of young Jewish Lear, or maybe Othello—anyhow, not Romeo. Mr. Allen wrote this confused comedy and has had the sense to fill it with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Heinar Kipphardt's **in the matter of j. robert oppenheimer**, translated by Ruth Speirs and with Joseph Wiseman in the title role, will be the third production in this season's series of four plays. Opens Thursday, March 6, and will run through Saturday, April 19. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Spitting Image—A comedy by Colin Spencer, imported from London. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tango—A Polish play, by Slawomir Mrozek, which deals with such abstract matters as art, liberty, coercion, and totalitarianism in the form of a tragi-farce about a young aristocrat who tries to snap his disorderly, bohemian family into line. The play is interesting, but it is badly served by a dim production. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

Tea Party and **The Basement**—The components of these fascinating one-act entries by Harold Pinter are, as should be expected, threat, suspicion, mischief, and wildly original comedy. (Eastside Playhouse, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Watering Place—Shirley Knight, Ralph Waite, Vivian Nathan, and William Devane are the entire cast of this play by Lyle Kessler, directed by Alan Schneider. Previews through Tuesday, March 11. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 12. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wrong Way Light Bulb—Leonard Spigelgass's autobiographical play, with James Patterson and Claudia McNeil. Stephen Porter directed. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Zelda—Ed Begley and Lilia Skala in a comedy by Sylvia Regan. Directed by Delbert Mann. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—the boys in the band: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and

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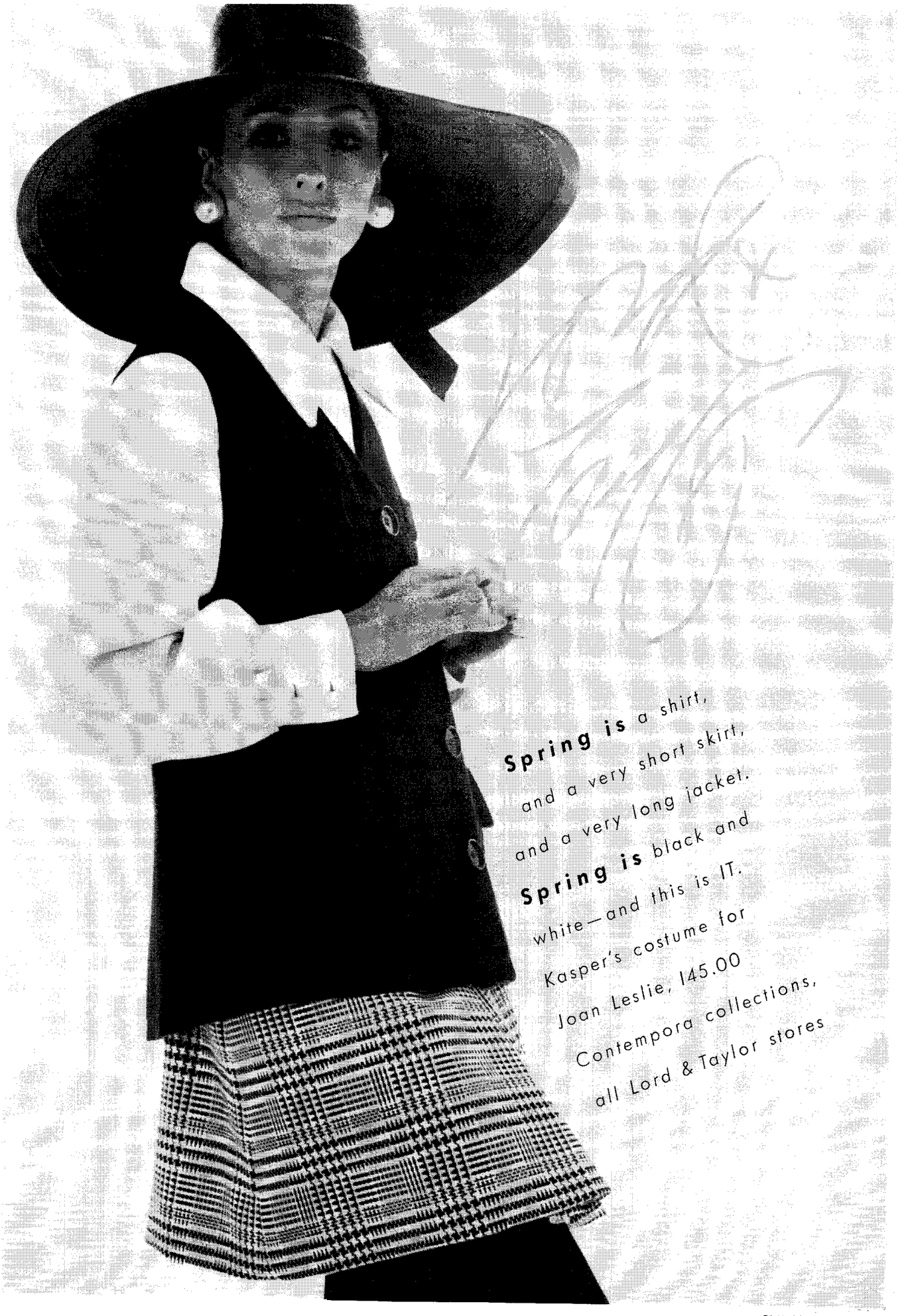

Phil Mazzurco

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays at 7 and 10:30).... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Barbara Baxley and Dan Dailey have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30).... **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

CANTERBURY TALES—Chaucer debauched. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

CELEBRATION—A musical by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt about love, God, goodness, youth, desire, failure of desire, and death. All in two hours, and all cheerful. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DAMES AT SEA—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, with a suitable score by Jim Wise, suitable book and lyrics by George Haimsohn and Robin Miller, and a delightful performance by Bernadette Peters, as a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. Neal Kenyon, who was both director and choreographer, has hit just the right note of foolishness in his bits of stage business and in his elaborate production numbers. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DEAR WORLD—A musical version of "The Madwoman of Chaillot," ingenious in everything but its music, and worth seeing for Angela Lansbury as the dotty Countess Aurelia. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

AN EVENING WITH MAX MORATH—A one-man show to cheer the heart. Mr. Morath, at the piano and on his feet, reintroduces us to some of the foolish popular songs that prevailed at the turn of this century, and to the intrusion of cheeky, wonderful ragtime. His words may sag a bit occasionally, but his music is always stylish, bracing, and merry. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 4.)

OF THEE I SING—A revival of the Gershwin-Kaufman-Ryskind 1931 musical. Preview Thursday, March 6, at 8:30. Opens officially on Friday, March 7. (Anderson, 66 Second Ave., at 4th St. AL 4-4430. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PEACE—Aristophanes' funny satire on war, brought up to date and turned into a musical, with songs by Al Carmines and words by Tim Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' words are good enough, but it is Mr. Carmines' score, along with his dynamic presence at the piano, that makes the show the delight it is. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PROMISES, PROMISES—Jerry Orbach, Jill O'Hara, and many others in a marvellous musical with book by Neil Simon and music and lyrics by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert,

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44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WALK DOWN MAH STREET!—The second of two performances of last summer's Off Broadway revue by Norman and Patricia Taylor Curtis. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, March 15, at 2:30.)

ZORBA—An amiable musical starring Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. "Zorba the Greek" was a popular novel and then a popular movie, so the musical can offer few surprises, but in a musical who needs surprises? The tidy, pleasant music and lyrics are by John Kander and Fred Ebb, respectively, who did "Cabaret." (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 9.)

LONG RUNS—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CABARET:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Slow music, please. Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. A little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GEORGE M!:** An account of the life of a Broadway performer and songwriter whom many people admired but practically nobody liked. Joel Grey plays him. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. Thelma Carpenter fills in for Miss Bailey on Wednesday afternoons. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Jane Morgan plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Robert Wright plays the title role; David Holliday substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Thursday, March 6, at 8:30: "Gamelan," "Animus," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Friday, March 7, at 8:30: "Gamelan," "Nightwings," and "Astarte."... ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 2:30: "Pas de Dix," "Secret Places," "Pas de Trois," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Pas des Déesses," and "Astarte."... ¶ Sunday, March 9, at 2:30: "Cello Concerto," "Sea Shadow," "Pas de Trois," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Sunday, March 9, at 8: "Pas de Dix," "Nightwings," "Fanfarita," and "A Light Fantastic."... ¶ Tuesday, March 11, at 8:30: "Pas de Dix," "Opus 65," "Fanfarita," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Wednesday, March 12, at 8:30: "Scotch Symphony," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Astarte."... ¶ Thursday, March 13, at 8:30: "A Light Fantastic," "Animus," "Fanfarita," and "The Clowns." ... ¶ Friday, March 14, at 8:30: The new unnamed ballet, "Elegy," "Pas de Trois," and "Façade."... ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 2:30: "Pas de Dix," "Elegy," "Fanfarita," and "A Light Fantastic."... ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 8:30: "Gamelan," "Animus," and "Façade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, March 23.)

JEAN ERDMAN THEATRE OF DANCE—Appearing for a single performance. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St. Friday, March 7, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea in enormous vessels, and entertainment that's above the mean. Folk singer Don Crawford alternates with some well-rehearsed nitwit-singers named the Times Square Two. Shows begin at about nine-thirty. On Tuesdays, the regulars take the night off, and assorted visitors come bearing instruments.

CAFÉ AU GO GO, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—An underground coffeehouse that is tenebrous and occasionally significant. Much of the music comes from singer-guitarist Danny Kalb, who used to be the leader of the Blues Project. Performances at eight and eleven-thirty. Closed Mondays.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Down among the warehouses, where it's just about all that's happening. A bandstand, a dance floor, some Italian dishes, and singer Anita O'Day, who might make a

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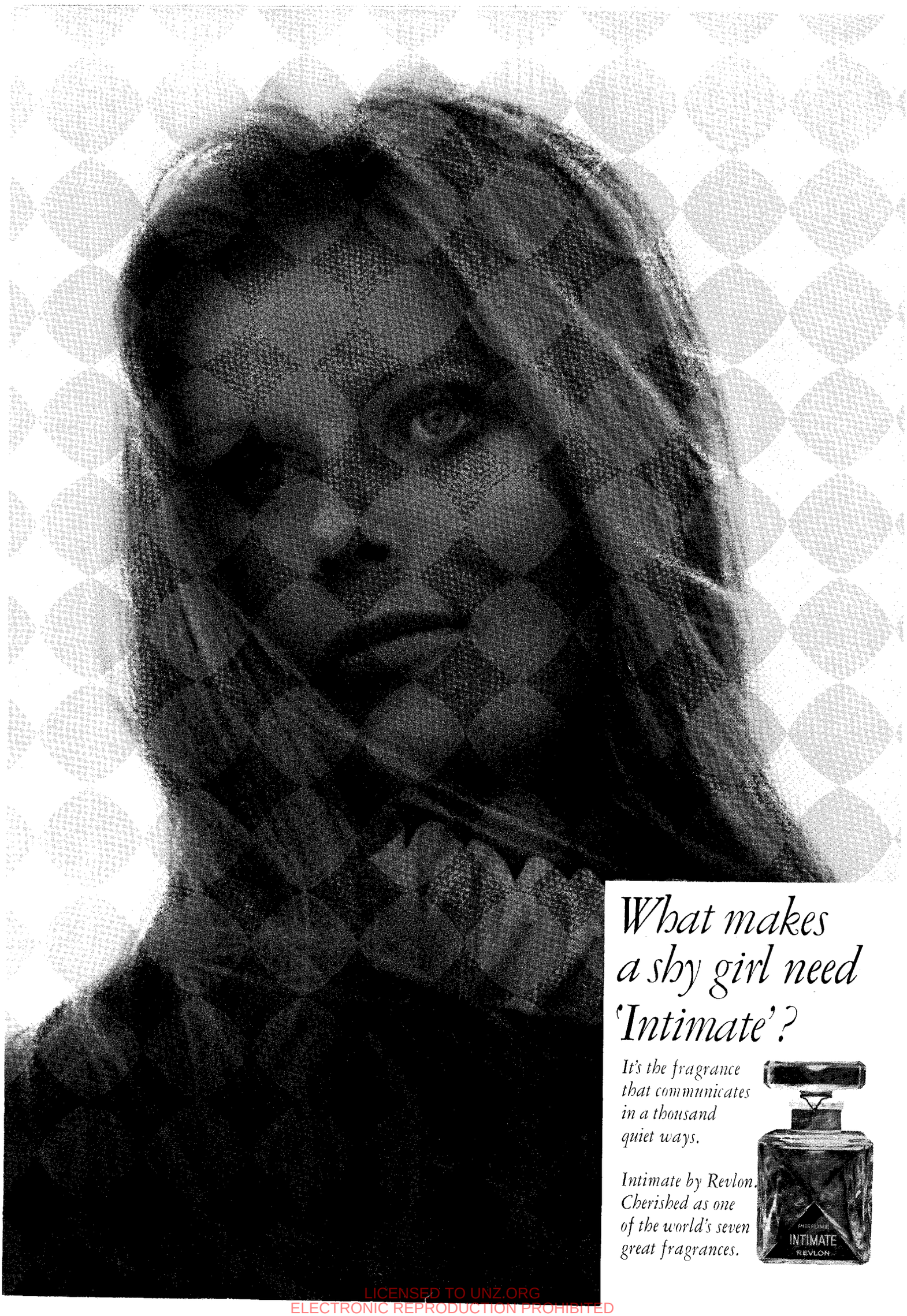
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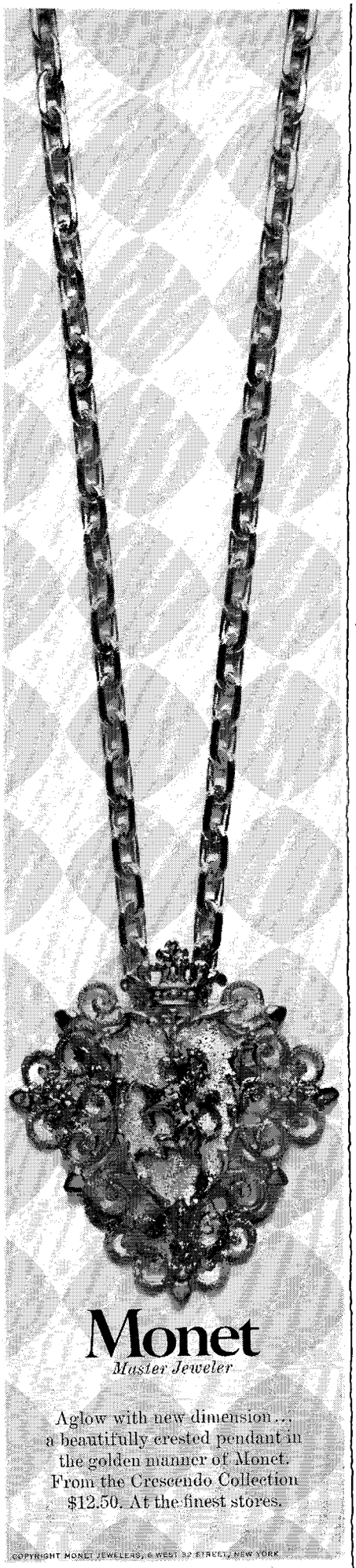

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

trip to this out-of-the-way spot especially worthwhile. The musicians are Roy Eldridge, Richie Kamuca, Roland Hanna, Eddie Locke, and Buddy Catlett. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—If you should yearn for the traditional, this is about the only local Dixieland headquarters left. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played currently by Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A big red fire engine, peanut shells on the floor, and ricky-tick banjo music summon up the plinking eighteen-nineties, or whatever. Now and then, Vitagraph-type movies are shown. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters, garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by Stanley Turrentine's quintet, with Blue Mitchell on trumpet. On Tuesday, March 11, Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers will move in. Saturdays and Sundays, from five to nine, are assigned to various jazz groups. On Sunday, March 9, the assignee will be the Sonny Brown octet. Closed Monday, March 10.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Entertainment on two levels. Upstairs, the Gary Burton quartet, a swinging group, takes turns with the pianist Toshiko, for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, March 7-8, the Herbie Mann septet will trade sets with the Dizzy Gillespie quintet: Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, the stage will be occupied by Joe Tex, a rhythm-and-blues man who writes most of what he sings. (Shows from ten on Fridays and from nine-thirty on Saturdays.) Mondays, starting at eight-thirty, are mixed bags of soul and rock performers.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz has a tendency to thrive. Thursday through Saturday, March 6-8, beginning at nine-thirty, singer Novella Nelson will share the bandstand with the Freddie Hubbard quintet. Thursday through Saturday, March 13-15, Miss Nelson will share it with the Tony Williams quartet. On Sundays, from five-thirty to eleven-thirty, a sixteen-piece band led by Duke Pearson performs. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Closed Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Banjos shake and washboards scrape and the gang whoops it up till the cows come home (i.e., from nine till two or three). On Sundays, a Dixieland band performs from four-thirty until nine. Then the regular crew takes over and plays till the cows, etc. It's nifty.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Eager folk immersed in imagery scurry inside and slip into seats at tiny tables, then slip out again to dance while other folk goggle. The loud sound of live groups alternates with loud recorded rock, from nine to three or four. Some food is served. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boite*. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele looks satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four, and dining of a delicate sort.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates were trying to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a tiny dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—High up and filled with sleek-looking folk, this is a place to spend an hour or so either gazing at the view—which is superb—or merging with the shaking, strobe-lighted scene. Dancing to records from eight until three or four every night.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Cairo, with its grand old Shepheard's, is the general idea, but nobody is really sure. Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some of it is fast, some is slow, and all of it is controlled by a voluble disc jockey. Between record sets, five people known as Ruby and the Romantics come out and sing, or something. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can patronize a bar, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, a gimcrack shop, and several other real establishments. You can also dance to records, from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday. The music is solid discothèque stuff.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is the main thing here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, the Detroit Wheels do. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a cool place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "Street Fighting Man," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. The drinks are huge. The walls are paisley.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): History is not repeating itself, for the kings and the captains who made it have departed; nowadays, the repeating is done by the gramophone that plays on while the house band is at leisure. The house band, though, is populated by Lester Lanin's first-stringers. Closed Sundays. . . . **Pierre**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Whirl without end, and a social one at that. The impetus is given by the tunes of Phil Wayne's band on Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's the rest of the time in the Café Pierre, where, on the Worth evenings, Ellen Harwicke contributes neat song and piano, too. . . . **Delmonico's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The old household words, such as "peace" and "comfort," are still spoken in the restaurant, where the household guards are the cheery musicians under the command of Ernie Warren. No music Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **The Riverboat**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Sort of beer-and-skittles. The worshipful company of plumpers for jazz-with-a-tradition assemble at eight-thirty for Bobby Hackett's first reveille. Maxine Sullivan, back from the banks of Loch Lomond, chirrups along with his band. The Hacketts are supplemented by Urbie Green's conglomerate, an excellent second choice, which begins at six-thirty. No

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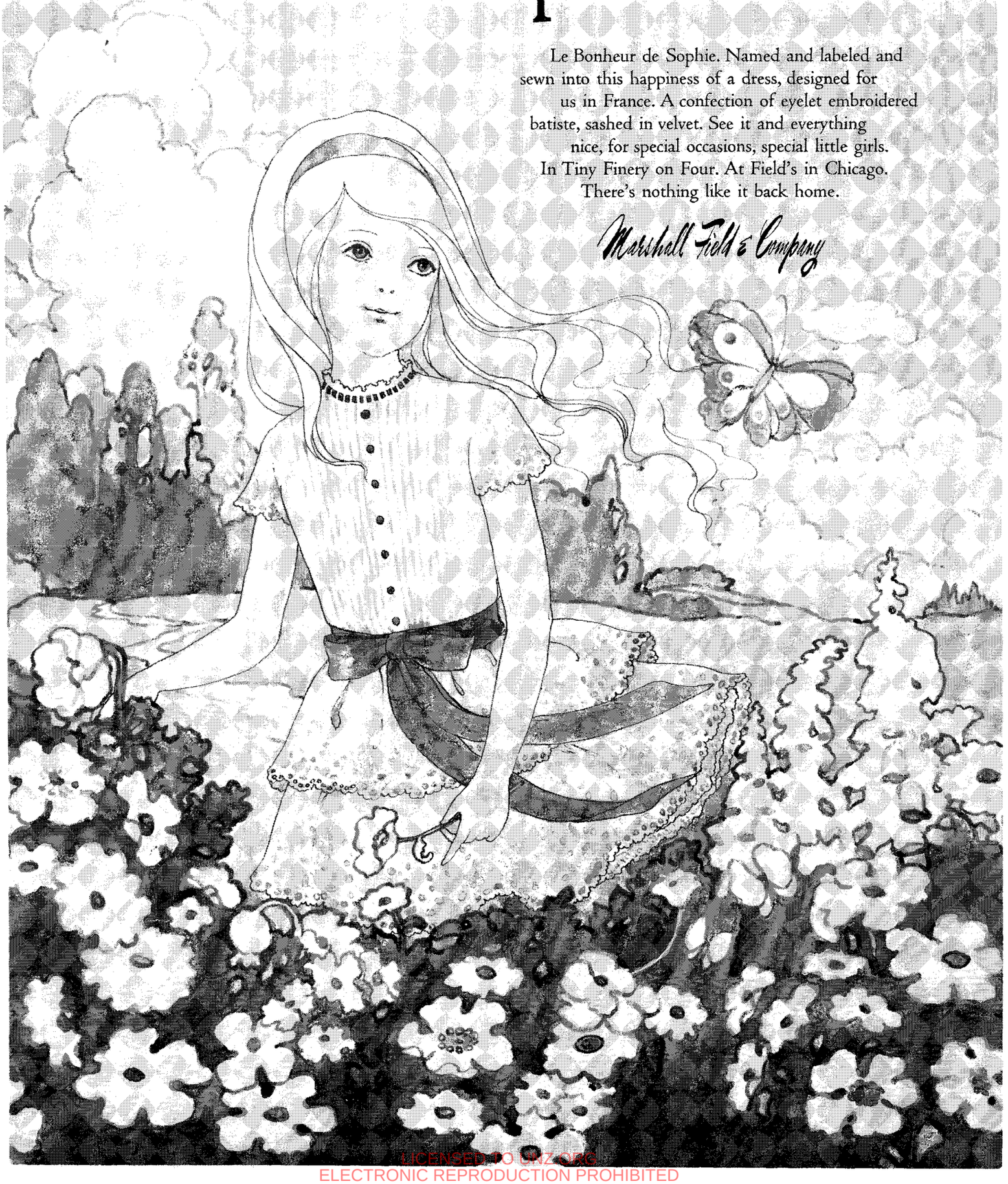

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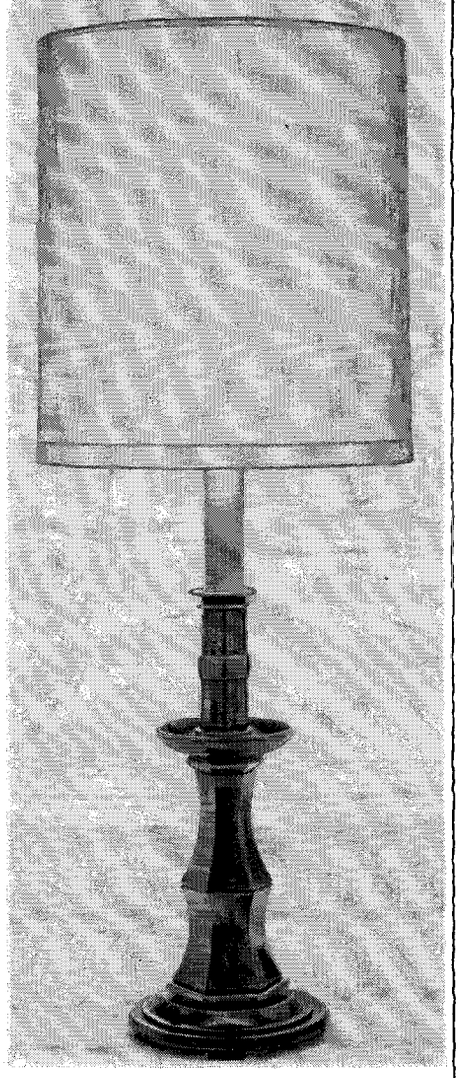

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

noise Sunday nights. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): It takes all kinds—except, that is, rockers and rollers. The décor and nourishment are elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Seven-thirty until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is three-thirty. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Joan Rivers, whose diatribes make her sound no worse (but a lot funnier) than a common scold, goes on a new schedule after Saturday, March 8. From then on, she will ululate Wednesday through Saturday every week; the Mondays and Tuesdays will be occupied by Mabel Mercer, the source from whom the styles of so many other singers flow. The unflawed piano of Buddy Barnes will be Miss M.'s background. Ten will remain the usual starting time, and Fridays and Saturdays will continue to begin at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Go Middle East, young man, young maiden, to where several contingents—Israeli, Greek, Turkish, Armenian, Yemenite, and the like—join friendly hands. Avram Grobard is the moderator, George Mgrdichian is chief oudist, Yakov Uriel serves as Gabriel's trumpet, Itamar serves as caroller, and a solemn female (Turkan) turns the *danse de ventre* into a form of ceremony. The dining is native without being naïve. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Free Fall," the pocket revue now in residence, is having in-public workouts. Except on Sunday, it is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, it's often show business holding the mirror up to itself. Buddy Greco, who sings during dinner and supper, happens to be a pretty good upholder, and so does George Carlin, the humorist of these occasions. The musicianly Lee Evans band takes special care of the dance tunes. Closed Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Should Portugal revert to monarchy, here is where it will find its queen: Amalia Rodrigues, for whose form of Latin literature (the fado song) there are two Latin words—*dignitas* and *veritas*. Beforehand, there is a bacchanalian revel by a set of flamencans. Twice a night, every night. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre-in-the-round, fervent demonstrations of the off-beat Spanish handclap and flight-of-the-bumblebee Spanish song go on until all hours, and every night.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Happy as the night is long is Tony Bennett, a sort of good will on earth to all comers and to all songs that are in the public ear. Since the musicians he chooses are always the best, the presence of the Count Basie band is hardly a surprise. All hands withdraw on Wednesday, March 12, and next evening Connie Francis and her soprano move in. Every night, from dinner on. . . . ¶ It seems always to be larkiest just before dawn in the street-level lounge, though the night people and the night music begin as early as ten.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Even before springtime, a young man's fancy can lightly turn to thoughts of love, and so it is with John Gary, who sings in the Persian Room during dinner and supper. All the rest of the night belongs to the chiming bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** Oscar Peterson and his two sidemen are at work. Mr. P.'s piano involves a strenuous laying on of hands. Mousie Alexander's dance triad is also in operation. Dinner *si*, supper *no*. Proceedings commence at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the perfect spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Carmen McRae's passionate pilgrimage through the world of high-style jazz singing makes dinner or supper on the comfortable Matterhorn a stop-look-and-listen affair. Joe Cabot's crew does the dance tunes. Sunday, March 9, is an all-quiet, but next evening brings up a new deal: spring batting practice by Jonah Jones, whose horn swings from the floor, and conversation by Gene Baylos, who can be rough as well as ready. The Jones boys will do the dance music, too.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—High life begins at eight or so in the Maisonette; Jana Mason, an infrequently heard soprano, begins in the middle of dinner, and returns during supper. The orchestras of Quintero and George Cort take up every bit of the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Across the way lies La Boite, where the only sound is Ernest Schoen addressing his Viennese violin and Jules Kuti addressing his Viennese piano. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Robert Goulet, the sonic boom in the Empire Room, sings his final dinner and supper sets on Wednesday, March 12. Next evening's arrival is Jimmie Rodgers, whose Pop Art hymnals have made him quite the Pied Piper. Dance music in quantity, the best of it by a sort of Carnaby quartet called the Re Vells. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley affords dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to one or one-thirty along with dinner and supper, plus piano on its own from four to eight Mondays through Fridays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): First in the hearts of his country-club men is Louis Golson Hawkins, who runs his in-town country club with aplomb, éclat, and single and double piano, his teammate being the redoubtable Wayne Sanders. From eight until early morn is the idea, and nobody works Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A word to the worldly wise is sufficient, especially if it is inserted in one of the lyrics that Bobby Short keeps in stock. He, his piano, and his aides (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan) begin at nine-thirty, but never on Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Nothing but the best. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A fine state of affairs, all of them foreign, or at least West Indian—costumery, cookery, and chantey, the last of these by a brace of on-the-move calypso men. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. Chuck Wayne's threesome greets it at the gateway to the old corral. No music Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Under what at times are difficult conditions, and every night but Sunday, Charles De Forest keeps on singing the vinaigrette vignettes of big-town life he does so well. On Monday, March 10, Marian McPartland's threesome, whose jazz never takes leave of its senses, joins up. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Not upon a Grecian urn but upon a Steinway sits Rita Dimitri, the Athenian turned Parisian soubrette. Her dinner songs (repeated, Fridays and Saturdays, at midnight) are almost audience-participation, and she is indeed a hostess with the mostest. Polite dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): If two Hungarians meet over a glass of Tokay, they start a gypsy orchestra. Béla Babai's band flavors this scene, and Tibor Rakossy is lord of the manor and lord of the tenors. Closed Mondays. . . . **PIER 52,** 144 W. 52nd St. (245-6652): From his crow's nest in the bar of this more than passing fair seascape, George Taylor, a night watchman of long standing, delivers song and piano from nine until two every evening but Sunday. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A practically continuous standing ovation—sometimes by the

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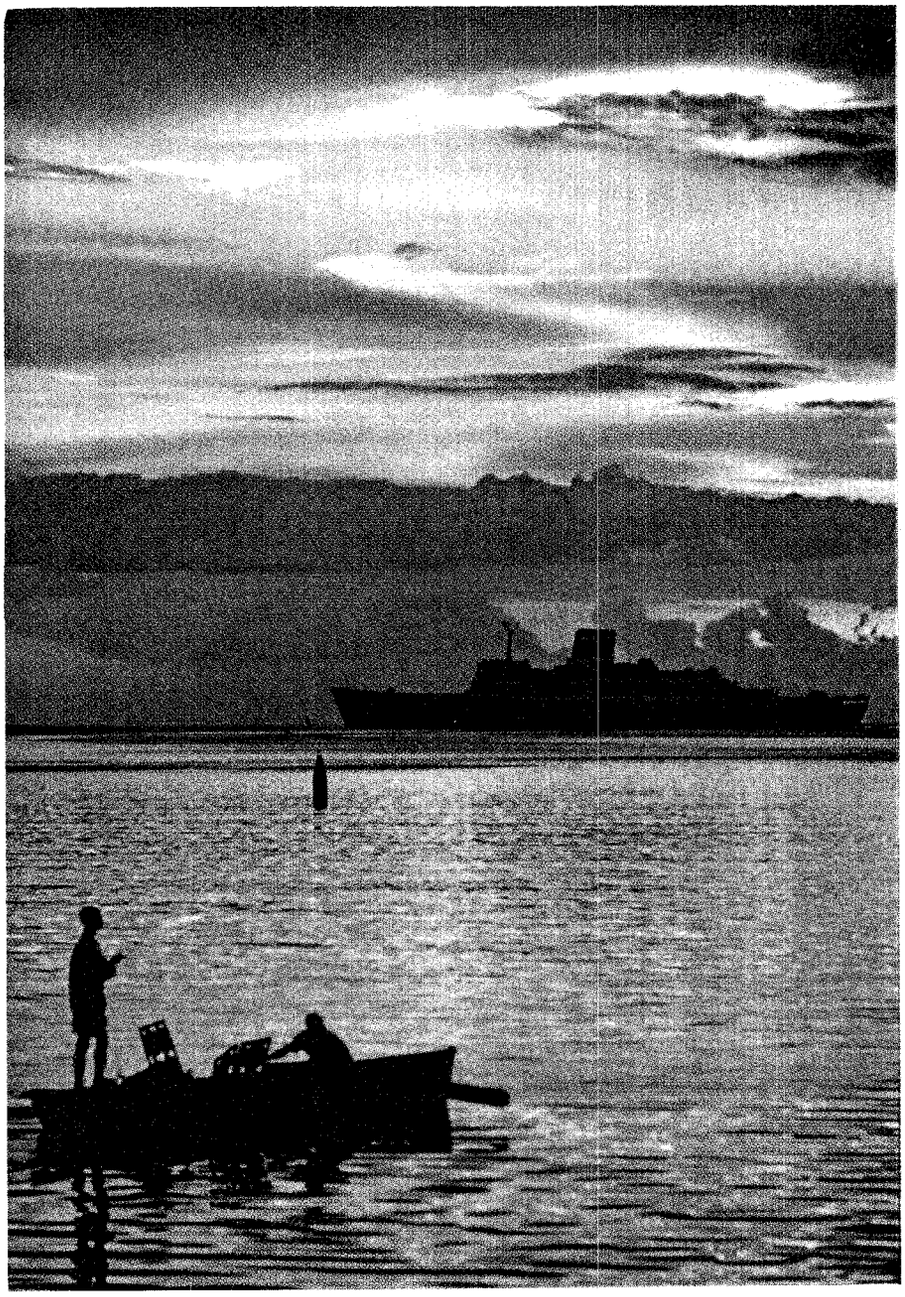

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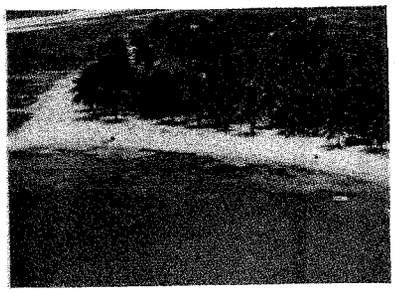

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

customers as well as the crew—to Italian opera that is well basted with *fettuccine* and Orvieto. Closed Mondays for soundproofing. . . . GRENADIER, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): The time of night is always Greenwich Mean. Just the same, Lynn Richards, who plies her piano and soprano Tuesday through Saturday every week, has the jovial sound of late-evening Manhattan. Nine until two is her plan of attack.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of after-dark violinists, who makes his weapon serve the noble cause of Cupid. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. . . . ROMA DI NOTTE, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Tiber, Tiber, burning bright/ Until very late at night—two, say. Up to that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . SIGN OF THE DOVE, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. In the bar, a folksy piano disports itself from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . SALUM SANCTORUM, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is piano. Closed Sundays. . . . SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is piano from five until a bit after midnight every evening. . . . CAFÉ RENAISSANCE, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree. Rogelio Reguera and his guitar conduct an eclectic survey of Spain. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . REMBRANDT ROOM, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): There's enough panoply in this refectory to point up the fact that the Ring George Feyer's piano has in mind is Viennese, not Wagnerian. His conversation, though, is today, and political. Eight-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . MONSIGNORE, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the roads that lead to Rome. On and around a wayside bandstand is the crew of musicians headed by Herman Honigsberg, upon whose violin the longbow is never drawn. Closed Sundays. . . . POLO BAR, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Field of the Cloth of Gold is the manner of the establishment, and mild is the manner of the piano (Joe Miles, author) that goes from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The *grande plaisance* known as the Casino-on-the-Park has the piano, quite well educated, of Bob Kail between six-thirty and one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . FOUR SEASONS, 99 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-4300): The hall of the mountain kings and the grand panjandrums becomes a conservatory at ten, which is when Jimmy Lyons, a pianist with a long memory and a long imagination, sets to. His music goes on until one, and he takes Saturdays and Sundays off. . . . UMBERTO, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): This tribute, presumably, to Italy's final king, is architecturally a Royal Nonesuch, but an entertaining one. A troubadour known as Franco Pagani plies guitar and tenor from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PETER AGOSTINI—Figurative drawings and a number of terra-cotta sketches; through Saturday, March 15. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEO AMINO—Structures in colored plastic, some hung from the ceiling; through Friday, March 14. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

HORST ANTES—Landscapes containing the artist's curiously curtailed Expressionist figures; through March 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE AULT (1891-1948)—Thirty watercolors of Bermuda, Provincetown, and New Jersey; through Saturday, March 8. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Wooden boxes and reliefs containing allusive objects; through Saturday, March 8. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

CAMILLE BOMBOIS—Thirty-six paintings of women and girls by the celebrated French primitive; through April 5. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

COLLEEN BROWNING—Scenes and impressions, mainly of Morocco and Corsica; through March 20. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

DORIS CAESAR—Bronzes of the female nude; through March 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

MARTIN CANIN—Optical paintings; through Thursday, March 13. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

GENE DAVIS—"Micro-paintings" by an artist known for his large striped canvases; through Thursday, March 13. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLEM DE KOONING—An exhibition of forty oils and twenty-four charcoal drawings running concurrently with the artist's retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art; through March 22. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

OYVIND FAHLSTRÖM—Recent works in assorted mediums, including shoals of cutout images adrift in a tank of water; through March 29. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

JARED FRENCH—A twenty-five-year retrospective showing the development of this American symbolist figure painter; through Saturday, March 8. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St.)

PAUL JENKINS—The latest versions of this artist's luminous, transparent color shapes floating on canvas; through March 22. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Also at the artist's studio, 831 Broadway, at 13th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

HOWARD KANOVITZ—Tableaux of life-size and smaller cutouts representing figures of the New York art world; through March 22. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LILA KATZEN AND STEPHEN EDLICH—A combination of lights, forms, vinyl sheets, coal crystals, liquids, and other materials constituting nothing less than "the universe as environment" by the former, and fifteen reliefs and free-standing sculptures in sheets of acrylic and bronze by the latter; through April 7. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.)

CRAIG KAUFFMAN—Vacuum-molded Plexiglas wall reliefs; through Saturday, March 15. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN KOCH—Figures in interiors, and still-lifes; through Saturday, March 8. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

FRANK KUPKA (1871-1957)—Twenty-five oils, drawings, and gouaches from all periods; through March 20. (Stein, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GASTON LACHAISE (1882-1935)—Thirty-six bronzes and twenty oils; starting Saturday, March 8. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN—Color paintings in triangular form; through Saturday, March 8. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD LONG—Photographs of earth-and-rock "sculptures;" through March 21. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

MORRIS LOUIS (1913-62)—Ten paintings, very much alike in format, done in 1958; through Thursday, March 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.). . . ¶ Stripe paintings from 1961-62; through March 29. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID LUND—Fifteen Abstract landscapes; through March 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT MANGOLD—Flat paintings based on letter forms; through Thursday, March 13. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

TAD MIYASHITA—Abstract paintings and collages; through March 20. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL MOGENSEN—Multi-sectioned shaped can-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vases, mostly broken rectangles; through March 26. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Morris—Agglomerations of different materials by a leading experimentalist; through March 22. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Also at Castelli, 103 W. 108th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Hal Pauley—Sculptures composed of electric light moving through translucent plastic; through Saturday, March 8. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Adam Peiperl—Moving light sculptures consisting of water-filled bowls in which plastic elements circulate and change color; through Wednesday, March 12. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—Paintings and drawings, 1967-68; through Saturday, March 15. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Otto Piene—Eight sculptures produced by inflation, heat, and light, some created in collaboration with M.I.T. engineers, by a founder of the German "Group Zero;" starting Saturday, March 8. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Porter—White plastic boxes or blocks of variously shaped parts; through April 30. (American Institute of Architects, 20 W. 40th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Charles Prendergast (1863-1948)—Panels (with decorative birds, animals, dancing girls, and horseback riders), watercolors, sculptures, and cabinetwork by the brother of the American Impressionist Maurice Prendergast; through March 22. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard K. Randell—Blue and white fibre-glass and aluminum structures with corrugated surfaces; through March 29. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Ross—Three large oil-filled prisms of Plexiglas that reflect and distort light; through March 26. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hyde Solomon—Abstract seascapes in high-keyed hues; through Thursday, March 13. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pat Trivigno—Patterned abstractions by a New Orleans artist; through Saturday, March 15. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Claire Zeisler—Sculptures in the form of weavings by a Chicago artist who is a leader in this medium; through March 21. (Feigen, 141 Greene St., at Houston St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 63 E. 57th St.: Drawings, pastels, and watercolors by more than fifty artists, most of them eminent; through Saturday, March 8. . . . **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: American, Israeli, and European paintings by Man Ray, Shahn, Hundertwasser, Lam, Manessier, Marini, da Silva, Zao Wou-ki, and others; through Saturday, March 15. (Closed Mondays.). . . **500 PARK AVENUE**, at 59th St.: Masters of modern Italian art, among them the great Futurists Severini, Balla, Carrà, and Boccioni; through April 5. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Early twentieth-century German drawings and watercolors comprising items from such movements as Die Brücke, Der Blaue Reiter, and the New Objectivity. Among the artists are Klee, Beckmann, Corinth, Dix, Pechstein, Grosz, Nolde, and Feininger. Through March 28. . . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Kuwayama, Budd, and Wofford; through Friday, March 7. . . . **GRAHAM**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Flower still-lifes in various mediums by, for example, Benton, Carles, Dash, Dickinson, Glackens, Hartley, and Kuhn; through March 29. (Closed Mondays.). . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: Mexican folk art—papier-mâché figures, wooden carvings, pottery, toys, costumes, and ceremonial and festival objects—collected in villages remote from big cities; through Saturday, March 8. . . . **LEVER HOUSE**, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St.: The twenty-ninth annual exhibition of leisure-time art by art directors of commercial agencies; through Sunday, March 9. (Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Oils, sculptures, and watercolors by such gallery artists as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, Doris Rosenthal, Roy Moyer, and Fred Meyer; through March 29. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Watercolors and drawings by Kirchner, Nolde, Schmidt-Rottluff, Klimt, and other German Expressionists; through Tuesday, March 11. (Closed Mondays.). . . **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Drawings and constructions by six members of the Chicago "Hairy Who" group, who work in the comic-strip mode; through Friday, March 14. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.). . . **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Seventy Indian miniature paintings from 1500 through the eighteenth century; through April 30. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Harlem on My Mind," the show that has been causing all the noise. Photographs, slides, captions, voices, sound, and music, going back sixty years, from which Harlem emerges as the capital of urban black culture in the United States; through April 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large retrospective, previously shown in Amsterdam and London, of Willem de Kooning's paintings, drawings, and pastels from the mid-thirties to 1967; through April 27. . . . ¶ An impressive exhibit of approximately forty tapestries and weavings by contemporary craftsmen working as artists in this medium; through May 4. . . . ¶ Drawings, pastels, collages, and sculptures by Julio González, a pioneer in welded-iron sculpture; through March 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to the de Kooning exhibition is his show of oils and drawings at Knoedler & Co., 14 E. 57th St.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and twenty-five European and American works from the collection of Peggy Guggenheim, the celebrated patron of twentieth-century artists; through March 23. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Forty-six paintings by Helen Frankenthaler, a "second-generation" Abstract Expressionist; through April 6. . . . ¶ Forty-five paintings and sixteen drawings by William Sidney Mount (1807-1868), a founder of American genre painting; through April 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and twelve items of American printmaking from 1670 to 1821; through March 23. . . . ¶ A hundred prints and drawings collected by the Museum during the past thirty years, including examples ranging from Dürer and Rembrandt through Matisse, Miró, and Albers; through April 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs and engravings that focus on the endeavors in research, exhibition, and education made by the Museum in its hundred-year history. Contents of the recently located cornerstone are also unveiled. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A retrospective of sculptures, watercolors, and drawings by William Zorach (1887-1966); through March 30. . . . ¶ An award show of works by contemporary Americans comprising, among others, Charles F. Cajori, Red Grooms, Frank Gallo, Clement Meadmore, Alice Neel, Philip Pearlstein, and Richard Pousette-Dart; through March 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Medieval art, from the fifth century to the first quarter of the sixteenth, lent by private American collectors and made up of two hundred and twenty illuminated manuscripts, paintings and drawings, sculptures, ivories, metalwork, goldsmiths' work, enamels, stained glass, and embroideries and tapestries; through March 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Tuesdays, admission is $1.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Drawings by artists who were active in Na-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ples during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries; through April 12. . . . ¶ Art from the collection of Jacques Kaplan, a fur stylist who is a familiar figure in the contemporary art world; through March 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A comprehensive exhibition of the works and life of Grandma Moses (1860-1961); through March 30. . . . ¶ Paintings by thirty-seven American artists, among them Ryder, Sargent, Homer, Hartley, Hopper, the Soyers, and Shahn; through March 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Eighty works by European contemporaries, including Bacon, Bury, Fahlström, Kitaj, Magritte, Matta, Soulages, Tàpies, and Vasarely; through March 16. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Drawings by Al Hirschfeld, a draftsman well known for his theatre caricatures in the *Times;* through April 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Poet's Hand," a display of autograph manuscripts (1440-1940) by English and American poets; through Saturday, March 15. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Religious objects of New Guinea, including carved figures, masks, shields, ornaments, and musical instruments; through May 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-forty-fourth annual, composed of more than three hundred oils, sculptures, drawings, prints, and watercolors by both members and non-members; through March 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Eighty watercolors by American Indians, craft objects (such as kachinas, pottery, and blankets), and seventy-five photographs of Navajo life; through June 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Contemporary paintings and sculptures by approximately thirty self-taught black artists of Haiti, accompanied by tapes of the country's music and language, slide projections of the land and the people, and objects and designs related to the voodoo religion; through March 30. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, March 6: A new production of Verdi's "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Grace Bumbry, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, and John Macurdy. (A benefit performance.). . . ¶ Friday evening, March 7: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Régine Crespin, Reri Grist, Evelyn Lear, Rosalind Elias, Otto Edelmann, John Alexander, and Rudolf Knoll. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 8: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, James King, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 8: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, Anselmo Colzani, and Paul Plishka. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 10: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Grace Bumbry, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 11: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Régine Crespin, Reri Grist, Evelyn Lear, Rosalind Elias, Otto Edelmann, John Alexander, and Rudolf Knoll. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 12: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Mignon Dunn, James King, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 13: "Peter Grimes," with Lucine Amara, Lili Chookasian, Jean Madeira, Jon Vickers, and Geraint Evans. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 14: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Tebaldi, Nell Rankin, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 15: "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 15: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Régine Crespin, Reri Grist, Rosalind Elias, Louise Pearl, Otto Edelmann, John Alexander, and Rudolf Knoll. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, March 6, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Beverly Evans, John Stewart, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Friday, March 7, at 8:15: "The Ballad of Baby Doe," with Anne Elgar, Frances Bible, Chester Ludgin, and Joshua Hecht. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Veronica Tyler, Carol Neblett, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Janet Winburn, Lino Savoldi, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 9, at 1:15: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Michele Molese, Joshua Hecht, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 9, at 7:15: "Prince Igor" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Joy Davidson, Julian Patrick, and Roy Samuelsen. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 12, at 8:15: "Prince Igor" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Joy Davidson, David Clatworthy, and Harry Theyard. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 13, at 8:15: "The Ballad of Baby Doe," with Anne Elgar, Muriel Greenspon, Chester Ludgin, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Friday, March 14, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Anna Ottaviano, Carol Neblett, Michele Molese, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 2:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Francesca Roberto, Muriel Greenspon, Lino Savoldi, and Richard Fredricks; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Bernabé Martí, William Chapman, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Beverly Evans, Tibor Kelen, and William Murray. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 20.)

Manhattan School of Music Opera Theatre—Granados's "Goyescas," staged by Basil Langton and conducted by Anton Coppola. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Friday through Sunday, March 14-16, at 8. A limited number of free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Seiji Ozawa conducting on Thursday, March 6, at 8:30; Friday, March 7, at 2; and Monday, March 10, at 7:30 (all with Tossy Spivakovsky, violin). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, March 8, at 8:30 (with Eugene List, piano). . . . ¶ Pierre Boulez conducting on Thursday, March 13, at 8:30; Friday, March 14, at 2; Saturday, March 15, at 8:30; and Monday, March 17, at 7:30 (all with Leonid Kogan, violin).

Minnesota Orchestra—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski directing the New York première of Krzysztof Penderecki's "The Passion and Death of Jesus Christ According to St. Luke," with soloists and several choruses. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 6, at 8:30.)

Washington National Symphony—Howard Mitchell conducting the first of two all-Mozart concerts, with Hans Richter-Haaser, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 9, at 3.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 11, at 8:30.)

Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra—Izler Solomon conducting, with Hilde Somer, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 12, at 8:30.)

Master Virtuosi of New York—Gene Forrell conducting a program of Russian music. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 7, at 8:30.)

Israeli Chamber Orchestra—Gary Bertini conducting, with Rema Samsonov, mezzo-soprano, and Alexander Tal, violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 8, at 8:30.)

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American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 9, at 3, and Monday, March 10, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Carlos Chavez conducting a program that includes two of his own works. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, March 11, at 8.)

Mannes Chamber Orchestra—Carl Bamberger conducting. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Tuesday, March 11, at 8:30. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ Same program; Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Thursday, March 13, at 6:30. A limited number of free tickets are available at the Amsterdam Avenue entrance, but only to those applying for them in person after 4 on the day of the performance.)

Municipal Concerts Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting a benefit concert, with Artur Balsam, piano. (Town Hall. Friday, March 14, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Maria Ferriero, soprano, and Raymond Gibbs, baritone. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, March 15, at 8:30.)

Kuentz Chamber Orchestra from Paris—Paul Kuentz conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 15, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Anton Neyder directing two different programs. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 16, at 3.)

RECITALS

Beaux-Arts String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 6, at 8:30.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, March 6, at 8:40.)

Charles Castleman—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 7, at 8:30.)

Music of the Royal Court—Friday, March 7, at 8:30: "Philip II and the Spanish Renaissance," a concert postponed from Feb. 21, performed by the First Lute Quartet, with Jean Hakes, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, March 14, at 8:30: "The Courts of Count Esterhazy and Archduke Rudolph," a Beethoven-Haydn program of piano trios and vocal music, with Robert White, tenor. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Sabicas—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Friday, March 7, at 8:30.)

Clifford Curzon—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, March 8, at 8:30.)

American String Trio—With Ronald Roseman, oboe. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Saturday, March 8, at 8:30.)

American Brass Quintet—With Gwendolyn Killebrew, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 10, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, March 12, at 8:40.)

Guarneri String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 14, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—Dmitri Bashkirov, piano. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, March 14, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The last in a series of concerts, with Walter Trampler, viola. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 14, at 8:40.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Buffy Sainte-Marie, Ian and Sylvia, and the Great Speckled Bird—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday, March 7, at 8 and 11:30.

Peter, Paul & Mary—Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, March 7-8, at 8:30.

O.C. Smith and the Checkmates, Ltd.—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center,

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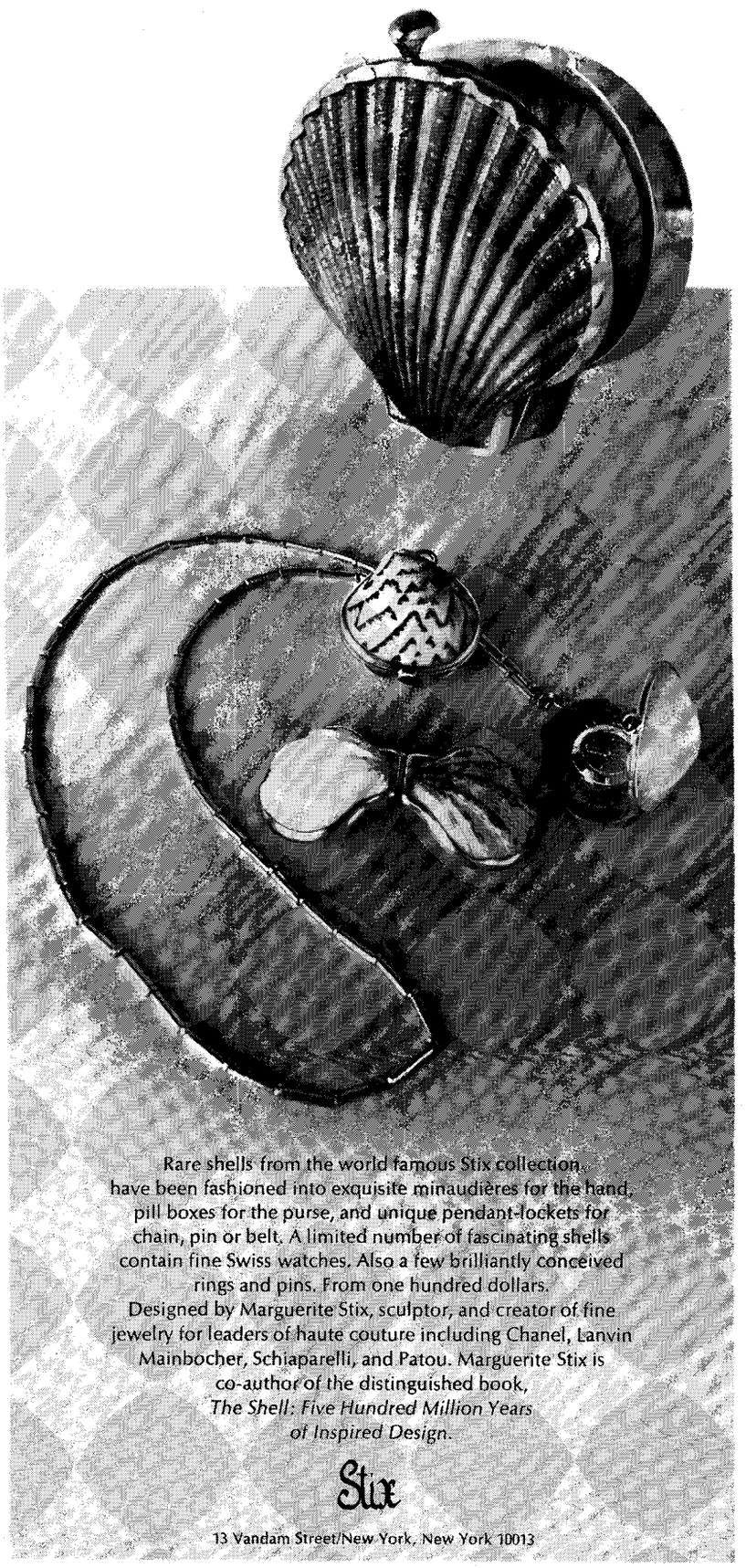

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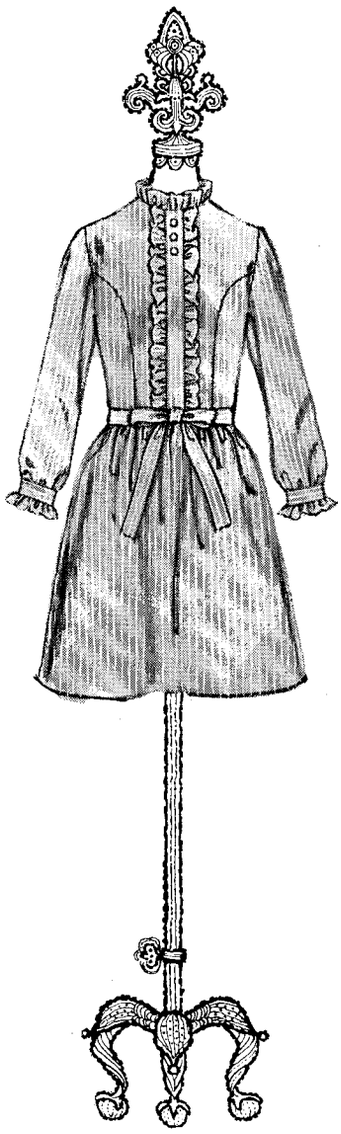

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, March 7, at 8:30.

Thad Jones Quintet—Town Hall. Saturday, March 8, at 2:30.

Vanilla Fudge, the Amboy Dukes, and Sirocco—Fillmore East. Saturday, March 8, at 8 and 11:30.

Keith Jarrett Trio—Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, March 8, at 8:30.

Duke Pearson's Band, the Jazz Giants, Bill Evans' Trio (with Jeremy Steig), Roy Eldridge's Quintet, and Art Blakey and His Jazz Messengers—Fillmore East. Sunday, March 9, at 7.

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 9, at 8.

Procol Harum, Pacific Gas & Electric, and the Collectors—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, at 8 and 11:30.

Tim Buckley—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 14, at 8:30.

Sound of Ireland—The Irish Rovers, Paddy Noonan and his Irish Band, the Seven Towers Dancers, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, March 15, at 2 and 8:30.)

Sonny Rollins' Ensemble, Jaki Byard's Quartet, and the Jazz Samaritans—Town Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 8:30.

MISCELLANY

Pierre Boulez—Conducting a chamber ensemble and playing the piano, with Bethany Beardslee, soprano. Also, Charles Rosen will play M. Boulez's Third Piano Sonata. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 7, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden Center—Tuesday, March 11, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 2:05: Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

Boxing—Benny Briscoe vs. José Gonzalez, middleweights, 10 rounds; and Willie Muñoz vs. Juarez De Lima, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden Center. Monday, March 10, at 8:30.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden Center—Sunday, March 9, at 2:35: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 12, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Pittsburgh.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, March 10, through Saturday, May 31. The Swift, Monday, March 10, and the Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, March 15.

Track Meet—I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden Center. Saturday, March 8, at 7:30.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 24. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—Thomas Scherman conducting the *Little Orchestra Society*, with Ursula Melitta's Ballets des Jeunes. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, March 15, at 11 and 3.)

Stage Shows—By **Bil and Cora Baird's Marionettes:** "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays at 3:30; Fridays at 3:30 and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . **Nancy Cole Puppets:** "The Mouse Next Door." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, March 8, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.). . . **Rose Lynch Productions:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . **Pixie Judy Troupe:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 2.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and mosaics by children in the public schools of Harlem, in a display entitled "Young Harlem Creates," arranged to coincide with the Metropolitan's special exhibit, "Harlem on My Mind." Through April 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The new show is called "Sunrise at Stonehenge." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

International Flower Show—Springtime at Columbus Circle, with hosts of golden daffodils and just about every other hue of flower and plant. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday and Sunday, March 8-9, from 1 to 10; Monday through Saturday, March 10-15, from 10 to 10; and Sunday, March 16, from 1 to 7.)

New York Antiques Fair—A large showing of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English and American furniture, together with some European and Oriental furnishings, Tiffany glass, jewelry, and hundreds of other objects. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Friday, March 10-14, from 1 to 10:30, and Saturday, March 15, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, March 6, at 10:15 and 1:45: Bisque birds and statuettes (modelled by Edward Marshall Boehm), Royal Worcester bird statuettes and flowers (modelled by Dorothy Doughty), and other European porcelain and pottery; from many sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 10:15: African, Oceanic, American Indian, and Eskimo art; from several collections. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century and other English furniture, rugs, and decorations; from various owners, including Mr. and Mrs. Winston F. C. Guest. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 11, at 10:15: Books on ornithology, press books, jewelled bindings, books on the dance, and other works; the property of Edward L. Chalif and another, unidentified, owner. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 12, at 1:45: Barbizon and other paintings, belonging to a number of collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, March 7. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 13, at 10:15 and 1:45: Oriental art, from several owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 8.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—March 6 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Holiday" (1938), with Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. . . . ¶ March 7 at 2 and 5:30: "Gilda" (1946), with Rita Hayworth and Glenn Ford. . . . ¶ March 8 at 11:30: "Top Hat" (1935), with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. . . . ¶ March 8 at 3 and 5:30: "One Night of Love" (1934), with Grace Moore. . . . ¶ March 9 at 2 and 5:30: "The Crimson Kimono" (1959), with Victoria Shaw. . . . ¶ March 10 at 2 and 5:30: "China Venture" (1953), with Edmund O'Brien and Barry Sullivan. . . . ¶ March 11 at 2 and 5:30: "From Here to Eternity" (1953), with Burt Lancaster and Montgomery Clift. . . . ¶ March 12 at 2 and 5:30: "The Illegals" (1948), a semidocumentary film. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

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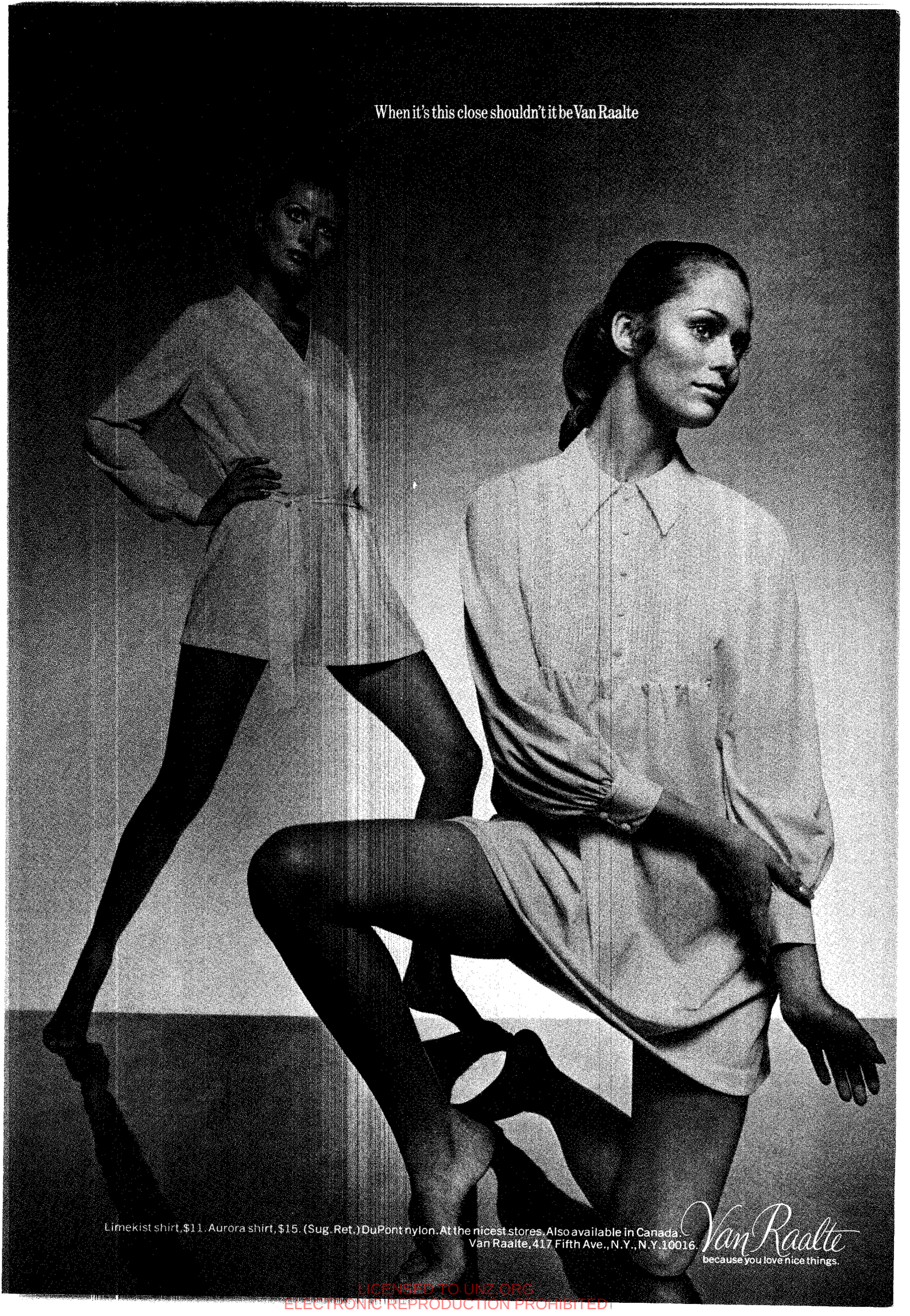

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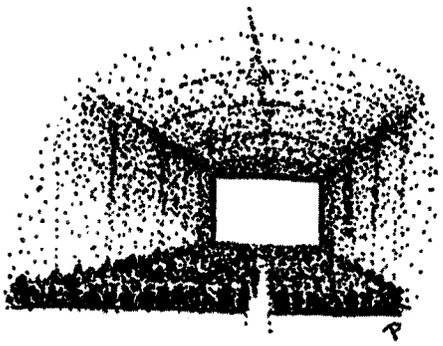
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



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9	10	11	12			

Alphaville (1965)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Eddie Constantine and Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 7-8.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 6. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting March 12.)

Belle de Jour—The most handsome, generous, lightly self-mocking piece of pornography that can ever have been made by a great film-maker. Luis Buñuel's view of a high-bred girl with sadomasochistic longings is compassionately comic and formally the work of a master. In French. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

Bullitt—A well-directed (by Peter Yates) but vacuous police melodrama, starring San Francisco and Steve McQueen. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; through March 11. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through March 11, except the afternoons of Saturday and Sunday, March 8-9.)

Bye Bye Braverman (1968)—Wallace Markfield's satire on New York Jewish intellectuals. With George Segal, Joseph Wiseman, Godfrey Cambridge. Sidney Lumet directed. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 12.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through March 12.)

Dr. No (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; March 6.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers again, this time in nightgowns and at war. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through March 12.)

Faces—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semidocumentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

Funny Girl—Audiences in movie musicals always cheer; at this one, the audience in the theatre cheers, too. It's been a long time since the movies have had a big new star like Barbra Streisand. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Goldfinger (1964)—Sean Connery as the elastic and inexhaustible James Bond, who bungles every encounter but the last. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; March 6.)

Greetings—One of the least fastidious films ever to achieve theatrical distribution, this little comedy is part skin-flick and part college revue, and generally funny. Directed by Brian De Palma. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255.)

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner (1967)—A debate about intermarriage between blacks and whites, directed by Stanley Kramer. With Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Sidney Poitier. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, 929-2166; starting March 12.)

How I Won the War (1967)—A pitch-black comedy about the horror of war. Directed by Richard Lester, with Michael Crawford as the star. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting March 12.)

The Immortal Story—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's "The Immortal Story," about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Lion in Winter—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets, in a production that seems to be reaching out for Academy awards. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play, brought to life by the director, Peter Brook. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting March 12.)

Mayerling—Not much passion in this new version by Terence Young, but Omar Sharif and the décor are very handsome. With Catherine Deneuve, Ava Gardner, and James Mason. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100; through March 12.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—Directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina and François Périer. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; March 10-12.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's—Some good satirical dances and re-creations of traditional routines grace this lightweight, disorganized, yet charming tribute to burlesque. With Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Elliott Gould, Britt Ekland, and Joseph Wiseman, at his comic best. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through March 11. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting March 12.)

Oliver!—What might have been just another big musical is transformed by love and skill. Carol Reed, his set designer (John Box) and cinematographer (Oswald Morris), and a fine cast of singing actors give a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Open City (1945)—The Roman underground in operation during the Second World War. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 11-12.)

Pretty Poison—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller, shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Maggie Smith's Miss Brodie, Celia Johnson's magnificent Miss Mackay, and an excellently selected cast more than compensate for Ronald Neame's rather stodgy direction of the Muriel Spark material. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Rachel, Rachel—A beautiful, affectionate film, a lot more energizing than a bald statement of the plot sounds, about the first affair of a thirty-five-year-old schoolteacher. Joanne Woodward plays her with piercing detail and humor. This is Paul Newman's first piece of direction in the cinema, and it is very good. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through March 11. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 12.)

Red Desert (1965)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through March 9.)

Repulsion (1965)—Directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve and Ian Hendry. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through March 9.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli's version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

The Sea Gull—There are some fine pieces of performance strewn amidst the wreckage of Chekhov's play, misdirected by Sidney Lumet. With Vanessa Redgrave (who has great moments), James Mason, David Warner, Denholm Elliott, Kathleen Widdoes, Eileen Herlie, Harry Andrews, and, regrettably, a miscast Simone Signoret. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through March 8.)

Simon of the Desert—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil as a woman (Silvia Pinal). He falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short (forty-five minutes) divertissement on the folly of goodness. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Stolen Kisses—A modern comedy-romance in an improvised style, by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of the Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through March 11.)

Three in the Attic—The college humor in this youth-oriented sex-exploitation film is crude and frequently funny. With Christopher Jones—a latter-day James Dean without the hangups. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through March 11.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—A vision of life in thirty-two years' time, directed and produced by Stanley Kubrick from his own screenplay with Arthur C. Clarke. Sometimes hideously funny and always troubling, for the men who have minutely progressed from apes turn out to be less equipped for life than their computers. The film is a true sci-fi myth—one of the first, and certainly the most poetic and far-reachingly intelligent. (Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; through March 11.)

Two Women (1961)—A movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. Directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; March 10-12.)

Variety Lights (1950)—Federico Fellini's first film, made in collaboration with Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 11-12.)

War and Peace (1968)—Sergei Bondarchuk's seventy-millimetre, six-hour film of Tolstoy's novel, in two parts. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663. Part I: through March 11. Part II: March 12-18. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Weekend—Jean-Luc Godard's most powerful—and most shocking—film is a surreal investigation of Whither Mankind. With Mireille Darc. In French. (Evergreen, 53 E. 11th, 533-5325; through March 9.)

The Whisperers (1967)—Edith Evans as a very old woman living alone in the industrial North of England. Bryan Forbes directed. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 6.)

The White Sheik (1951)—Directed by Federico Fellini, with Alberto Sordi. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 9-10.)

A Woman Is a Woman (1961)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina and Jean-Paul Belmondo. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 7-8.)

Yellow Submarine—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature, with ten songs by the Beatles. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
Through March 9: **WEEKEND** (in French).
From March 10: "I Am Curious—Yellow" (in Swedish). Daily at 3, 8, and 10:15. Reserved seats only.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
PRETTY POISON.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through March 11: **RACHEL, RACHEL;** and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**
From March 12: **MARAT/SADE;** and **HOW I WON THE WAR.**

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 11: **BULLITT.** (On Saturday and Sunday afternoons, March 8-9, "Mad Monster Party" will be shown instead.)
From March 12: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S;** and **BEDAZZLED.**

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Monterey Pop," a documentary on the 1967 Monterey International Pop Festival.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through March 11: **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.**
From March 12: "Where Eagles Dare," Richard Burton, Clint Eastwood.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
GREETINGS.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Hell in the Pacific," Lee Marvin, Toshiro Mifune.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Big Bounce," Ryan O'Neal, Leigh Taylor-Young.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
STOLEN KISSES (in French).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through March 8: **THE SEA GULL.**
From March 9: "If. . . ," Malcolm McDowell.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
WAR AND PEACE.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through March 10: "Joanna," Genevieve Waite.
From March 11: "Otley," Tom Courtenay, Romy Schneider.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Very Happy Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Changes," Kent Lane.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Twisted Nerve," Hayley Mills. (No evening performances on Tuesday, March 11.)

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 11: "The Legendary Champions," a documentary on boxing.
From March 12: "2000 Years Later," Terry-Thomas.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 11: **BULLITT.**
From March 12: "Candy," Charles Aznavour, Marlon Brando.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 11: **THREE IN THE ATTIC.**
From March 12: "Where Eagles Dare," Richard Burton, Clint Eastwood.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through March 9: **REPULSION;** and **RED DESERT** (in Italian).
March 10-12: **NIGHTS OF CABIRIA** and **TWO WOMEN** (both in Italian).

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 11: **RACHEL, RACHEL.**
From March 12: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S;** and "Will Penny" (1968), Charlton Heston, Joan Hackett.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Don Quixote de la Mancha" (1949; in Spanish).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
Through March 11: "Up Tight," Raymond St. Jacques, Ruby Dee; and "Skidoo," Jackie Gleason, Carol Channing.
From March 12: **GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER;** and "To Sir, with Love" (1967), Sidney Poitier.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
March 6: **GOLDFINGER;** and **DR. NO.**
From March 7: "Grazie Zia" (in Italian), Lisa Gastoni.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through March 12: **DUCK SOUP;** and **THE COCOANUTS.**

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through March 11: **BULLITT.**
From March 12: "Candy," Charles Aznavour, Marlon Brando.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes. (Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Extra performances Saturday and Sunday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Ice Station Zebra," Rock Hudson, Ernest Borgnine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Star!," Julie Andrews. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
YELLOW SUBMARINE.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through March 12: **MAYERLING.**

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through March 9: "Daredevil in the Castle" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.
From March 10: "Kill!" (in Japanese).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through March 8: "Don't Look Now" (in French), Terry-Thomas, Bourvil.
From March 9: "The Castle," Maximilian Schell.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through the afternoon of March 9: "Model Shop," Anouk Aimée, Gary Lockwood.
From March 9, at 8:30: "I Am Curious—Yellow" (in Swedish). Opening night by invitation only.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FACES.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE IMMORTAL STORY; and **SIMON OF THE DESERT** (in Spanish).

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"The Stalking Moon," Gregory Peck, Eva Marie Saint.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 8: "Six in Paris" (in French; six episodes, six directors).
From March 9: "Le Socrate" (in French).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 11: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S;** and "The Private Navy of Sgt. O'Farrell" (1968), Bob Hope, Phyllis Diller.
From March 12: **RACHEL, RACHEL;** and **BYE BYE BRAVERMAN.**

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 6: **BEDAZZLED;** and **THE WHISPERERS.**
March 7-8: **A WOMAN IS A WOMAN** and **ALPHAVILLE** (both in French).
March 9-10: **THE WHITE SHEIK** (in Italian); and "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; in Japanese), Eiji Okada.
March 11-12: **VARIETY LIGHTS** and **OPEN CITY** (both in Italian).

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
March 6: "The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.
From March 7: "Grazie Zia" (in Italian), Lisa Gastoni.

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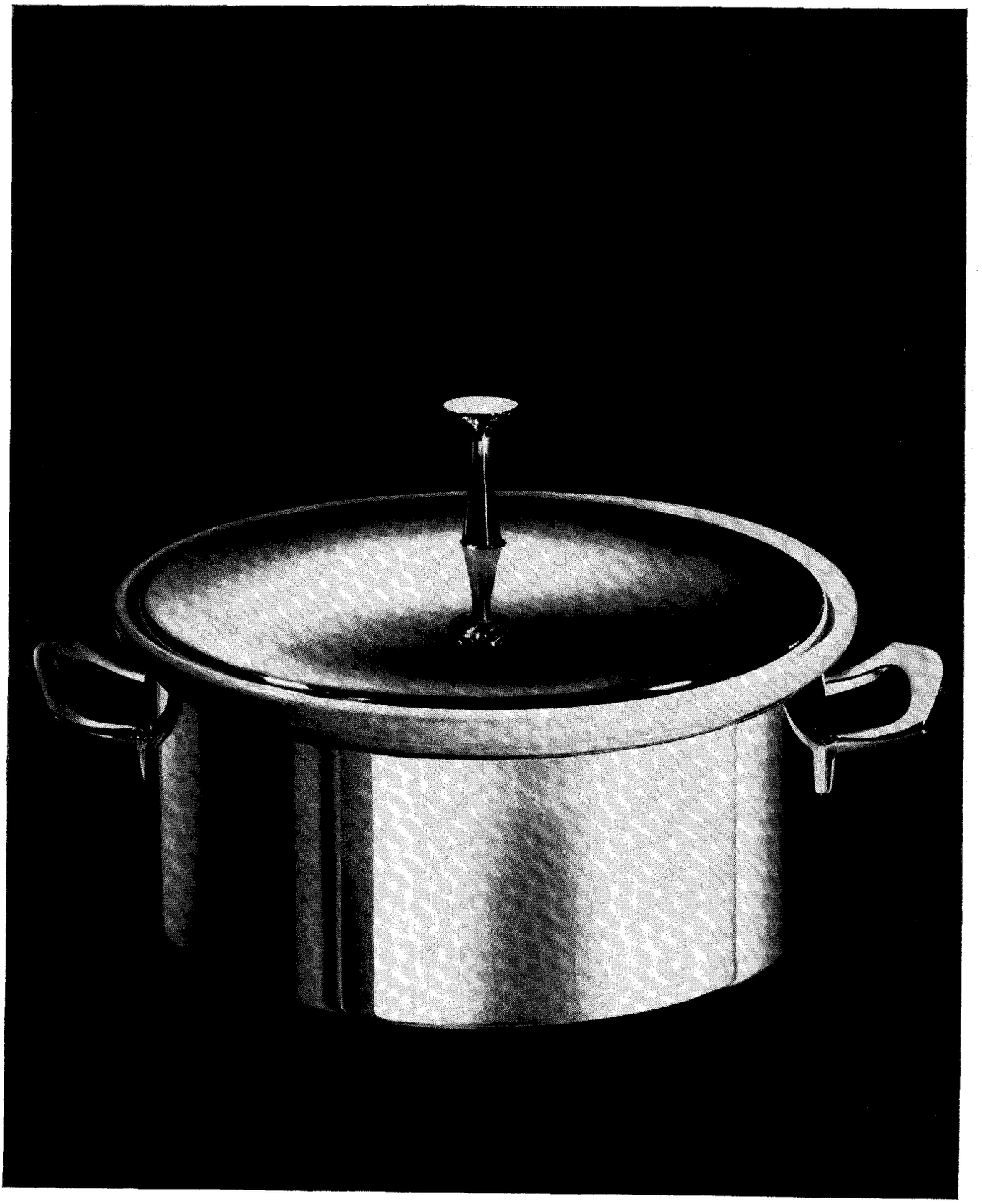

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AMERICANS need friends. And if President Nixon's European trip has helped to show that somebody over there likes us it was worth the effort. His was the first Grand Tour by an American President since John Kennedy made his shining journey in pursuit of that elusive and receding prize the Grand Design. President Nixon's carefully muted travels reflect not only a temperamental difference from his Democratic predecessors but the formidable necessity of seeking a new direction, for sometime between 1963 and today we have, half-consciously and without open acknowledgment, put aside the goals of almost a quarter century of American policy toward Europe. As those goals evolved in the early postwar period, they assumed a war-ravaged Western Europe rebuilding with American help behind the shield of American power and discarding the wasteful nationalisms of the past as it slowly merged in an economic and, ultimately, a political union. Such a strong, united Europe would, as an almost equal partner, spin ties of interdependence (always vaguely defined) with the United States, thus creating a genuine Atlantic Community, or a Great Alliance of the West. This was a generous vision, and from it flowed achievements such as NATO, the Coal and Steel Community, and the European Common Market. If it has now faded, it is mostly because the necessities that gave birth to it have also faded, or taken a different shape. Foremost among these necessities were poverty and fear. And as the nations of Europe moved toward economic and political strength, the sense of urgency—the belief that European unity was essential to prosperity, stability, even survival—virtually disappeared. Not only are most European countries doing quite well but much of their industry and much of their agriculture have developed a vested interest in the structures that enabled them to grow. It is almost impossible to persuade people or institutions to leap from the familiar unless there is a crisis. And there is no crisis in Europe. In addition, the fear of Soviet invasion or of internal Communist takeover—a powerful impulse toward unity—has diminished after a quarter century of peace, territorial stability, and relative political stability as well. These changes have also stripped the United States of its once formidable ability to influence the policies of European governments and, occasionally, to coerce them. Gone are the days when a Presidential statement or a visit by a high American official could redirect the thinking of European premiers and parliaments. It is still true, of course, that Western Europe exists under the nuclear protection of the United States. The Soviet Union has sufficient military power so that without the deterrent of the American nuclear force it could intimidate and, if it wished, conquer the European nations. (A Soviet first strike could knock out the small nuclear force of France or Britain even if either of those countries could succeed in protecting its force from internal sabotage.) Yet the European nations have become aware that our nuclear protection depends not on their willingness to be coöperative allies but on America's calculation of its national interest—a calculation they are essentially powerless to influence. As a result of these and other changes, there is little foreseeable prospect of political unity in Europe or of anything more than a slow evolutionary advance toward greater economic union. We can expect that Great Britain will ultimately enter into some form of economic association with the Common Market nations, although her puzzling rather gleeful assault on de Gaulle's latest proposals to this effect has undoubtedly further postponed such an association. The alliance with the United States is pretty much restricted to NATO—itself a limited and subordinate factor in Europe's defense—and to particular matters of common interest, most of which have to do with trade, currency, and gold. For the last few years, the United States has been waging a rather large war without any real help from any of its European allies—a situation that would have been almost inconceivable in the nineteen-fifties.

Could it have been different? Perhaps. We might have pushed for unity much more strongly at a time when Europe was still fearful and in disarray. More important, the United States might have permitted European participation in the formation of its foreign policy. Once Europe was liberated from its dependency, there could be no alliance among sovereign states that was founded on the principle that the United States would make the decisions and the others would follow. Yet on most matters, including such monumental ones as the quarantine of Cuba and the escalation in Vietnam, we acted alone. And when France and Britain displeased us about Suez, we slapped them down. It may have been necessary for the United States to act in this way, but it unavoidably diminished our influence and helped cripple hopes for a Western Alliance devoted to protecting the independence

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and peace of nations on a global scale.

In retrospect, it is somewhat difficult to understand why we were so passionately convinced that a united Europe was in our interest. There was no guarantee that a Super Europe, with its own nuclear force, would be more amenable to our wishes than a group of separate nations would be; in fact, a unified European state could well have developed a "nationalism" just as intense as that of any one country, and backed by far greater power. The most persuasive argument for European unity was that it might swallow up the German problem by swallowing up Germany itself in a larger federation. The essence of the problem was, and is, that Germany is the only European country not substantially satisfied with the territorial settlement that followed the Second World War. No one except the Germans really cares very much about unifying Germany, and most Europeans would prefer that it remain divided. Still, the knowledge that the Germans themselves want reunification, coupled with memories of the German past, has been an important factor in our desire for European unity and for such other measures as the nuclear-non-proliferation treaty. Yet even the apprehension awakened by the prospect of a unified Germany has faded as the Western world has come to realize that in the age of the continental powers Germany cannot hope to challenge the United States or Russia militarily. But we must not underestimate the lingering fear of Germany, especially among the Russians, as a factor in all that happens in both Eastern and Western Europe. If the Third World War ever comes, it is most likely to be caused by an aggressive Soviet reaction to a resurgent Germany.

Underlying our approach to Europe has been a quixotic, admirable, and wholly American trait: We like to think big, in terms of towering and conclusive international projects (both the League of Nations and the United Nations are examples) and of ultimate solutions. That is the way we tend to read our own history, although its reality is far more chaotic and evolutionary. We may, for instance, talk of the Union conceived at Philadelphia by men of genius in a moment of inspiration, but in reality it took a century of conflict and a civil war to make a nation from divergent states. In any event, our European policy has often reflected a belief, unique in the history of nations, that other powers would be easier to get along with and more sympathetic to our goals if we made them stronger.

Now that the Grand Design has faded, the United States and Europe will have to approach their relationship in a new way—seeking out areas of common interest and ambition, and developing the institutions and processes that will allow the United States and Europe to work, if not as equals, at least as partners. It is unlikely that we will any longer concern ourselves very much with the structure of Europe. That is the task of the Europeans—although we will continue to hope that England gets into the Common Market. Our focus will be the relationship of America to Europe and the relationship of both to the rest of the world. When the situation is looked at in this way, several areas of common concern can be seen. It is self-evident that we and the European nations are both involved with the military defense of the West—the development of strategy, military technology, and weapons systems, within and also beyond NATO. Economically, the increasing interdependence of the United States and Europe has spawned a varied group of institutions to deal with trade and currency. Yet recurrent crisis and fear of crisis have illuminated the fact that these mechanisms are poorly designed, failing not only to protect what the United States and Europe have—which was their basic purpose—but also to stimulate the creation of the far greater wealth that our societies can produce. Perhaps the answer lies in an acceptance of the twin maxims that money has no nationality and that, as President Kennedy observed, the rising tide lifts all the boats.

We all also have a mortal concern with peace: to resolve particular international conflicts without violence and, more generally, to lessen the divisions and fears that have kept us on the edge of world war for nearly twenty-five years. Despite Vietnam and Czechoslovakia, wisdom and necessity urge us toward closer ties with Eastern Europe and toward widening agreement with the Soviet Union. After all, both great powers seem willing to accept the territorial status quo; certainly neither they nor the countries of Europe want to go to war to change it. On other continents, enduring peace will require new international techniques for preventing any armed conflict that might engage the interests or the prestige of larger nations. In the Middle East, in Southeast Asia, and on the Indian subcontinent, there is a clear need for measures—perhaps even international police forces—to make national borders inviolable. The United States can continue to thread a solitary route through crisis and dangers or it can try to provide a regularized mechanism, at the level of the President and the Secretary of State, for consultation and decision with the major European nations. Of course, this is possible only if all the participants are willing to develop and follow common policies more often than not. You can't have it both ways: an alliance, and the freedom to ignore your allies at will. Nor should the Western countries neglect their common interest in the economic progress of the underdeveloped world. At least, we can together decide whether we really believe the familiar rhetoric that has continually linked our long-term security with the growth of other continents, and, if we find we do believe it, decide to rebuild the feeble and chaotic array of programs, banks, and missions that are supposed to be helping. The present trade and aid policies toward underdeveloped countries evolved out of, *inter alia*, a fear (now greatly diminished) of Communist successes there, a desire to maintain special relations with former colonies, and a vague sense of *noblesse oblige*, which has proved a very frail reed. If we are serious in the conviction that an island of wealth is ultimately vulnerable to an ocean of poverty, we will have to be equally serious in developing far more ambitious and coherent programs. In several cases, individual Western countries have special historical and economic ties to poor nations. Basically, however, this is an area in which national interest does not conflict with common action, and therefore does not conflict with the establishment of Atlantic institutions and policies.

An extraordinarily fruitful, if less often discussed, range of possibilities for common action is provided by the intricate problems that beset all the members of a technological civilization. We all have traffic jams and pollution, urban congestion and student revolts. Nationalistic passions can destroy alliances and create powerful armies, but they cannot keep out the computer or the automobile. It would seem to make sense for the United States and the European nations to establish a series of institutions that would involve experts and officials at various levels of government in research, in the exchange of ideas and information, and even in experimental programs to solve prob-

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lems ranging from city planning to the control of pollution. On a more symbolic level, we could also consider the idea of European participation in the space program. A French astronaut on an Apollo mission might do even more for Atlantic relationships than a Presidential trip to Paris.

All this is rooted in the principle that relations between the United States and Europe will be most effectively strengthened by a concentration on particular problems and, more significantly, by the establishment of institutions and machinery for common action. Our own history and national character are better attuned to such an approach than to any effort to impose a shared purpose and will through some encompassing structure of political theory. Even this more pragmatic approach will, however, require a certain largeness of spirit. The United States must find the generosity to share some of its power, and the Europeans must be magnanimous enough to forgive us for being so strong and wealthy. And if we must hasten to discard any lingering illusion of omnipotence, the Europeans must guard against the self-indulgent disclaimer of responsibility which often flows from a sense of impotence. Like it or not, the fate of America and the fate of Western Europe are linked. Together, America and Western Europe form that civilization which is both modern and respectful of individual liberty. One cannot conceive of a serious threat to the security of either half which would not also menace the other. History is an uncertain guide in a world so greatly changed, but if it has any lesson for us at all, it is that nations neglect this kind of interdependence at their peril.

E. U. Essien-Udom

SINCE January 6th, we have been tuning in on occasional weekday mornings to WCBS-TV's "Black Heritage," a series of half-hour programs on which black writers, activists, sociologists, historians, and professors of various disciplines have been examining the significant figures, movements, events, and achievements of Afro-Americans since their departure from Africa for this country. And, hearing one day last week that the only African scheduled to appear on the series—Dr. E. U. Essien-Udom, author of "Black Nationalism: A Search for an Identity" and professor of political science at the University of Ibadan, Nigeria—had arrived to tape a three-part segment on the life and influence of Marcus Garvey, we got up early on a recent Saturday morning and went over to WCBS-TV's West Side studios to sit in on the taping session and to have a talk with Dr. Essien-Udom.

Shortly after we had made our way to the proper studio, Dr. Essien-Udom, a chunkily built man of medium height, walked in and introduced himself. He had a friendly, open face dominated by a thick, bushy mustache, was dressed in European clothes, and was carrying an apparently heavy briefcase. Roy Allen, the producer-director of "Black Heritage," welcomed the Professor and told him they were ready to begin. Mr. Allen then escorted Dr. Essien-Udom to a dressing room, where he changed his European suit for native clothes (he is an Efik) and then sat down with Mr. Allen for a last-minute review of his script. Afterward, they moved into Studio 45, whose ceiling was covered with a nest of lights and whose floor was a multitude of cables. After more than an hour of being rehearsed by the technical staff—what cameras he should look into, how fast he should speak, where in the script he should pause, whether he should stand at a lectern or sit at a desk, whether the makeup brought out the right tone of his skin, and so forth—Dr. Essien-Udom was ready to tape his lectures. The majority of the studio lights went down, and, in a sonorous, somewhat ominous-sounding voice, the announcer, Pat Connell, intoned above the muted rumble of drums, " 'Black Heritage: A History of Afro-Americans.' Today's lecture on Marcus Garvey will be given by . . ." At the mention of his name, Dr. Essien-Udom strode out onto the softly lighted set

"When you asked my sister 'Are there any more at home like you?' I sure wish she'd said 'No.'"

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"There must be some mistake."

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and launched into the story of Marcus Garvey and the Universal Negro Improvement Association, the organization that Garvey made into the largest black-nationalist movement ever launched anywhere in the world.

After the taping was finished, we accompanied Dr. Essien-Udom back to his dressing room, and while he was washing the makeup off his face and changing back into his business suit, we asked him what his impressions were of the black struggle today compared with what he saw in 1963, when he was last in the United States. "Up until 1963, my impression was that, with the exception of the Black Muslims, whom I dealt with in my book, most black Americans saw their identity problems as individual problems rather than as group problems," he said. "Now there is a great and growing search for collective identity. At least, it seems so on the surface. I don't know how deep it really goes or how serious it really is. With so many millions of people apparently caught up in the mood of self-awareness, it is quite possible that they are not all in it for the right reasons. But I must say I did not foresee that within so short a period so many blacks in the United States would acquire so great a collective sensitivity to the problems they face as a group."

We asked Dr. Essien-Udom whether he thought the "Black Heritage" program in which he had just participated was one of the legitimate expressions of the search for self-awareness, and he said yes, of course, he had no doubt about it. "As far back as 1963, I was arguing that something of this nature should be done," he went on. "It is necessary for blacks to know about themselves and for whites to know about blacks. The two groups can't go on forever carrying the wrong images in their heads or they won't be able to build the society they say they want to build. I remember talking with a certain professor in this country in 1962 and suggesting that his university should teach Afro-American history. He scoffed at the idea. He said to me, 'Why should we make a special thing out of Afro-American history? It's simply a part of American history, isn't it?' I was amazed. Here was a man who was all steamed up about teaching the history of old African states, like Benin and Songhai, but he wasn't going to touch the history and experience of African descendants in this country. So what's happening now is good. I would add only one word of caution. While Afro-Americans should know what's good in their heritage, they should also know what's bad in it, because far from everything in it is good."

We asked Dr. Essien-Udom, who had by then taken a seat in an easy chair and lighted a cigar, what the general view in West Africa was of the Afro-American identity and experience. He laughed, and said he didn't know that he could speak for West Africa, since there were probably at least as many West African views as there were West African countries. "But I can speak as *one* West African," he continued. "I look on the Afro-American not any longer as an African per se but as the closest thing to an African you can find in the West. One of the reasons I see the Afro-Americans this way is this: Because the slaves who came here were torn from different tribes and national groups in Africa, their descendants have been transformed into a new and distinct tribe-and-nationality group. In fact, the Afro-Americans are now the largest African tribe I know of. They have their own language, their own subculture, and their own world view. Of course, there has always been a fundamental ambivalence running through the group, and, considering their experience in this country, that is only to be expected. Because they have been so long denied freedom, Afro-Americans have been animated by two warring impulses—a search for racial identity and pride, and a search for full citizenship within the general culture. The nationalist movement expresses the former, and the integrationist movement expresses the latter. Obviously, I have no idea what the outcome of this ambivalent struggle will be, but I have a feeling that the key to its resolution may be found somewhere between the nationalists and the integrationists—a racial and cultural integrity within the framework of American political citizenship."

Preserving the Greensward

WHEN we heard that Marianne Moore was joining a battle against the city administration's plan

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to take over seven and a half acres of Central Park for a new structure that its critics have described, variously, as the Mayan Pyramid, the Horse Mausoleum, and the Abominable Mound, we decided to find out what the fight was all about. Ordinarily, poets limit themselves to lyric words about nature instead of stepping into politics to defend it, so it was with considerable curiosity that we attended a press conference at which Miss Moore was to speak. The conference had been called by the Save Central Park Committee, and it began at 11:25 A.M. in a green-white-and-gold room on the thirtieth floor of the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel. About forty people were there. Near one wall was a long table, covered with a green cloth, at which a half-dozen people, including Miss Moore, sat talking. Miss Moore was wearing her customary three-cornered black hat, a light-blue suit, a ruffled white blouse, a small diamond bar brooch, and a green lapel button saying "Give the Grass a Chance."

While we were waiting for the conference to begin, we read some releases distributed by the Save Central Park Committee, which informed us that the proposed structure was to be a partly underground complex containing administrative offices for Police Department employees, stables for a hundred and forty-four police horses, a riding ring for the training of police horses, and stables for a hundred and forty-four privately owned and commercial-riding-academy horses. The complex would occupy the north end of the Great Lawn, in an area now partly occupied by a police parking lot and a Parks Department repair building, which together take up less than one acre. Thus, more than six and a half acres of walks, lawns, and trees would be lost, and the new project (we read) would occupy more than twice the ground space of Macy's department store, or an area nearly as big as Washington Square Park. At least three hundred people would be employed there. "This is the largest encroachment in the one-hundred-and-ten-year history of the Park," we were reading as the first speaker rose.

Sheldon Oliensis, a former president of the Park Association and now a director of it, moved to a lectern at one end of the speakers' table and announced that eight other civic and conservation organizations, all of which objected to the complex in one way or another, were represented at the conference: the New York Chapter of the American Society of Landscape Architects, the Council for Parks and Playgrounds, the Atlantic Chapter of the Sierra Club, the Citizens Union, the Appalachian Mountain Club, the Linnaean Society, the East Side Conservation Committee, and the Park Slope Civic Council. "This is the most massive invasion of Park land in our generation," continued Mr. Oliensis, a husky man with a direct, crisp manner. "The idea apparently originated ten years ago with Robert Moses, and at that time was limited to an acre and a half, at a cost of two million dollars. The present plan calls for seven and a half acres, at a cost of six and a half million dollars. Most of the police who would be stationed at the complex would have duties wholly unrelated to the Park and have no business there. As for a commercial stable, we have seen no evidence that it couldn't be put on a site outside the Park. And as for private mounts, they are an indefensible misuse of public land for private purposes, and we oppose such misuse." Mr. Oliensis said that the current architectural design for the complex, drawn by Gruzen & Partners, is better than previous designs, because, through landscaping, it attempts to create the illusion that the whole complex is underground, and he went on, "But in actuality it will rise some thirty feet *above* the ground. It is underground only in that it is grassed over. The main point is that it should not be there *at all*."

Mr. Oliensis sat down, and we watched Richard Edes Harrison, the cartographer and artist, who is chairman of the Save Central Park Committee, point to various parts of a large chart, which showed that the complex would take up an area thirteen times the size of the present City Hall grounds, twenty-three times the size of the proposed Huntington Hartford Café, which was kept out of the Park by citizens' protests several years ago, and thirty-seven times the size of the controversial new croquet ground in the Park. Mr. Harrison, who speaks in dry, measured tones, concluded, solemnly, "The complex will effectively block the north vista of the Great Lawn."

Miss Moore then rose and delivered one sentence, in which she referred to Frederick Law Olmsted, one of the designers of Central Park: "Mr. Olmsted was a genius in art, and he wanted the people of the city to get the benefit of nature—a sense of enlarged freedom in limited space."

Miss Moore's brief, matter-of-fact delivery was in contrast to that of the next speaker, Mr. Raymond S. Rubinow, who had been a leader in a suc-

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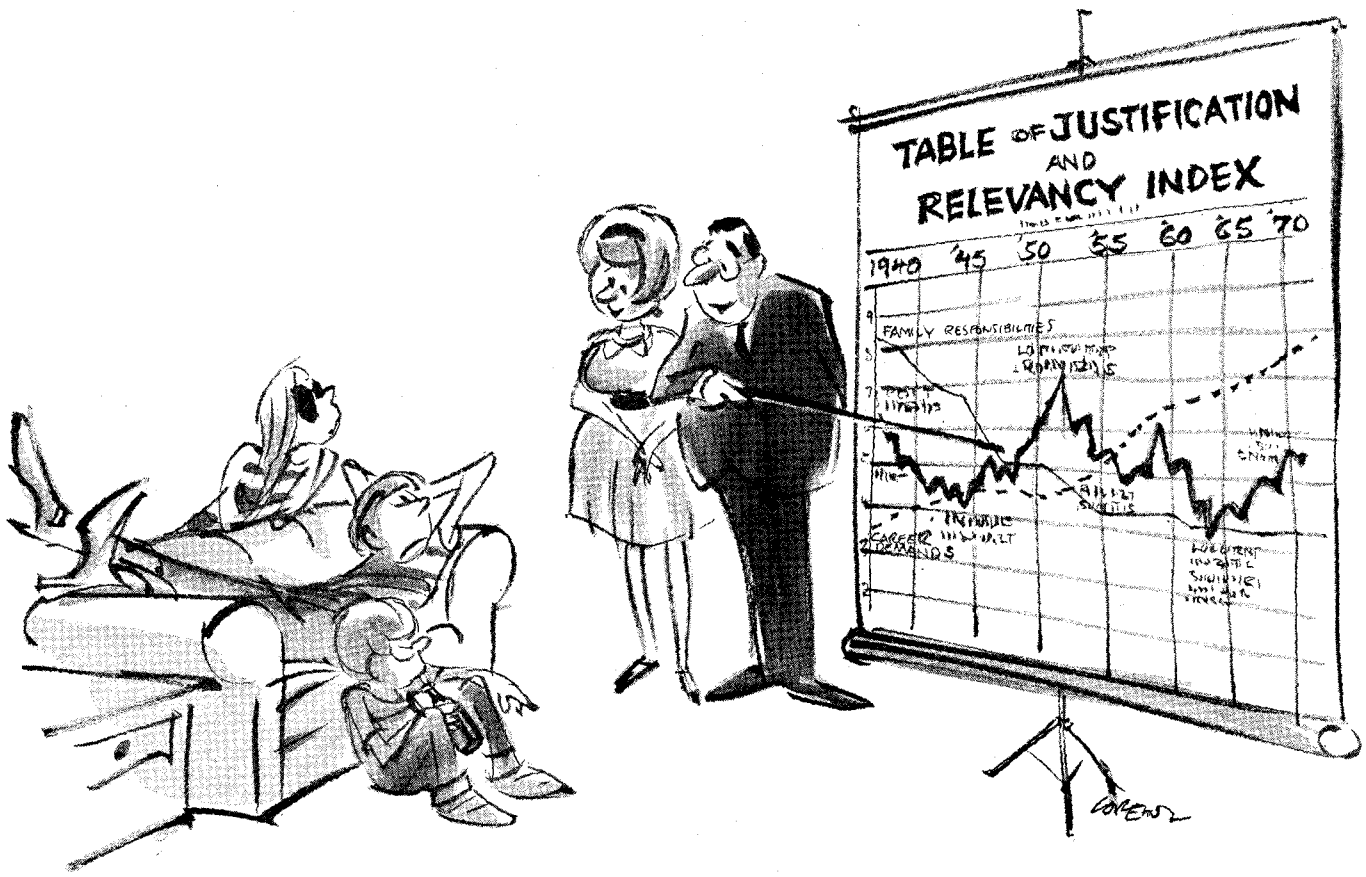

"Now, here we are in the early fifties—a time, may I remind you, when McCarthyism was rampant. Your mother and I were in the thick of that protest, circulating petitions and distributing literature attacking his methods and those of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. . . ."

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cessful effort by citizens to defeat an underground garage in Madison Square Park three years ago. Mr. Rubinow, speaking rapidly and with fervor, said, "Shouldn't our Parks Department and its commissioners fight against the rape of our parks? Why does the citizen always have to put out the fires? We don't need more activities or more installations in our parks; we need peace and repose." He then produced a letter from Lewis Mumford and, after identifying Mr. Mumford as "the patron saint of all good architects," read it in full: " 'As a born-and-bred New Yorker, permit me to add my voice to the efforts of the Save Central Park Committee; in particular, in protest against the proposed Police Stable Complex. I regard this plan as an administrative malfeasance; in fact, a theft of badly needed open space from the citizens of New York.' "

A half-dozen other speakers declared their opposition to the project ("a clear violation of the central principle that nothing should be built on Park land that could go elsewhere," the Sierra Club man, William Day, called it), and a lone voice was raised in its defense—that of Richard Bader, Assistant Administrator of Planning in the Parks, Recreation, and Cultural Affairs Administration. Mr. Bader, who has bright-red hair and an amiable voice, rose from the audience and described the architects' design as "a supreme achievement."

The conference ended with a gymnastic performance by Robert Makla, an attorney and a member of the Save Central Park Committee, who bounded from his seat, in the front row of the audience, up to the speakers' table in one large leap. "The Twenty-second Precinct, which patrols Central Park, has one of the lowest crime rates in the city," he said indignantly. "Most of the horses at the stable complex would be used in Times Square, in the garment center, on Forty-second Street, and on the docks. The complex will cost twenty-five thousand dollars per horse at present estimates, but estimates always rise before construction is completed, and you can be sure it will eventually cost fifty thousand dollars per horse." Pointing a finger at Mr. Bader, who smiled in return, Mr. Makla declared, "The argument that this thing is needed in Central Park because horses use Central Park is utterly false. It is like saying that visitors to Central Park need a hotel there."

It was now twenty minutes past twelve, and the conference was about to end when an elderly lady in the back row stood up and asked if she might say a few words. She turned out to be Mrs. Raymond V. Ingersoll, the widow of a former Borough President of Brooklyn, and everyone turned around to listen. "Parks are for people as well as squirrels and horses," she said, and then she sat down again.

Everyone began moving toward an adjoining room to drink coffee and to speculate on whether the complex would be approved by the Board of Estimate and the City Council. We made our way through the crowd to Mr. Harrison, who told us dryly, "Central Park consists of eight hundred and forty acres. Approximately three hundred of those acres are already taken up with things other than grass, trees, and rocks. The greensward is diminishing rapidly." He moved away, and we inched toward Miss Moore, who had stopped to greet Mrs. Ingersoll. "You don't know me, but my name is Moore," the poet was saying.

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ADRIA

THE little boy, gone to Rome with his family to spend the Christmas holidays at his grandparents' home, was put in the housekeeper's room and slept on a cot next to her bed. Her name was Adria, and she came from near the very town she and the Adriatic were named after. She was a handsome woman in her early forties, with straight, glossy black hair knotted into a chignon, dark, flashing eyes, and a mouth that seemed always ready to put in a word, or laugh, or kiss. One evening, he was taken by his cousins to the circus, and so went to bed later than usual. A few minutes after he had put out the light, it was switched on again, and, wincing, he saw from between his lashes Adria coming in. She loosened her chignon in front of the mirror and let her hair drop to her shoulders and below them. It covered so much of her back she seemed to be wearing a shawl. Then she went to sit on her bed and began undressing. Intently, he watched her unfasten her stockings, peeling them off her thighs. These were huge, as in a Modigliani, except that their color wasn't at all the brick red, the burnt sienna, the terra-cotta of a Modigliani nude but white, nun white. A moment later, she noticed he was looking at her. "You are watching me, eh, you little scamp," she said, and switched off the light.

This was the first erotic experience that he could remember—a visual one. Now, grown up and married and the father of a child nearly as old as he had been when he had shared the bedroom with Adria, he still felt a warm sympathy for her because of that early experience, and because of her dismissal several years later—the circumstances of it, the way it happened.

HIS grandfather was a law professor, an energetic little man with a goatee, who was reputed never to have lost a case. The walls of his office, which was in the house, were lined with textbooks, many of them written by him, and bound copies of the journal of which he was the editor-in-chief. He was an authority on commercial law, which he taught at the university. Italy being packed with lawyers, the little boy, wherever he went, was continually asked if he was related to him and, when he nodded, told what an exceptional man his grandfather was. Some of the lawyers had been or had come near to being failed by him in an oral examination, and even this they would relate with a certain gusto, as though they considered it an honor to have had some sort of scrape with such a man. His grandson knew that he had become a full professor at twenty-five, sent his brothers through college, written some laws, and built the house in Rome; he also knew that he was headstrong, cocky, impatient, vain, opinionated, brilliant to the point of sharpness, and at the same time cheerful, gallant, generous, literate, refined. Because he liked to do everything connected with the law by himself and used his assistants as little more than errand boys, these young men were not of the first order. They attached themselves to him not so much to learn as for personal gain. One of them had married his daughter; another one married his granddaughter. The people he employed around the house, however, were all quite remarkable and devoted to him. There was a lame Russian chauffeur, to whom the air of the steppe still seemed to cling, who would go to great lengths to amuse the little boy—pretend the carabinieri were after his car, for instance, shout at them and accelerate; the mock chase made the dull streets of the Prati seem exciting avenues of escape to the child. There was a Neapolitan cook—an artist from whose kitchen ascended the most appetizing smells. There was a suave waiter. And there was Adria.

The house was full of her. One couldn't think of it without her. She was one of those persons whose presence cannot pass unnoticed, at worst a gossip and at best a pillar—a central character whose very exuberance insures its ultimate downfall or departure but which has more than one life in it, so that though one is tempted to say "What of it now, poor soul?," on inquiring one finds the person well placed, central again, ever central, in another situation.

The little boy's grandmother was a sweet, small, slender woman in her sixties, who went about in long, many-buttoned dresses and looked at you with shiny, pitying eyes. For breakfast she gave him cookies and not the coarse country bread he was used to at home. In the car, she always insisted on going slowly. He remembered nothing more about her, except her death. One day, back at his home in the country, during dinner, the telephone began pealing as it did only for long-distance calls. The call was from Rome. She had died of pneumonia. A silence fell over the house. Unlike her husband, who sat at the head of the table and—had the occasion ever arisen—would have resented being left out of the conversation, she had that marvellous quality some people possess of letting you forget they are there, until a word or some passing remark draws your attention to them. Now that she was dead, once in a while you noticed her absence—and missed her of a sudden—in exactly the same way you had noticed her presence at the table.

The house in Rome was large—it had three floors—and with her gone her daughter, who with her husband and two girls lived separately on the top floor, moved down, the son-in-law taking into his new bedroom a set of oars and sliding rowboat seat on which he did his exercises every morning. His father-in-law regarded him as an oddity. They brought down with them, too, their own maid—a young, pretty little thing, pert and efficient—and Adria became more and more the professor's own. Not just his maid but also his nurse; he was past seventy, had had a bout of illness, and had retired from the university, though not altogether from his practice. She was always talking about him and fussing over him as if he, and only he, mattered in the house. One could see she resented the newcomers, especially the professor's daughter and her husband—"the *avvocato*." This one, though he practiced law, looked more like a country squire than like a lawyer. He owned some land outside Rome and made frequent trips to it. If Adria picked up any news of a poor crop on his estate, she would report it with great relish. "This year the *avvocato's* grain didn't sprout, you know," she told you in her rapid chatter, and you knew she was overjoyed. She was malicious, but in a comic way.

She took great good care of the professor. As he aged, he became more and more dependent on her. With the years, though still sprightly, he seemed to contract, to become smaller, while she remained a soft, buxom, black-haired woman. With his quick wit, quips, impatience, and high standards, he seemed to fascinate her, and she—always laughing at his jokes and keeping him in shape—was as protective of him as if he were a child. "Professor, you'll catch cold!" "Professor, not so fast!" "Professor, it's too heavy!" "Professor, let me do it!" she would exclaim. These admonitions, which he ignored with an impatient gesture,

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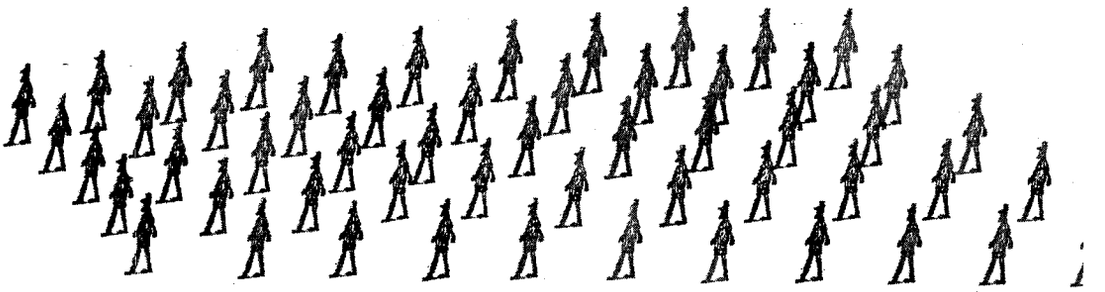

made him feel bold and dashing. He needed her around.

THE boy, who was now fourteen and had begun going to school in Rome, was given a room of his own at his grandfather's. He remembered with a sense of loss the long afternoons in which he did his homework, and the frequent, uneventful breaks he took to wander about the house and garden. Yet the atmosphere was fairly happy. The professor basked in his fame. His two granddaughters—the boy's cousins—enlivened the household. The elder one, who had got married, lived on the top floor and often came downstairs. The professor bought the younger one a car—a little silver Fiat. If there was friction, it was between Adria, on the one hand, and the *avvocato* and his wife, on the other. They would gladly have got rid of her, but the professor would never have allowed them to. As long as he was alive, they had better get on with one another. And besides, as far as his grandson could remember, he had never fired anybody; he never would without strong cause. He had a sense of social justice, fairness, recognition. He wasn't by any means a snob. He was Jewish, and—at least, in Italy—Jewish families were known for the high degree of affection and respect existing between them and whoever worked for them in the house. So his daughter and her husband put up with Adria and never said a word against her to him. He was a fiery one, even in his old age. Everyone was quite intimidated by him. No one would have dared suggest Adria be fired.

"Adria!" the old man would call in his testy voice if she wasn't there, or ring for her. If someone else answered his call, he would be irritated. "Where is Adria?" He couldn't do without her. And she, conscious and proud of being indispensable, would run to him laughing and say, "I'm coming, *Professore!*" It made his daughter gloomy. The truth was Adria was much better company—a woman of a richer nature—than his sallow daughter, or, for that matter, anyone else in the house, and now that he didn't go out so much it was essential to have a sassy, handsome woman within reach.

The daughter and her husband—the *avvocato*—got a little worried. The woman had too much power over the old man, had cast a spell on him. What if she should get him to marry her, for God's sake? What then? There was so much money, so much property. At the thought of such a possibility, their faces drooped. But no, Papa would never let them down, never do this. He wouldn't, would he? And yet who knew? He was old; it *could* happen. One read of such things in the newspapers. Sometimes the grandson would actually see the two of them, tense with worry, sitting in their armchairs without a word, fidgeting, just looking at each other. It meant that Adria was in the grandfather's room—or, more likely, had been there a long time.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," his aunt would reply in her quavering voice.

It was the one big thought that occupied them.

ONE day when Adria had been in the professor's room longer than usual, the boy saw his aunt pacing about in the corridor outside it. Her father, she knew, hated to be interrupted, whatever he was doing—whether speaking, writing, reading, or even having his nails manicured. For all she knew, he might be getting a hypo in there, a massage, an irrigation, or perhaps a bath. If she knocked and interrupted any of these, he might fly into a rage; he might never forgive her. And yet what if . . . what if that sorceress was taking advantage of him, an old and helpless man? No, she *had* to go in. Finally, weakly calling "Papa" and knocking at the same time, she opened the door without waiting for an answer. She found them in each other's arms—or, rather, he in her arms, like a child, resting.

"Papa!" she cried, and perhaps for the first time in his life her father was nonplussed. "There, you see I was right to come in," she said, almost to herself. "But what are you doing? And you . . ." she said, regarding Adria.

Silently, Adria left the room.

His mistress! At his age! But what a scandal! Poor little man. They took to consoling him as if he had been grievously wronged by her, as if he couldn't have suffered greater harm. And he, overwhelmed by all these demonstrations, was too embarrassed to react. Caught at a disadvantage—in the act—he couldn't let things rest. He had either to let her go or stand up for her and marry her—a course of action that he wasn't up to and had probably never even contemplated. The man who had never lost a case, this case—his own, his very own—he lost without a word. He let her go, and she, who had held him in her arms like a babe, went, in tears. —ARTURO VIVANTE

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POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y. (AP)—A thief or thieves who apparently took anything that could be carted away broke into the Dutchess County Courthouse and stole the entire public address system in one courtroom, a judge's gown, two deputy sheriffs' badges, two court attendants, jackets and the name plates from the office doors of two judges and the surrogate.—*The Times.*

We *like* a thief with catholic tastes.

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AFTERMATH

ACCIDENTS happen. The one that happened to a man named Mark Livingston—or actually, and fatally, to his two-year-old daughter (adopted at birth, loved possessively by both Mark and his young wife, Teresa)—came about on a late-winter Saturday afternoon on the cement driveway of Mark's house near Chicago. Mark was in New York, or Teresa would have left the child, Susan, with him while she did her weekend shopping. As it was, she had to take her along. She bundled Susan up, went out the back door with her, and, for the several minutes certain to be needed to warm up the old car, left her to play in the light snow that covered the yard. Teresa went on to the garage, closing the yard gate behind her and believing that she had bolted it. Later, it was surmised that the bolt must have missed its sleeve. However that was, when she backed the car out of the garage Susan had somehow got out and onto the driveway. The car struck her and tossed her to the side of the drive, killing her instantly.

At that time (four o'clock or a little past in Chicago, an hour later in New York), Mark was entering his hotel near Central Park, anticipating a drink, a shower, and a dinner at which it would not be necessary to talk shop. The thought pleased and relieved him. He had come East for an academic conference, just finished, that had held the possibility of a new and better job for him, but nothing had come of the prospect. He was not sorry. His own small suburban college was something of a backwater, but he had a little income that rounded out his salary, and, up in his forties, he felt himself no longer in need of challenges. He was a professor of English—a slight man, gray at the temples, and now more than occasionally, it seemed to him, gray in spirit.

He had a Scotch-and-soda, looking out across the Park toward the last streak of wintry pale pink in the west, toward Chicago, where he expected to return the next day. He took his shower and dressed, met three fellow-teachers in a small restaurant well known to one of them, and thoroughly enjoyed his dinner. And in the lunatic scramble (police, useless ambulance and hospital, weeping and confusion) then going on in Chicago, it was not until Teresa had been taken back home by her own large and encompassing family and put to bed under sedation that word was sent to Mark. Teresa remembered that he was to be out for the evening, so a telegram went from one of her brothers, saying only that there had been a grave accident and asking Mark to telephone. When he got back to his hotel at half past ten, the message was in his box.

He put in a call to the McGinnesses, Teresa's people, supposing without question that it was she who had been hurt or killed and, in all the panicky teetering of his mind, finding a clear instant to wonder—it was the merest flash, but it dismayed and shocked him—how life lived alone again might seem. But by the time the telephone in Chicago began to ring he was trying to pray, though in his adult life he had seldom prayed, that there had been a mistake in the message, and then for Teresa—that at the worst she would have had no pain or terror. But it was Susan who had been spared in that respect, and John McGinness, the earnest big brother who had telegraphed, gently told Mark what had happened, adding that their doctor preferred that Teresa not talk to him just then. She was quiet for the moment; they hoped to keep her so. Mark said he would come at once.

He said so, but when he had put the phone on its cradle with care he sat in a kind of paralysis—rigid and with a cold grip tightening on his stomach but feeling nothing else, unable to accept in any way what he had been told. And then, in place of what he knew he should be feeling, an anger mounting into rage began to shake him. In place of grief, all he could feel was outrage at John McGinness, who was standing between him and Teresa, and then at that whole family except Teresa. And even she shared some of it because for six years, at the least sign of stress or trouble, they had always swarmed out to engulf her and she had always gratefully faded back in among them, in fact or in spirit, until she felt safe enough to emerge. But the distracting anger could not last, and after a while Mark thought—had to think, remorsefully—that they were doing their kind best, and that he would have had better reason for anger if they had done otherwise. He was not able to think even momentarily of Susan or to picture her. I will pack, he thought—and then I will call them again. I should speak to her. *Of course* I must speak to her. But he could not contrive to see her walking toward the phone, or hear the sound of her voice coming over it.

Instead, all that his mind's eye could

"Why, thank you! You are a gentleman and a scholar."

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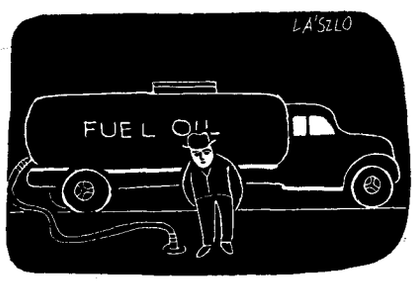
see was Teresa six, seven, or even eight—yes, eight—years back, fair-haired, serious, with a wry half smile, a student in his Elizabethan-drama class, whose small and somewhat solid figure made her seem, to her frequent disgust, even more young and vulnerable than she was. And, abruptly overwhelmed by the memory and by the need to comfort that child, he spun away from his chore and stood at the window. Susan is dead, he tried to say to himself, but it was not in the least a fact, for all the stiffness of his knees and hands.

Again he tried to think of Teresa as she might be that minute, and again he fled back down the years—back to when, newly divorced by Harriet, his first wife, he had found consolation in reading Shakespeare to his class with an air of sad wisdom, Teresa watching him steadfastly, luminous with devotion. She had written an honors thesis under him. And in time, though she had always before gone home far across the city on weekends, she took to staying over on the campus, and at last, on the quieter weekends, staying with Mark. And, for just a second, a sense of the sweetness that had surrounded him most of that year broke through the invisible ice that encased him now. Sweetness, but with freedom. He had seemed to float upward by stages. On autumn walks among trees, through the odor of apples; on winter nights at his fireside, Teresa listening, listening as he talked; and on the first temperate day of spring, when, opening a window, he felt as if she, as well as the promising air, had come instantly into the room—Teresa, his student and, a little later (oddly), his wife.

He turned back to packing his bag, moving with care, exhorting himself at all costs not to lose his control, making himself think in words, in a running monologue of instruction. He told himself how to fold his jackets, and that he must keep his mind on what must be done at the moment; the next moment would have its turn, others theirs. One at a time might possibly be bearable. That was how days of calamity and death were got through. But his fingers were prickling as if they were truly in ice, and sweat was running down his spine, and all the time thoughts that could indeed have undone his balance pressed in, ready to suffocate him unless he could reject them: the thought that if he had been at home . . . The thought that the trip had been not only fruitless but uncalled for—that he had merely run off for a few days. Escaped. That Teresa knew this—and then that that was laughable. That a woman, any woman, would have been more watchful of her own child than . . . Untrue. Unfair. When I see her, he thought, I will try to make her understand how she must guide herself from moment to moment, these next days. It may help her. And then, wondering just when he would see her and what he could say first, it struck him that he had better find out his plane time.

Planes must fly to Chicago all along, he thought—all night. And he called the hotel desk and asked for the schedules of the airlines that went there. He finished his packing, the schedules were brought, and he puzzled over them (in dreadful haste now, fumbling, bursting with the need to get there) and found that the last plane for Chicago that night would leave Kennedy Airport in exactly fifteen minutes. There would not be another until seven in the morning, and so he would see Teresa—and her brood of brothers—sometime the next day.

For an instant, he thought he might weep, and then, too afraid of that, he rallied his good sense, telephoned the airline for his reservation, and asked himself what he could have done in Chicago at two in the morning. And he answered that he could at least have seen Teresa—surely he could have seen her, doctor or not. Of course, I can explain the delay, he thought, and felt at once that the very idea was craven. "In the confusion, I forgot to check the plane times," he could hear himself saying to John McGinness. "An accident." Then he remembered that someone had said that there are no accidents, and in one of the bleakest moments



NO TROUBLE AT ALL, IT'S AS EASY AS FALLING OFF A LOGGERHEAD

I often appeal to the Lord of hosts, because a host I often find myself,
And to the frustrations of hostmanship I cannot blind myself.
I invariably fail the ultimate test:
Outguessing the guest.
Would that I could anticipate
How my guests will elect to dissipate.
Now ice and glasses glisten within easy reach,
The guests old friends, the liquors lined up on the bar in accordance with the well-known taste of each.
Comes Polyhymnia, the semi-teetotaller for whom you have bought her favorite brand of sherry;
Tonight she would like just straight bourbon on the rocks with perhaps a little sugar and bitters and, if it's not too much trouble, a slice of orange and a maraschino cherry.
And Alistair, his cheek by years of aged Scotch all motley mottled—
Plain gin for him with just an ounce and a half of lime juice, preferably British-bottled.
Here's Otho, a Martini man as sure as da Gama's name was Vasco;
He'll take a Bloody Mary, only with a tequila base and maybe an extra dash of Worcestershire sauce and lemon and just two drops of Tabasco.
And Ethel, for whose sole benefit a stock of Dubonnet you carry—
This time she requests Campari.
Wilfred is smugly off the stuff, so you have provided every current alternative or proxy;
He declines tomato juice, ginger ale, Coke, Sprite, Squirt, Fresca, and Bitter Lemon, and wistfully supposes you haven't anything in the way of Bevo or Moxie.
At long last Lily, surely fairest flower of the lot;
You ask her what she would like, and she replies, "Oh, anything at all, dear, what have you got?"
Well, I'll tell you what I've got and what she's going to get this time, by cracky:
My customary apéritif, pawpaw juice and *sake*.

—Ogden Nash

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he had ever passed through he guessed that he might have wanted—unthinkably—to wait. He had sat encouraging his anger, and afterward remembering a time it was pointless to remember. He had not called the airlines; he had sent for timetables. He could have been on the midnight plane if he had not managed to wait as long as possible. Delay. Escape. There are no accidents, he thought, and his mind slipped treacherously to the driveway of his house, and, revolted by himself, finding the room intolerable, he put on his overcoat and left.

"How was it in the city?"

• •

OUTSIDE the hotel, he turned north on Fifth Avenue. The night was cold and the wind was thrashing the bare trees in the Park. Susan is dead, he thought, and did not believe it. Dead—but nothing followed. The night, the wind. No more. The child is dead, but how is that possible? The word had collapsed and lost its meaning. He could not think of her dead; he did not dare to try to think of her as he might have seen her last, however that was. An airplane passed over, climbing toward the west, and became at once the midnight plane to Chicago. "I must get to Teresa," he said aloud—loudly, furiously, into the protecting wind—but then his brain stopped spelling out his plight or the plight of any of them, and filled itself instead with a kind of dim and shifting turbulence like the night's.

There were lights in the Park, intermittently, along the drive and the sidewalks, flickering behind branches. Apartment buildings, pale cliffs, stretched infinitely ahead, seeming to stare mindlessly over him at nothing or at the moon, which was breaking through clouds. Few people were about. Doormen stayed inside their doors. A memory prodded Mark, and he put it by as signifying nothing on such a night. A trick of the mind or the moon. He turned off the Avenue, and, halfway along a dark block in the seventies, he abruptly imagined Teresa, awake in darkness and alone—people whispering everywhere outside her room, but Teresa there, eyes open and alone—and pity rose in him, stopping him in his tracks, making him bend his head and squeeze his own eyes shut. Then the moment passed, and he tried to think what had best be done next.

Phone—or send a telegram—to say when he would arrive? But would a wire not be still another form of delaying? The idea annoyed him briefly, and he told himself that suspicion of himself could be carried too far. It was very late. He could only hope that, contrary to his vision, Teresa was asleep. She had not turned to him in need too often. And, in fact, to talk to him tonight across a distance might be an ordeal she could well be spared. They would have to talk face to face soon enough. He hoped she was resting. He supposed he had better telegraph. They would expect him when he could get there, of course, but he had said he would come at once. He sent his message addressed to Teresa from a hotel on Madison Avenue, saying that he would take the seven-o'clock plane from New York and would go directly to her family's house. He signed it "All my love," meaning it deeply but aware, almost with embarrassment, that in recent years such phrases had not commonly passed between them, and then, in a sinking instant, that the child was to have been the means of bringing them back.

He went out and along Madison, past dark storefronts and late bars, resuming his monologue, regarding himself with scorn and trying to hold off a little longer the thoughts that conspired to shatter him—the thought of Teresa, whom he now believed he had failed tonight and always, or of Susan, who could by no means be imagined dead. Wait—escape at least to the end of whatever tether you may be on. Do I always? *Have* I always? Harriet felt so, and in the end it brought the divorce. I know it now. I left the East, I left this city for a safe place, a small campus where I would seem to be of consequence. Safe there—and in another age as well—the spacious times of great Elizabeth. Harriet lived for contest. She couldn't abide being on the fringes—fringes of a city, but all the same outside it. Outside the battles. She came back. I suppose she is here. I am sure Teresa thinks I see her when I come here, but I don't. And then, for what, even while it lasted, seemed a preposterous moment, he thought of trying to see her—thought that maybe, by some odd trick of perspective, telling her what had befallen him could make it real—but, of course, it was in all ways too late for that. Then his mind went on, searching for more charges to bring against himself and finding them.

Scraps of dingy paper, the day's leavings, scurried in circles in the street and around his feet. The lurking, ir-

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relevant memory (a desolate plain, moonlight, a raging wind) touched the back of his mind again, and again he shook it off and wondered why he should next recall a line from the Book of Mormon. "For it must needs be, that there is an opposition in all things. . . ." He got that far and groped for the rest of the passage—something about righteousness, something about misery. "And what has that to do with the three of us tonight?" he asked, and then, seeing himself a child in his grandmother's house, he knew—he began to know. She had made him commit it to memory, doubtless taking pleasure in planting a grain of her church in a Presbyterian grandchild; he and she had been the firmest, the most loving of allies. But what had brought her to him tonight was the charges he was filing against himself—the fact that when she was old and shrunken, and about to go and finish her life with a sister in Utah, he had failed her. He had been at school—less than two hours away from her—and he had not gone to say goodbye. He had been too afraid of her tears, or so he thought, though now he wondered if there would have been any; she was strong. Something had come up—he could no longer remember what he had said it was, but something critical. Avoid. Escape. He had written her, though. And on the night she was to leave he had stood awhile in expiation at his dark dormitory window holding back tears of his own.

But Teresa, Teresa, he thought. And Susan, who was to have made things whole between us. I must think of them. I must face *them*. I must understand what has happened—stop this maundering, plan. *Arrangements* will have to be made—that canting word. Yes, but the McGinnesses will have seen to that, I have no doubt. Chicago and morning stretched before him like a wilderness, the wind struck him as he turned a corner, an inbound plane came over (the last on earth, it seemed), and again his mind glanced off the present and opened itself to the waking nightmare that had been pressing to be recalled. Now it came fully. Now he was back to a wartime night in Greenland.

He was in a deep, sheltering ditch near the edge of a churning fjord. Between the ditch and the water, his squadron's bombers were moored facing the ditch and the tundra beyond, looking toward mountains glittering faintly in the moonlight and a wide glacier, down which, off the icecap, came a wind whose gusts lifted the planes as in flight and would have toppled them backward if their wheels had not been strung like beads on an enormous cable. Enemy radios were said to be in the mountains. At least, the squadrons that passed through the base were spoken to nightly from somewhere. The names and the home towns of the airmen were duly noted. If a man had a cold, it drew sympathy. *They* were out there, no one knew where, and they kept up with what went on. Mark, well aware of them, climbed up to peer over the edge of the ditch and saw a sight. For on the silvery frozen moss of the tundra a demented dance was in progress. Huge, empty oil drums from the fuel dump were capering there in the wind and the clear, pale light. Dozens—hundreds—of identical shapes out of a solid-geometry text were tumbling, rolling, striking each other, bounding into the air, filling the plain. Mark stared for a while, then thought that one of them could kill him. There was nothing to do but leave the ditch and finish his guard in an airplane. So he got into the one that he flew in by day and that now was flying in place, and from that unlikely post gazed out across the mindless gambol at the invisible enemy. The scene had haunted him since, in dreams and in times of trouble, and it seemed to him now that that night and this one were linked—both, for the moment, standing surrogate for too much of his life. Nightmares to be waited out. Wait out a senseless night. Wait out a life. "And wait out a marriage," he astonished himself by saying aloud. "Has Teresa known it all along?"

"It would seem to me, Brother Matthew, that your need to defy the hierarchy might find expression on a more substantive issue."

He could not shake off the thought. It returned to skewer into his mind and feelings the rest of the night—while, back in his room, he lay on the bed without sleeping, while a taxi took him down blank expressways and boulevards to the airport. He checked in for his flight from Kennedy to O'Hare and boarded the plane among a motley huddle of others—two whispering nuns; an elderly Chinese; a young woman towing a fretful child, overstuffed and waddling in a snowsuit; a gaunt, stooped man carrying an attaché case. Mark wondered if all of them were on urgent errands. What calamities were sending them to Chicago in the cold dawn? Now only a little time was left, and he told himself again that he must prepare for urgencies of his own. Plan. Cope. Above all, see what lay ahead as real. But—wait out a marriage? Is that what I have done?

He brought himself back resolutely, if briefly, as the plane lifted into the air. Try to see the day itself, he thought. Try to visualize it. In at eight, Chicago time. A cab home—but I said I would go directly to the McGinnesses'. It will take the better part of an hour. Nine o'clock. They wouldn't bring Teresa

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"What is it we're an advisory commission on, again?"

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to O'Hare, would they? Hardly. But what can I say when I do see her? *How* will I see her? In the midst of them all? It's more than likely that I will, what with everyone anxious to help us, see us through. Well, well. I can say . . . What *shall* I say? And then, in spite of himself, the other half of his weary mind wheeled once more to fragments of the past. Fragments having to do with Teresa but mingling—why?—with the passage from his grandmother's Book.

And now he saw Teresa not as she might be when he would reach her, and not with the blinding pity he had felt on the windy street, not even as the girl who had lifted him so sweetly long ago (or by means of whom he had so agreeably lifted himself), but in a queer suspension where he and she paced out a sort of dance. A minuet of growing remoteness over the years. First he then she (or was it the other way around?) moving toward then drawing back, emerging then retreating. ". . . there is an opposition in all things. If not so, righteousness could not be brought to pass, neither wickedness, neither holiness nor misery, neither good nor bad." That was the rest of it—something like that. Have we ever had an honest quarrel, he wondered. No, not truly. Have we needed them? Of course. Perhaps. No. But we fell apart so courteously and yet so steadily that now I think maybe we were never together at all. (I will kiss her and not say anything, but lead her to another room right away. No one will try to come with us. I can be sure of that, at least. But then—?)

Lead her. Yes, that was it, at first. Pupil and teacher, docile—maybe dazzled—child and man. I did my best to dazzle her. And so long as I could lead her both of us were content, but one can't just go on like that, wandering hand in hand. She grew—she must have grown. I wonder if I have ever quite thought of her as a woman. I ache with love when I am away from her, but it is—yes, it is a very young Teresa that I see then.

She had wanted a child at once; he had thought that they should wait; she had acceded. Later, they had tried and failed. Once, he had been sure that he was gravely ill. He had not told her; when he found it was not true, he had no one to rejoice with. Another time, they had come alarmingly close to battling over money. It had been some point of principle—he could not, at the moment, remember what. She had dropped the subject and the point had never been settled. Gloss over all trouble, and back to the endless pretense of hand in hand. Gloss over marriage. And, hazily, on the edge of sleep but unable to sleep, unsteady with exhaustion, Mark thought that it was not necessarily quarrels they had lacked but simply obstacles. Opposition, something to grow against, like soil above a seed. He longed to say so to her.

Now the flight was well along. The plane would touch down in a little more than half an hour. Mark got out his wallet to look at a snapshot of Susan. But the photograph said nothing new. Dead, he told himself, dead. And nothing happened. The picture itself had no life for him. A small bundle in a red snowsuit stood in the middle distance—that was all: Teresa's and his one full try to end the minuet. He put the wallet away and leaned back, his eyes open but unfocussed. He stayed this way for he did not know how long, and thought he felt the plane ease into its slow descent. He tried to stir, to wake from his non-sleep, but a total languor held him. He saw and did not see the young woman with the fretful child a few seats up the aisle. The woman began to struggle with the child, putting it into its snowsuit. A red snowsuit. I should be helping, he thought—and saw, in a blur, his daughter's eyes and tangled hair. The spurious image glimmered a moment longer, then slowly faded, and he saw only a wriggling child, a small stranger in a snowsuit. One like Susan's. The one she had surely been wearing when she died. And at last, giving him a blow that made him shudder and gasp, the word was true.

IN mist and half-light, the plane banked over Lake Michigan, and as he fastened his seat belt he was worrying about the number of taxis to be found at the airport at eight on a Sunday morning. The plane pulled up to its landing ramp; the passengers debarked. The sky was bleak, the wind was cold. Mark hurried down the ramp and along the endless, echoing corridors of O'Hare, following arrows pointing toward "Baggage Claim." He saw the place finally, down a little escalator and off to his right, and, stepping onto the moving stair, he glanced absently past the luggage at a small knot of nondescript people, and then, looking past them, he saw Teresa waiting alone. —ROBERT HENDERSON

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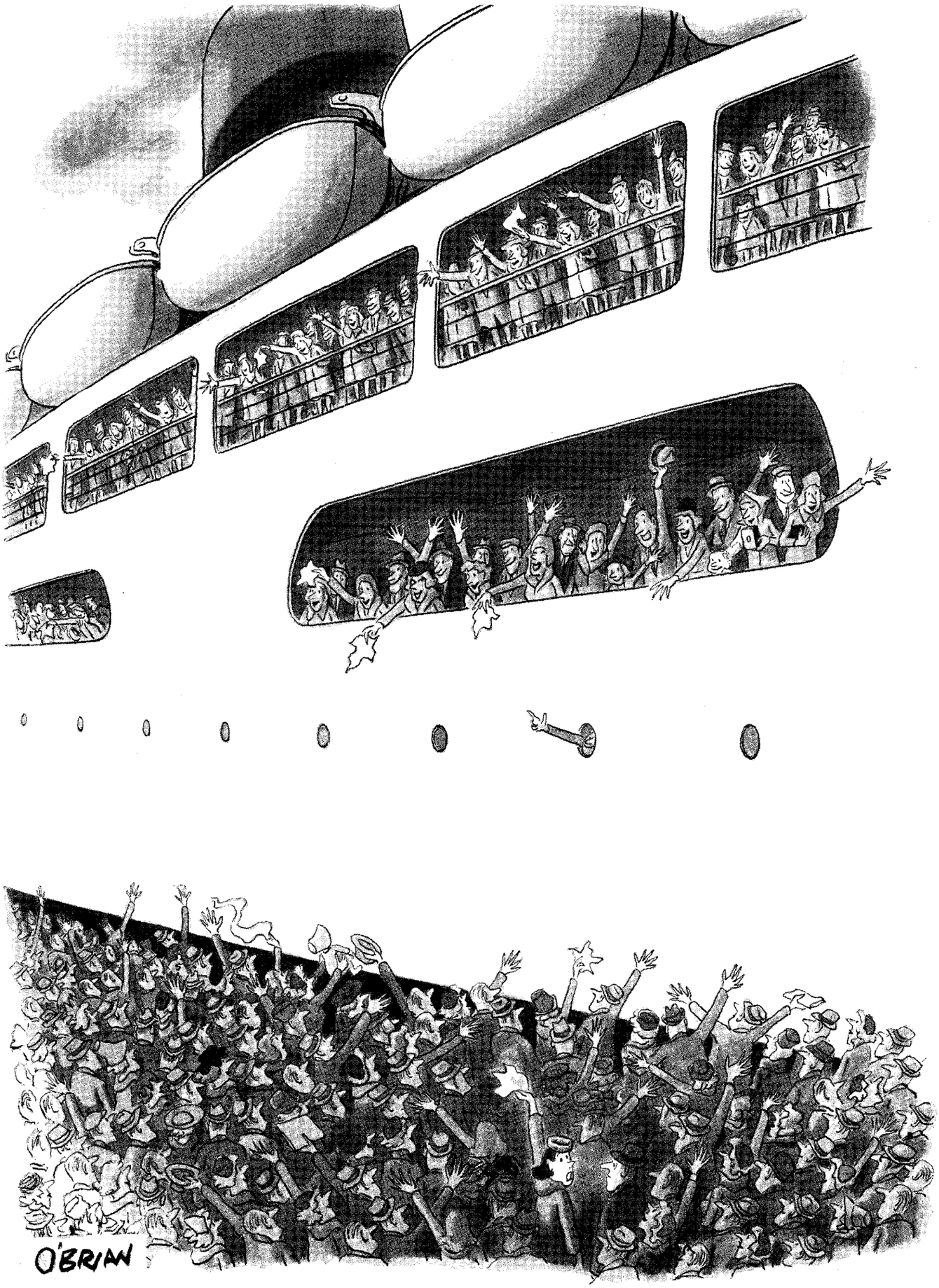

"Everybody's going somewhere except us."

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PROFILES

A CONDITION OF ENORMOUS IMPROBABILITY

WHAT is behavior? In other words, how and why do men and baboons, geese and bowerbirds, pike and sticklebacks, rats and elephants act and react, love and hate, nourish or neglect their young, fight or run away, as all the countless creatures in creation have been doing, aeon after aeon, since animal life began on earth? The problem has been debated for rather more than two millennia, engaging and occasionally enraging philosophers and moralists, theologians and political theorists, and, more recently, whole legions of scientists. The scientists at first defined the central issue concerning animal behavior by the question "Nature or nurture?"—or, in the case of the human animal, "Heredity or environment?" Although used no longer by the scientists, for a variety of complex reasons, these formulas are still the easiest for laymen to grasp. Yet simple as the formulas sound, you have only to glance at those bowerbirds to see the difficulties.

Konrad Z. Lorenz

The bowerbird species, which flourish in Australia and New Guinea, are all in some sense artist-architects. In order to attract females, the males build enormously elaborate bowers—some as much as six feet high and resembling Indian tepees made of sticks—which they then ornament with flowers, shells, and anything else they can find that is the right color, sometimes including discarded trolley tickets. The different species have their own color preferences; two species even make brushlike implements of grass or bark and then use the juice of certain berries to paint their bowers' surfaces a bluish-purple color. No one has yet reared bowerbirds in isolation, to see how much of this extraordinary courtship behavior would be performed naturally and automatically. Since young males begin by putting up ramshackle, sadly incomplete bowers, it seems certain that the basic behavior pattern is built into the "nature" of bowerbirds. Yet bowerbirds do not mate until they are four or five, and the young males therefore have before them in their formative years the example of the dominant males' vastly more ambitious architecture; thus, it is also likely that "nurture" plays a considerable role.

On the other hand, it is pretty well established that the incubator birds, which partly inhabit the same areas as the bowerbirds, get their equally bewildering nesting behavior exclusively from "nature," for they have no known opportunity to learn by example. These birds, which resemble small pheasants, pile up huge compost heaps of laboriously collected vegetation; they lay their eggs in the decay-heated interiors; and until the eggs hatch they are constantly at work either adding to their compost heaps or carefully aerating them, in order to keep the interiors at the ideal incubating temperature. Are we, then, to suppose that instinct alone instructs each generation of incubator birds in the delicate techniques of composting? Is this special skill, hard enough to master for many a human gardener, in fact "programmed in the genome"—which simply means transmitted in the germ plasm, like an inherited computer program waiting to be executed when the right time comes? If this is true—as it almost certainly is in the case of the incubator birds—is much of the rest of animal behavior controlled by similar instinctive programs? If this is true as well, exactly what is an instinct? And just how great is the role of instinct in the behavior of the human animal?

These are the kinds of questions to which answers are at last being provided by the still young scientific discipline called ethology. Animal behavior, in all its aspects, is the ethologists' study. Eventually, I feel sure, the work of the ethologists will have very great sociological and philosophical impact. Philosophically, the problem of the origins of behavior is on the level of the twin problems of the origins of the universe and the origins of life, for which scientific solutions are also just beginning to be put forward. Ethologists have already turned up much that is suggestive if applied to man's behavior as a social animal. Looking at man's present plight on earth, in truth, one can easily perceive all sorts of permutations and derivations of the four basic animal drives that the ethologists have identified—reproduction, hunger, fear, and aggression. In one way or another, the four basic drives lead on to a good many lamentably recognizable social phenomena, like territoriality (or acute possessiveness, even grabbiness about territory), intraspecific fighting (such as the war in Vietnam), and the contest for places in the pecking order that is the henyard version of status-seeking. The ethologists themselves have lately begun to be excited by the potential applications to human society of their numerous discoveries. Dr. Konrad Z. Lorenz, the Austrian zoologist, who played the largest part in the foundation of this new discipline in the inter-war years, recently published a strikingly interesting book entitled "On Aggression." There have been ethological congresses on the same disturbing subject. And popularizers have caused a certain stir with books like Robert Ardrey's "Territorial Imperative" and Desmond Morris's "The Naked Ape."

Because I had been attracted by this aspect of ethology, I went to Germany not long ago to visit Dr. Lorenz, at the Max Planck Institute of Behavioral Physiology, of which he is now the ethological co-director. When I reached

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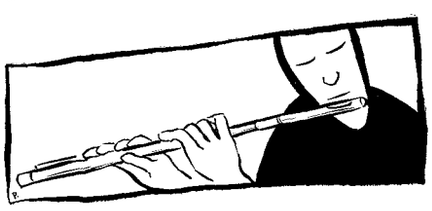
Seewiesen, in the lovely Bavarian plain, where Dr. Lorenz's Institute is situated among woods and meadows by a little lake, I soon discovered that in terms of its original purpose my journey to see the founder of ethology was a bit premature. There was a duty, Dr. Lorenz had evidently felt, to sound the fairly anguished note of warning to the human species that is the essence of "On Aggression." But as a serious researcher, discussing the stage that his discipline has reached so far, he proved hard to move beyond the much firmer ground already established by studies of the behavior of lesser species, such as whydah birds and European polecats. My conversations with Konrad Lorenz nonetheless illuminated quite wonderfully, if sometimes ominously, many of the philosophic and scientific puzzles of the origins of behavior.

"YOU will know the place by the geese that live on the lake," a barmaid in the *Bierstube* of a neighboring village had told me when I asked for directions to the Institute. Sure enough, a swift-flying skein of greylags—the common European wild geese—winging to a fresh grazing ground in perfect V-formation, gave me assurance that I was on the right track. Once reached, the Institute turned out to be a widely scattered complex of plainly built offices, laboratories, dormitories, and apartments to house the numerous researchers and their assistants and students. In the building closest to the little lake, the Ess-see, I found Dr. Lorenz and his wife, Gretel, occupying a comfortable, unpretentious second-floor apartment, and they made me generously welcome there. Dr. Lorenz proved to be a splendidly picturesque figure, suggesting a knickerbockered ski instructor grown venerable, burly, and white-bearded. He is also warmly outgoing, whereas Mrs. Lorenz is a slender, quiet woman whose skeptical humor and independent mind need a bit of time to discover. As he was eager to give me a guided tour of his domain before the evening meal, we went out at once, into the early twilight, and after a stroll along the lake and through the meadows we came to a series of big flight cages, constructed against one wall of the building where the Lorenzes live. The cages contained many varieties of a charming small bird I had never seen before, finchlike in head and body, subdued in coloration, but with wonderfully long and graceful tail plumage of several different patterns. I asked Dr. Lorenz about these birds, and the answer was a torrent of unlikely, enchanting information, such as I was to become accustomed to later. (Here and hereafter, you should imagine him speaking the most fluent English, with just the trace of a stage professor's German accent.)

"They're African whydahs," he began. "And Dr. Jurgen Nicolai—he's one of the Fellows of the Institute, but he's away now—has been finding out all sorts of glorious things about them. They used to be classed as members of the finch family, but now it's quite clear that they're really weaverbirds that have saved themselves all the immense bother of making weaverbirds' nests by becoming parasites, like cuckoos. Waxbills are their host-victims; whydahs lay their eggs in waxbill nests, and the waxbills then hatch the eggs and feed and rear the young whydahs. We know, too, that this must have started to happen a good many millions of years ago, because since then the waxbills have had time to divide into many different species, and in order to go on being successful parasites the whydahs have had to follow the waxbills—otherwise, they would not have survived. For example, the baby waxbills of each species have very characteristic brightly colored gapes—what any young bird shows when it opens its bill wide to be fed. Some waxbill gapes are a brilliant red, some are red and blue, some even have luminescent spots—useful, you know, when the nests are deep and dark. The colored gape and the baby waxbill's special food-begging notes are what we call 'releasers'—the signals, in other words, that make the mother waxbill feed her young. *Wrong signal, no food!* So the whydahs have had to evolve and speciate, too, producing baby whydahs with colored gapes and special begging notes that exactly match those of the baby waxbills. Each species of whydah, in fact, has its own host-species of waxbill. It doesn't stop there, either. The courtship song of the male whydah is a very exact imitation of the sounds made by a nestful of waxbills of the host-species, and the female whydah responds exclusively to this highly individual courtship song—except that she is also greatly stimulated by the nesting sounds of the real waxbills. Furthermore, although this specialization is reversible in the laboratory, it is irreversible in nature. In theory, you could cross different species of whydahs artificially, but in nature the result would be a dead end, either because the hybrid adult whydahs would have the wrong courtship song and could get no mates or because the hybrid baby whydahs would have the wrong-colored gapes or the wrong begging notes and could get no food. The individual courtship songs are the main barriers—frail, you might think, but still sufficient—against hybridization in nature. So they insure that young whydahs of each species continue to secure food and shelter on false pretenses from their host-species of waxbills."



I had half a dozen questions I wanted to ask, but Mrs. Lorenz had already called to us, from a balcony above the flight cages, that drinks were served and supper would follow soon. The Lorenzes are easily hospitable without being fussy, and the meal was most enjoyable. The power of the whydahs to "follow" the waxbills had

L'OBSERVATOIRE

Must You seem from our world, O Lord, so far
the eye is glued to telescopes, alone?
Toledo's lustre, by El Greco shown
lighting the heaven of a living star,
were well Your Grail. Our very longings own
that in the lack of You, lo, Lord, You are.

Name me not science as a mortal's part
or many mansions for a little soul.
Of all the ticking pulses, taking toll,
only these two have lived: passion, and art.
So, sooner seek some farthest shore . . . apart,
Homeric, where wine-colored waters roll
tides of rosemary close to olive bole,
and lovers love how dearly, since they part.

—HAWLEY TRUAX

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made me think about the mysteries of evolution, and as the light local wine passed around the table I attempted to draw Dr. Lorenz out on the connection between ethology, genetics, and evolutionary theory. In his mind, I have come to suspect, "the grand constructor," as he often calls evolution, occupies much the same place that God occupies in the minds of devout non-scientists. Faith and fervor infused much beauty, even much poetry, into the outpouring of exposition and the swift back-and-forth darting from theory to illustration that were inspired by the topic I had half casually proposed.

"Where I've been isn't important. What is important is that I've finally made a dent in the Puritan ethic."

• •

Infinities of genetic mutations and recombinations, produced over near infinities of time, are "the grand constructor's" raw materials. Harmful mutations have always fallen by the wayside in the struggle for survival, while helpful mutations have produced the inconceivable variety of living things adapted to every kind of nourishing and habitable environmental niche, from the caves in the Caribbean coral where conger eels lie in wait for their prey to the icy rocks of high mountain masses where none but a few lichens can live for very long. "Adaptedness" is another way of saying fitness to survive in a particular niche, and behavioral adaptedness can take forms of all but unimaginable strangeness.

Consider, for instance, the most crucial moment in the life story of the European tick species that feed on the blood of forest-dwelling mammals like deer. These ticks lodge themselves in trees or shrubs as soon as they reach their mature form. There they wait, year after year (thirteen years have been recorded), until something comes along to shake their lodging place; they then drop off, and bite if—and only if—what they land on is warm and smells of animal sweat. Jakob von Uexküll, a nineteenth-century vitalist, showed that the key to these ticks' survival was this curious linked response to warmth and the smell of sweat, for he found that ticks made to drop from their perches would also try to bite a heated stone smeared with butyric acid, which is what gives sweat its odor.

Right here, moreover, is where ethology begins to occupy common ground with genetics and evolutionary theory, for a species' behavior must be just as well adapted to its niche as the species' fins or flippers, teeth, claws, or arms and legs. Despite wide variations from individual to individual, the behavior of a species should be thought of as forming part of all creatures of that species, in much the way that elephants' trunks, though variable in size and strength, still form standard parts of normal elephants. In all species, the basic building blocks of behavior—the "fixed motor patterns," as they are called by ethologists—are transmitted in the germ plasm, and are therefore inherited, like physical traits. The right way to think of them is to imagine computerized movements, for which the computer program is written by evolutionary adaptation rather than by bright young men from I.B.M. These motor patterns may be as simple as crooking a single finger, which human babies can do and mature chimpanzees can do only with difficulty—or they may be more complex sequences, like a blind kitten's automatic nuzzling search of any furry surface and its prompt jaw-closing if a bare spot is located, which, being bare, ought to contain the nipple of a mother cat. Again, these motor patterns "programmed in the genome" may be no more than very simple diagrams of action, which are then enriched or corrected by learning from experience, or in other ways. Here a good case in point is the hunting behavior of the common toad. When newly metamorphosed, it will snap at anything whatever that moves in its immediate neighborhood, including blades of grass tossed by the wind. But it is gradually habituated by disappointment to cease snapping at much of anything but insects, which are a toad's main food. Then, too, motor patterns may be combined into surprisingly elaborate yet purely instinctive series of linked actions. A striking example of this is rats' nestmaking behavior. Rats can be reared to maturity in isolation, in openwork wire cages, on a liquid diet, and even with their tails cut off, so that their experience gives them no solid object whatever that they can

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"Let me refresh your memory, Wentworth. When United merged with Continental, you didn't bail us out, we bailed you out!"

• •

manipulate and no knowledge of anything resembling a nest. Yet if they are then offered suitable nesting material, they will quickly go through an entire rather long series of actions—running out, seizing bits of the material, running back to a prospective nest site, arranging the nesting material in a circular heap, "upholstering" the nest's inner wall by patting the material smooth with alternate movements of their forepaws, and, if need be, manufacturing softer stuff for this upholstery by shredding the shavings or whatever else they have been given. (This is the equivalent of an Australian aborigine making a rather elaborate bed, and even turning the covers neatly down, without ever having seen or heard of a bed.) Or, again, these motor patterns may be mere "bits," as the computer experts would say, that are capable of innumerable combinations and recombinations, like the finger-crooking behavior, which is one of the reasons for man's unique and risky eminence as a tool-using animal.

There are complex shadings, too, between fixed motor patterns in different species that may outwardly seem to be closely allied. For example, one researcher working on food-searching motor patterns did an elegant experiment with jays, by offering them food trays containing mixtures of real twigs and a kind of caterpillar that imitates twigs in shape and color. The jays never learned to tell the caterpillars from the twigs. They simply pecked and pecked again until they got a caterpillar. If the density of caterpillars was above a certain level, they continued the food search, but if they found only a few caterpillars or none at all, they finally gave up. Yet, in contrast, bottom-grubbing birds like ibises and spoonbills can be offered a completely adequate diet on dry land while being denied any kind of nourishment underwater and they will still continue their underwater food search during a good part of every day. Being bottom-grubbers, whose survival in natural conditions depends on patient, nearly blind searching with their bills, their instinctive program sternly commands them to continue the underwater search, whereas a refusal to become discouraged by a vain food search would soon spell the doom of less specialized, freer-ranging birds like jays. Furthermore, adaptedness in behavior, as well as adaptedness in physical traits, can sometimes become a handicap—most often because of the peculiarities of sexual selection. For the giant Irish deer, the immense burden of the male's antlers almost certainly played a role in courtship behavior; the stags with the most imposing spreads of antler seem to have had the best chance of getting hinds. But the unwieldy and wasteful antlers must have been a severe handicap in almost every other way, and they are thought to have played a major role in the eventual extinction of the giant Irish deer.

"Concerning adaptedness," Dr. Lorenz remarked, "the first question one must ask is 'Adapted to what? Is it to winning mates, or to defending territory, or to securing nourishment, or to rearing the young in safety?' In the countless environments in which animals live, adaptedness takes countless forms. One of the ethologist's tasks is to discover the 'to what' of each form of behavioral adaptedness. Once you find the right answer, it is always satisfying, and sometimes it is very beautiful. Maybe I have a weakness for the improbable, but the most fascinating forms of adaptedness always seem to me those in which physical traits and behavior patterns combine to deceive. Take the wrasse *Labroides*, which live by cleaning off, and eating, the parasites of other fish. *Labroides* have a characteristic shape and color pattern, and they also do a characteristic dance in the water when they present themselves to other fish, as though begging to be allowed to do their useful work. Even the biggest, most predatory fish of other species never attack the cleaners. Instead, they passively offer themselves for cleaning, and this is another kind of adaptedness, for their parasites are very troublesome—even dangerous—to almost all fish. But there is a blenny, *Aspidontus*, that is imitatively adapted. It has lost its blenny shape and looks just like *Labroides*; it even does *Labroides'* invitation-to-be-cleaned dance. When another fish responds to this invitation, *Aspidontus* darts in, takes a big bite of the living flesh, and is away again in a flash. This is *Aspidontus's* main food source. Or think of the species of mouth-breeding fish, the cichlid of the genus *Haplochromis*, in which the female has become so egg-conscious that she is no longer interested in sex. In fish, mouth-breeding is a halfway house—or may-

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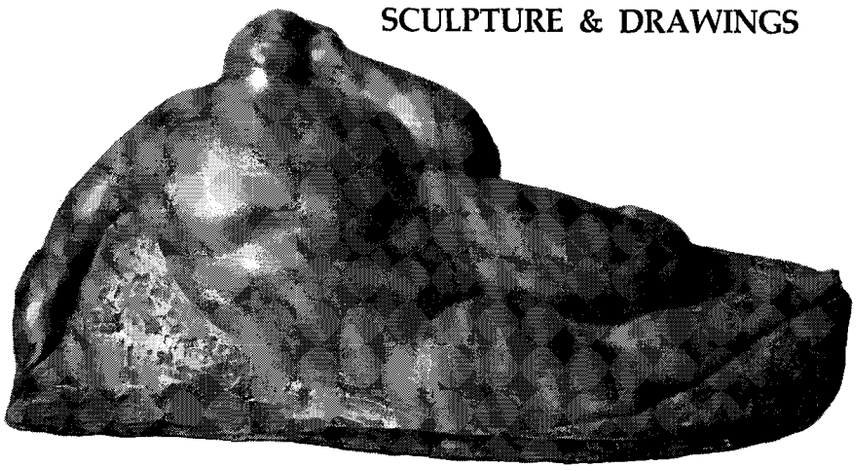

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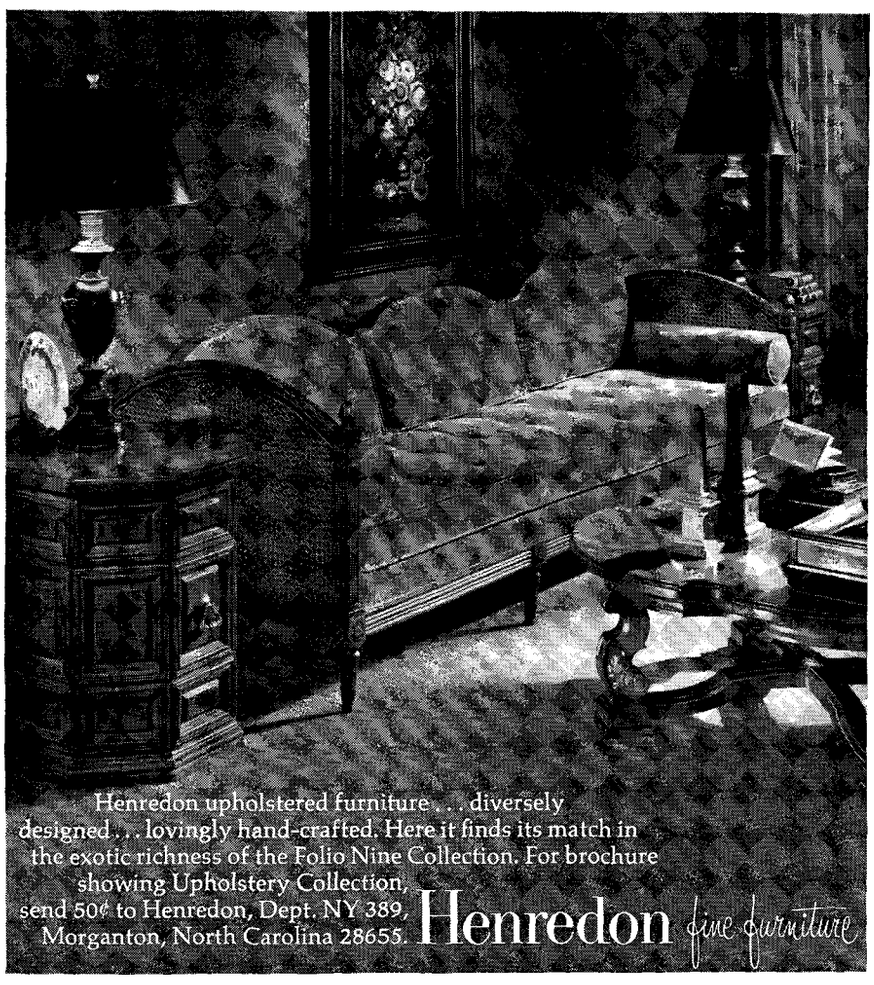

be I should say a quarter-of-the-way house—to bearing live young. After spawning, the eggs are carried in the parent fish's mouth until they hatch, thereby escaping all the dangers that usually threaten eggs. In this species, the female fish is a super-mouth-breeder, programmed to think of nothing but her large orange eggs. While she is actually laying the eggs, she is wholly preoccupied by her instinctive task, which is scooping the eggs up into her mouth. But the male, meanwhile, patiently hovers about, and he also has a useful physical trait—wonderfully deceptive imitation eggs painted on his anal fin. Finally, the female tries to scoop up these imitation eggs painted on the male, and that gives the male his chance to fertilize the real eggs in the female's mouth."

The wine was passed round the table once again, and there was a little pause in the talk. Dr. Lorenz half drained his glass, and made a jink from behavioral adaptedness to heredity and speciation. "You must understand," he said, "that innate behavioral characteristics can play just as big a role in the separation of species as innate physical characteristics. Sometimes it is a bigger role. Remember those whydah species, prevented from mismating by mere differences in their courtship songs—as many other bird species are also prevented. Furthermore, behavioral characteristics can be even more conservative than physical characteristics, and when this is the case they help us to trace the origin of the species that has this particular behavior. Take the Andean goose, which lives like a goose, looks like a goose, and grazes like a goose. Yet it still has a sheldrake's courtship behavior, and, as many other traits also prove, it's really nothing but a sheldrake that has evolved along the lines of a goose."

There was much more of the same sort, every detail casting its own small ray of light on what Erasmus Darwin, grandfather of the great Charles, so mistakenly called "nature's simple plan." The case of the Andean goose, for instance, led into a long, astonishing disquisition on the courtship behaviors of different duck species. Each species has its own innate repertory of loving motions and love-inciting noises, for which the ethologists have invented such odd, unamorous-sounding labels as the "grunt-whistle." Dr. Lorenz imitated some of these motions and sounds, including the grunt-whistle, and he went on to explain that the birds of each species always perform their own species' courtship repertory in

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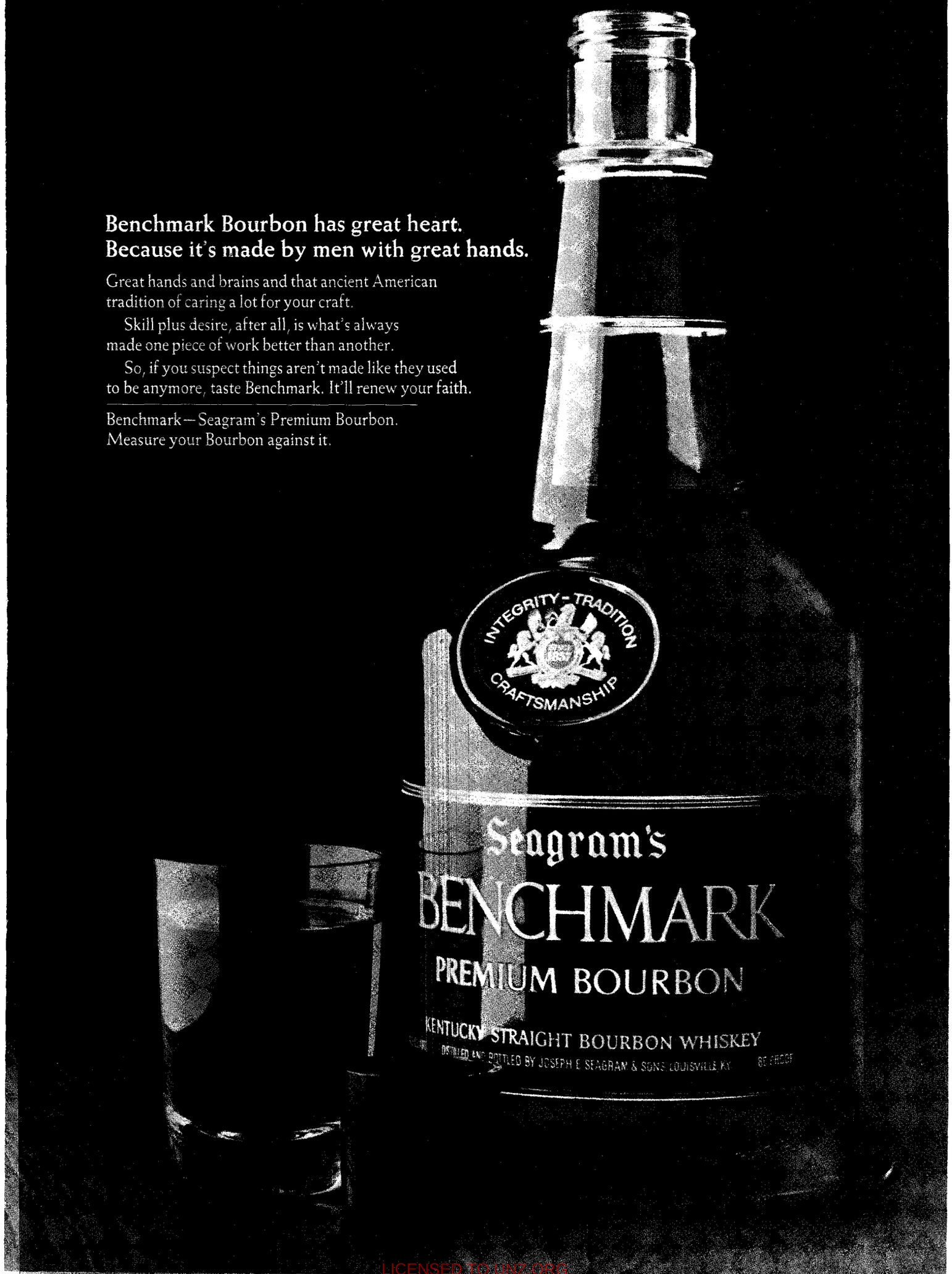

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a particular sequence. "As the experiments of W. Von de Wall have shown," he said, "you can even number the elements in the sequence and think of each behavioral sequence as a telephone number. The drake does 12-1234, which is the duck's inborn number, and if she answers, so to say, they mate. But if there is mismating by rape, for instance—which sometimes occurs in nature—or if two species are artificially crossed, the birds of the next generation will inherit very mixed-up telephone numbers—some such sequence as 21-2143—or they may be in part throwbacks to more primitive duck species. And if these birds of the first hybrid generation manage to mate despite this aberrant courtship behavior, the birds of the second generation will show all sorts of new but still recognizable recombinations of the courtship behaviors of the two grandparent species. Thus, we know that fixed motor patterns obey Mendel's law, just like the colors of Mendel's peas."

As the evening's talk continued, Mrs. Lorenz left us once or twice to deal with this or that domestic matter, and finally she returned from one of these brief absences to announce, mildly yet firmly, "It's time for bed, Konrad. Our guest needs sleep, and so do we."

AT breakfast the next morning, we resumed where we had left off the night before, over the new-laid eggs, the fresh-baked bread, the nut-sweet butter, and the farm-made German sausage that were representative products of Gretel Lorenz's housekeeping. Ethological theory and new-laid eggs make an unusual early-morning mixture, yet I must not give the impression that these days at Seewiesen were given over entirely to talk. Most afternoons, Dr. Lorenz and I went out to help the Institute's goose expert, Dr. Helga Fischer, "call" the flocks to new, more distant meadows, for the geese were being too conservative in their choice of grazing grounds. (This was a fascinating business, with an element of gamble that made it exciting. Dr. Lorenz and Dr. Fischer would melodiously intone "*Komm! Komm! Komm!*," meanwhile brandishing pails of grain, from which the wild geese get modest extra rations to attach them to their home, where they live in perfect freedom. Some geese—the greylags especially—were venturesome, and others, particularly the big Canadas, were downright lazy. First, the bolder birds would do fly-pasts; many others would follow, fill-

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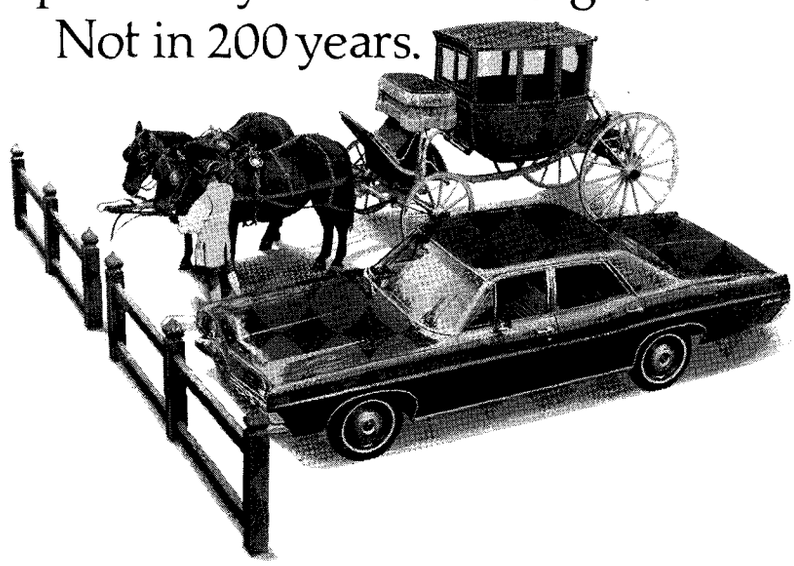

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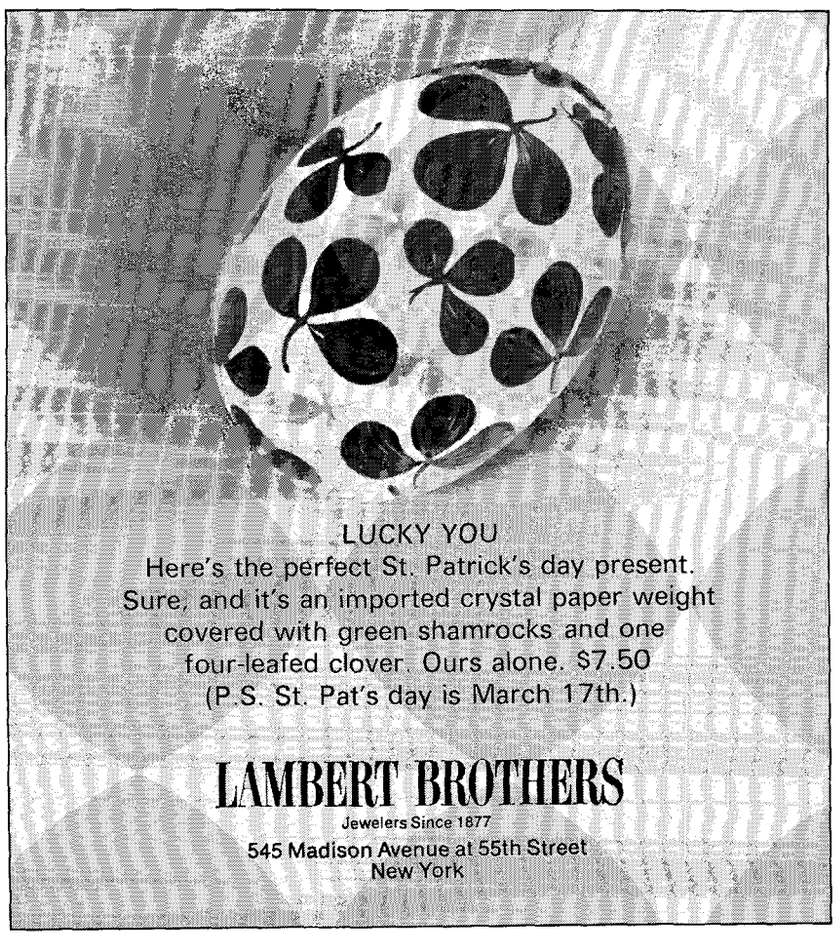

ing the soft air with the strong sound of wings; with luck, a couple of greylag families would volplane in and start greedily grazing or snatching at the grain in one of the buckets; and, finally, if the goose-calling was successful, all but a few laggards would arrive by detachments, until the whole meadow was noisily alive with many scores of geese of half a dozen species.) One day, I spent a morning with Dr. Fischer going over her "protocols," which record the parentage, lives, and marital and extramarital loves of all the members of the wild-goose flocks with the intricacy, repetitiousness, and emphasis on adultery and social standing that mark the drearier sort of novel about life in the American suburbs. One afternoon, I spent two rewarding hours with Dr. Irenaeus Eibl-Eibesfeldt, who has done the main work at Seewiesen on small mammals, including the European polecat. I passed a couple of hours studying the aquaria—extraordinary small worlds in themselves—and whiled away half an afternoon with Dr. Friedrich Schutz, who does the "imprinting" experiments (of which more later), and half of another with Dr. Wolfgang Wickler, who works with fish at Seewiesen. Yet mostly Dr. Lorenz and I talked. He is a born teacher, I was eager to learn, and he seemed pleased by the presence of an unexpected pupil. The whole visit to Seewiesen consumed five days. Since these conversations, though wide-ranging and not rigorously organized, in some sense amounted to a continuing dialogue, I shall omit hereafter the interruptions for sleep or exercise or goose-calling or meals or some other pursuit, which, of course, occurred nonetheless.

When I asked Dr. Lorenz to talk further about the relationship between innate behavior and learned behavior, Mrs. Lorenz said, "Now you have started something." She was smiling in an amused way, for she knew what I did not—that this is a matter that has created grave controversies among ethologists and, to an even greater degree, between ethologists and psychologists. Sure enough, there was an echo of past battles in Dr. Lorenz's academically severe tone when he replied with a warning that he had been "using the word 'innate' in a shorthand sense." He went on to say, "Nothing is truly innate except the blueprint in the genome. A baby may have a genetic blueprint for the most beautiful nose in Western Europe, but if bad diet makes the baby rachitic the blueprint will not be realized. Yet the

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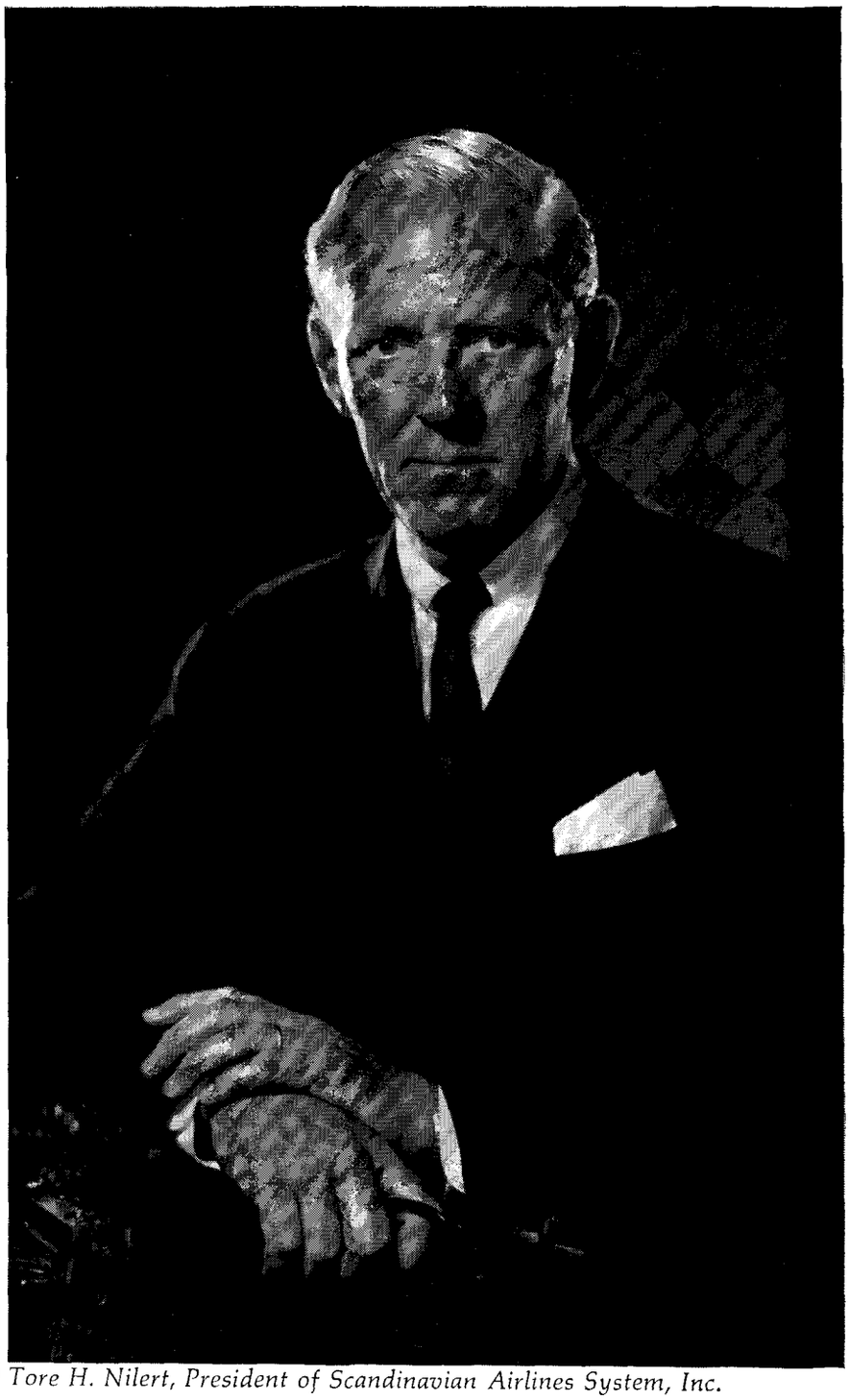
approximate realization of the genetic blueprint is still the normal result, so it seems to me quibbling to refuse to apply the word 'innate' to behavioral and other characteristics whose blueprints are demonstrably transmitted in the germ plasm. All the same, we ethologists were mistaken in the past when we made a sharp distinction between 'innate' and 'learned.' Viewed in one light, all life is a learning process. No animal species or lower organism could survive for very long without adaptedness, and evolutionary adaptation molds each species or organism so that it fits its own environmental niche and therefore survives. This molding to fit an environment really amounts to forming an image of that particular environment within the species or organism, and one can quite properly speak of information concerning the environment being acquired by adaptation. Hence, there are really two ways of learning—genetically and by individual experience—and these two ways of learning, though different in kind, nonetheless form a continuum, as W. N. Russell has pointed out. In a good many cases, genetically transmitted information is not subject, or is hardly subject, to revision or correction by individual experience. One example is the computing mechanism in a starling's nervous system which enables the bird to know the points of the compass by the sun's motion across the sky. A similar mechanism plays the primary role in the route-finding of homing pigeons. Another example is the human nervous system's computing mechanism which enables you to see that this is a pencil"—he brandished one—"whether I point it at you or hold it upright. Human optical illusions result almost invariably from false premises being fed into our innate mechanism of *Gestalt* perception. But these nervous mechanisms into which individual learning does not enter, or hardly enters, are only one part of the story. In every individual's system of fixed motor patterns and innate information there are pre-formed places where individual learning can be fitted in. The number of these pre-formed places for individual learning increases in proportion to the complexity of the organism. Hence, higher animals are capable of much individual learning, while insects have a rather limited capacity."

To illustrate, Dr. Lorenz began with bees. For route-finding, bees use irregularly shaped objects, like rocks. Thus, they can be very easily taught that artificially placed objects of irregular shape mark the road to the



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home hive, and they are then completely put off their course if the artificial markers are moved. But flowers are always, in greater or less degree, radially symmetrical. It is useless to offer bees a rich artificial nectar supply if the attached marker-object is irregular in shape. Their innate information is that food sources are invariably associated with symmetrical shapes, and they cannot be taught the opposite, however often the opposite is made to be true by human contrivance. On the other hand, pigeons have been taught a fair number of interesting, albeit simple, lessons by specialists in "operant conditioning"—psychologists studying learning who have shown, for instance, how fast rats can be made to learn their way through mazes by a combined system of mild punishments, like electric shocks, and food rewards. "But you cannot make a pigeon-prostitute by such rewards and punishments," Dr. Lorenz went on, and explained that this failure resulted from what he called "the wrong feedback." In other words, pigeons will never perform their courtship rituals without some sort of identifiably sexual stimulation. In the same fashion, the operant conditioners, while teaching rats to do many astonishingly clever things, have never managed to make rats go into their copulatory posture by rewards and punishments—again because of the wrong feedback. These are simple indications of the nature and the limitations of Dr. Lorenz's pre-formed places for learning. If the right pre-formed place is not hit, learning does not occur. Yet in many mammals some learning enters even into the reproductive act. Dr. Eibl-Eibesfeldt found that his male polecats learned the correct posture in their infantile social play but had much initial difficulty if reared in isolation.

"To understand individual learning," Dr. Lorenz added, "you must begin with the fact that we and all the rest of animal creation start our lives with a substantial store of innate information that can be amplified by the right kind of experience. The information is put there by adaptation for just that purpose. Much of the innate information takes a rather simple plus-or-minus form, telling us, 'This feels good, that feels bad—do this again, don't do that again.' I am not speaking here, either, merely of feeling pain from a cut or satisfaction after a good meal. It's more complicated than that. For example, P. N. Richter and John Garcia have done quite fabulous experiments with rats. One was to break down the needed protein component in the rats' diet into the constituent amino acids and offer these separately. Judging by their weight gains, the rats quickly learned to take just enough of each amino acid to get the equivalent of their optimum protein requirement. And, obviously, they synthesized their protein requirement so correctly—think of that!—because they felt better that way. Another experiment was to give the rats saccharin water, which they like. Nausea was then induced quite a bit later, by injections of apomorphine, or something similar. Since the saccharin water was the last thing that had entered their stomachs, the rats at once associated the nausea with the saccharin water, and they refused it thereafter. But when other kinds of discomfort were inflicted on the rats, no matter how frequent and severe, these were never associated with food or drink—the discomfort had to be the kind that bad food normally causes in order to induce this special kind of learning. Per contra, the rats could never be conditioned to go here, or avoid going there, or do the other things that operant conditioners think up, by infliction of discomforts normally caused by food. Electric shocks and the like rapidly conditioned the rats in these ways, but not nausea. You see what I mean, then, by pre-formed places for learning. It doesn't stop with 'This feels good or bad' either. In some species, for instance, the innate schoolmarm, as I call it, is also able to say, 'This sounds good.' Father James Mulligan, of St. Louis University, and one of the really able younger men, Masakazu Konishi, of Princeton University, began to wonder how songbirds learn to sing. So song sparrows were reared in isolation, in soundproof rooms. Eventually, by a kind of trial-and-error process of lonely song, the sparrows produced rough but recognizable approximations of the standard song of their species. And when they were taken out of isolation and allowed to hear other birds—not song sparrows, though—they borrowed this additional note or that until their own songs were perfect down to the last trill. Song sparrows, therefore—but not all bird species, by any means—are demonstrably born with what you can only call a clear idea of how their song *ought* to sound, but with-

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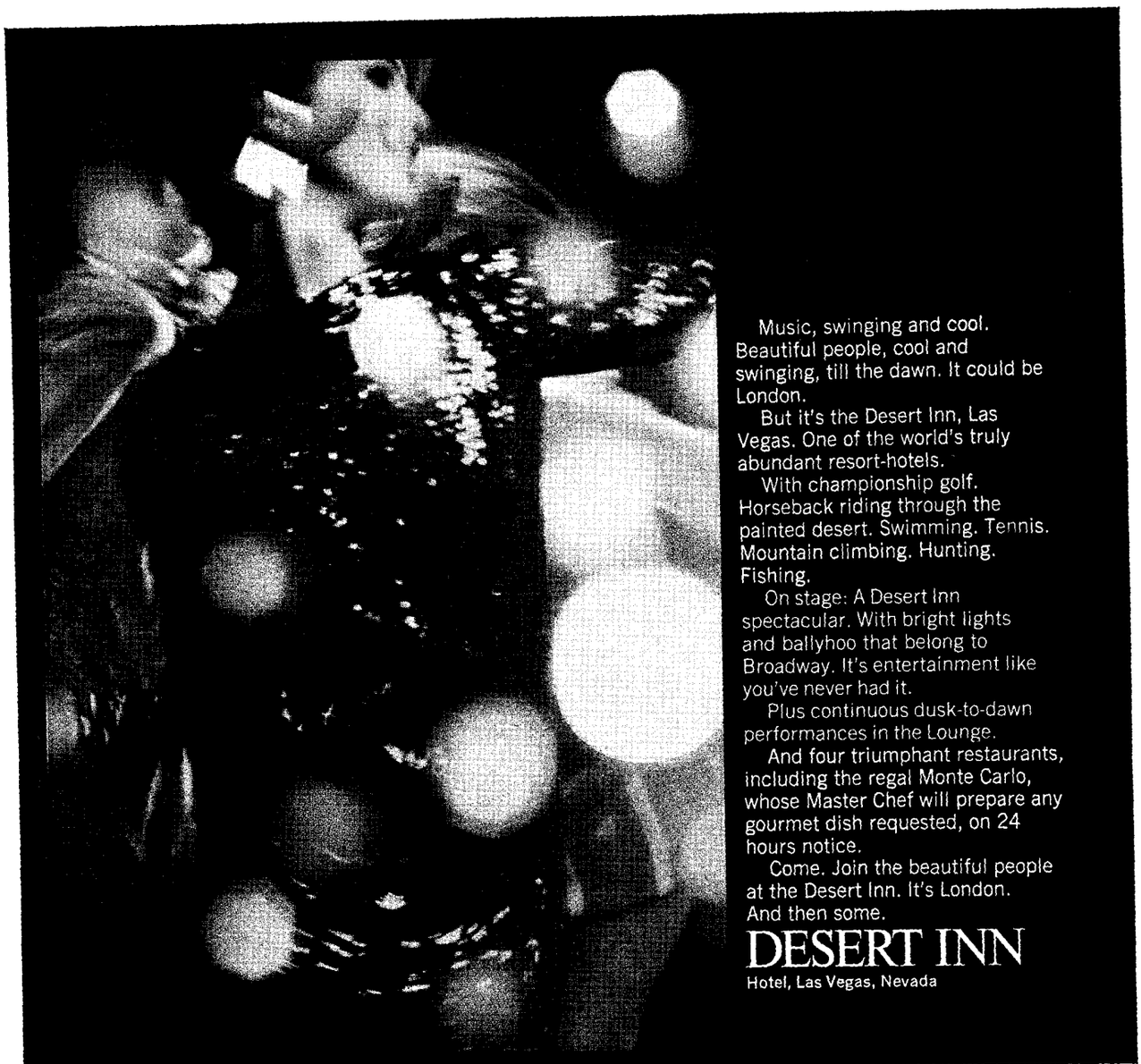

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out the song itself. Yet they have to hear in order to be able to judge. When deafened very young, Konishi's experimental sparrows never got nearer to the true song than a kind of amorphous twittering. When deafened after they got the song right, however, Konishi's sparrows continued to perform it correctly—it had become a fully learned motor pattern. And, like countless other bird species, the sparrows also proved to have certain innate calls that were, in reality, nothing but fixed motor patterns. Even when deafened very young, they always gave the song sparrow's characteristic warning call, *trank, trank, trank,* whenever they were frightened."

I asked about the process of learning by happy or harsh experience, which is the usual lot of too many of us; and Dr. Lorenz laughed before embarking on the most interesting of Dr. Eibl-Eibesfeldt's discoveries about his European polecats. These small, elegantly feral, weasel-like animals can be reared in complete solitude and yet, when mature, they will still pounce on anything below a certain size that runs away. Initially, however, they tend to bite the hindquarters; and this may leave the rat or other small animal under attack free to inflict a painful counter-bite. But the experience of a few counter-bites is enough to teach a polecat his species' habitual neck bite, which, of course, prevents any counter-bite. "In nature," Dr. Lorenz added, "the young polecats often learn the neck bite in social play with one another, as they always learn their sexual postures; but these experiments I have described have shown quite beautifully where the innate, attack-anything-small-that-runs-away motor pattern joins onto the learned action, which is the neck bite." Nor was this the story's end, for among some animals there is also learning by tradition, and in man this is obviously much more important than learning by experience. Accumulation of transmitted data on a geometrical progression, first learned by experience and then preserved traditionally, is, in fact, the primary reason for man's present highly dangerous predominance on earth. Without this continuous accumulation of data in the past, modern men would hardly have been able to achieve such proofs of progress as H-bombs and intercontinental ballistic missiles. That particular process perhaps began when the first hominids—who are now thought of as erect, omnivorous primates living in the open rather than in forests, socially organized in groups, like baboons, and

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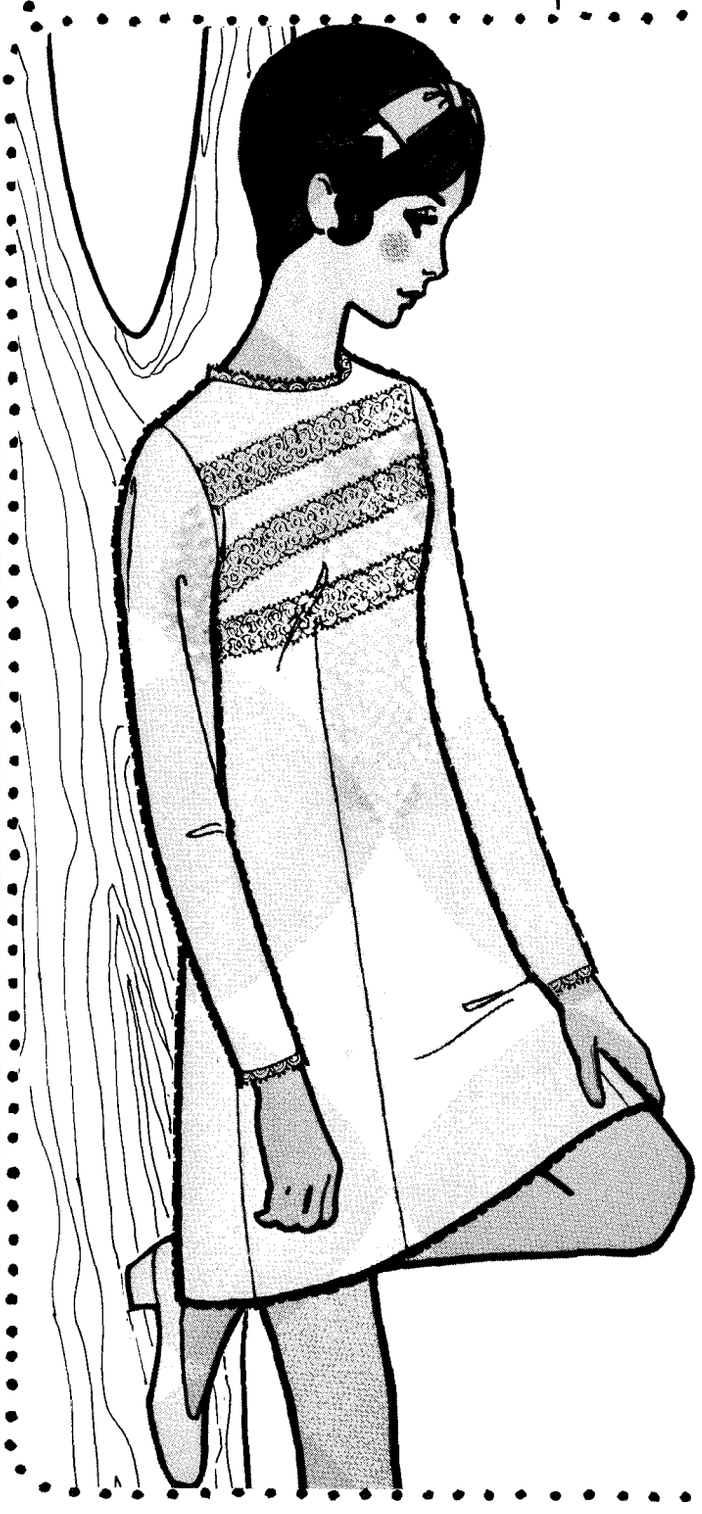

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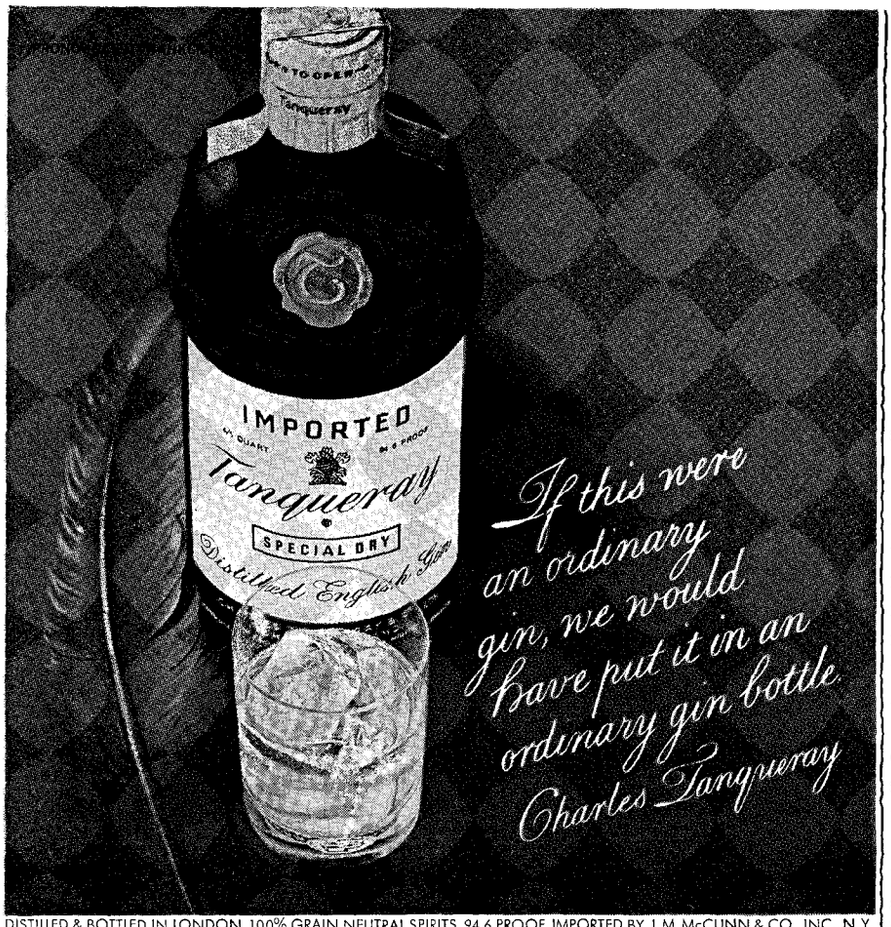

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more given than other primates to eating flesh—started grubbing for roots and using crude weapons to hunt animal prey in Africa. Yet "the grand constructor" has also made experiments with learning by tradition at much lower levels of life.

Rats, for instance, are great learners by tradition, and this is why it is so hard to devise an effective rat poison. Any rat colony will forever avoid—generation after generation—any food that has ever proved seriously noxious to members of the colony. Rats can be said to experiment in the true sense, too, for when a new food is offered they will take only tiny quantities at first, in order to test the result. Among birds, there are also striking cases of learning by tradition. Crows and most other members of the family Corvidae have innate knowledge of the usual predators that threaten them; they do not need to be taught to flee from or to "mob" a cat, for instance. But the socially living jackdaws, also a corvid species, altogether lack this innate information. Instead, they pick it up from what can only be called the tradition of the flock. When a cat or other enemy appears, a jackdaw flock responds by a kind of noisy, threatening behavior called the rattling attack, and it is actually the rattling attack that teaches the younger jackdaws that anything so attacked is inimical to jackdaws, just as it taught the flock's older birds when they were young and hardly feathered out. If reared away from the flock, young jackdaws can be dangerously sociable with cats. And here, again, the joins are clear between the fixed motor pattern (the rattling attack), the innate information (that anything whatever against which a rattling attack is directed is a jackdaw enemy), and the new jackdaw generation's learning (which occurs when a particular kind of enemy becomes the object of a rattling attack by the jackdaw flock). In the jackdaws' case, finally, one may guess that the tradition of the flock ultimately originates in the more specialized and wholly innate information that any creature carrying something-black-hanging-down (presumably a captured jackdaw) is also a proper object for a rattling attack. Even a man carrying home a pair of black swimming trunks will evoke this response, and anything that has once evoked this response is thereafter attacked, even when not carrying something-black-hanging-down.

"There's the widest variation from species to species," Dr. Lorenz contin-

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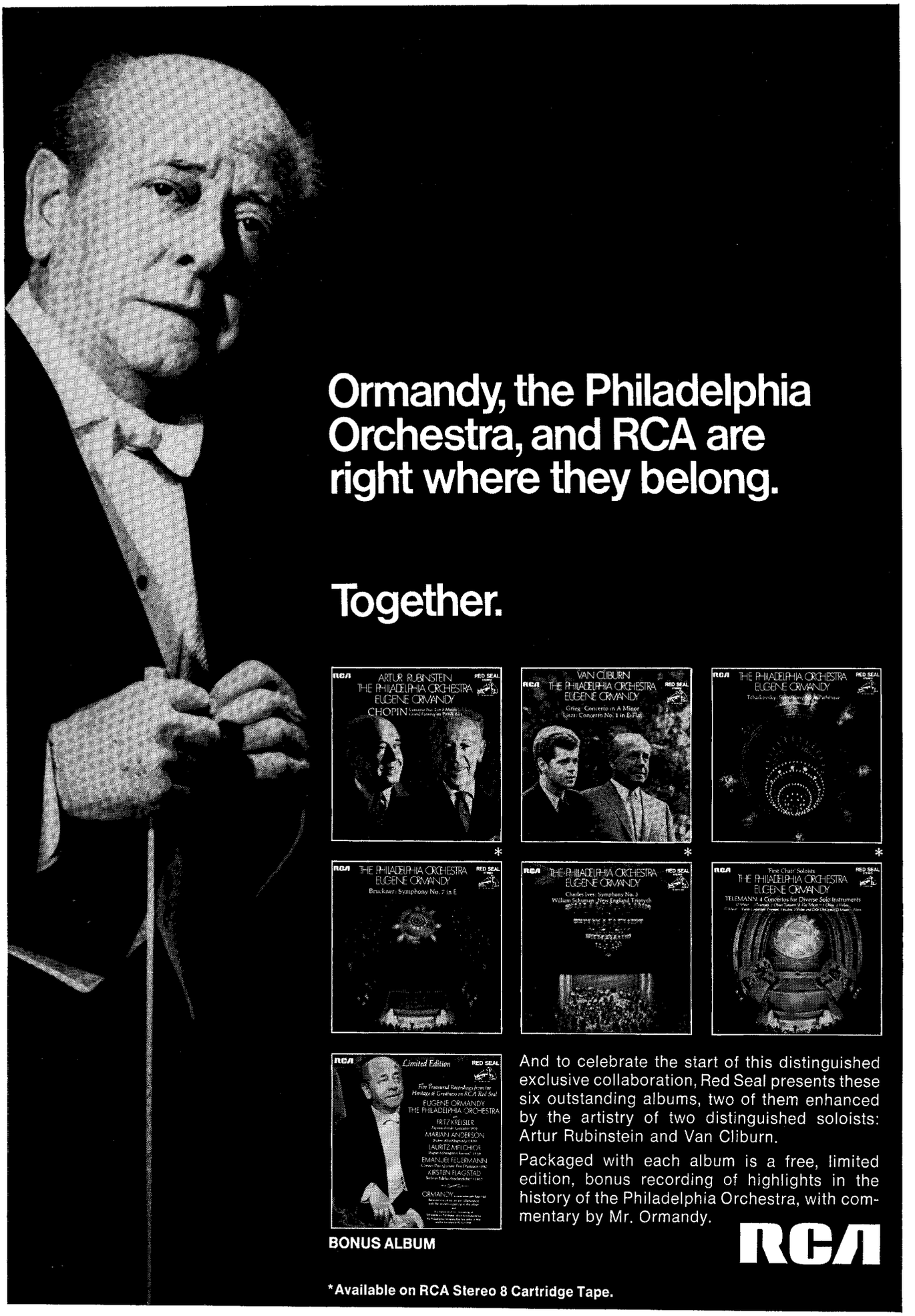

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ued. "Whereas the flock's rattling attack teaches the young jackdaws to recognize predators, for instance, young curlews recognize the common flying predators naturally, and it is this recognition that teaches them to heed the parent curlews' warning call—just the reverse situation. And, again, the danger signals are wonderfully various. Mallards are much preyed upon by foxes, and leaving an old fur piece on the bank of a pond is enough to cause mallards to sound the alarm. The chief enemy of greylag geese is the white-tailed eagle, and therefore, as Niko Tinbergen proved years ago, geese are immediately terrified by anything airborne and gliding—even a windblown feather or an airplane—as long as it moves forward at a speed that is a particular multiple of its length. It is this combination that means 'Eagle aloft!' to a greylag. But now we are really talking about releasers, and this is a subject that must be carefully examined."

Releasers, which I had met already in those colored gapes of the baby whydahs and waxbills, are signals that automatically produce a particular behavioral response and are needed for this purpose. In most Old World passerine birds, though not in African waxbills, the mothering releaser is simply eggs or baby birds in the nest. Because the releaser is so generalized, cuckoos, which usually lay their eggs in the nests of passerines, have never been forced to speciate as elaborately as whydahs have in victimizing waxbills. A young cuckoo being reared by warblers merely has to push a baby warbler to the outer edge of the nest; the baby warbler is then left to die while the young cuckoo, being still in the nest, is faithfully brooded and nourished by the parent warblers. In hens and geese, in contrast, brooding is evoked by the cheeping of chicks and the piping of goslings, which tell the mother birds, in effect, "We're cold; we want to be brooded." The louder the noise, moreover, the stronger the brooding response. ("This is why the proverb about a hen with one chick is wholly misleading," Dr. Lorenz said. "One chick does not cheep as loudly as half a dozen.") For nest-cleaning, too, there are releasers. In tits, which are hole-nesting birds, the babies have a circlet of brilliantly white feathers on their backsides, which they display just before they defecate. The sight so stimulates the parent birds that they may actually squabble for the privilege of removing the ensuing dropping. And there can be double releasers. Female Muscovy

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ducks have very strong brood-defending instincts, which can be released by the distress calls of a baby mallard. But, having left her own brood to save the little mallard, and having succeeded in snatching it to safety, the mother Muscovy will kill it immediately, because she at once switches from her ducling-saving response to her response of hostility to a stranger put among her own brood.

Many releasers that are more broadly social have been observed. Jackdaws have two nearly similar calls, *kia* and *kiow*. The first means, in effect, "Let's be out and about," and the second means "Let's go home." Each evening when the dusk draws in, a few members of a jackdaw flock feeding in the fields will give the *kiow* call, and the flock will begin to take to the air, as though about to head for the home roost. But others will then give the *kia* call, and the flock will settle down again. This may happen as many as ten or twelve times, until, in the end, the *kiow* call overwhelmingly predominates and the flock flies home. (According to Dr. Lorenz, this is what the sociologists call "resonance.") In jackdaw flocks, there is also a "Stop thief!" call, *yip, yip, yip*, which is highly infectious. Thus, when a dominant bird begins to move in on a nest site or to steal nest material from another member of the flock, the weaker bird will resist, meanwhile starting to yip. All the rest of the flock will start furiously yipping, and after a rather short interval the intending thief will begin yipping, too, and will thereupon abandon all thought of larceny. In this manner, thievery from the weak by the strong is neatly prevented in jackdaw flocks.

"Gerard Barends, who now teaches at Groningen University, in the Netherlands, has proposed a division of all releasers into three classes—symbiotic, parasitic, and social," Dr. Lorenz went on. "When a flower depends on bees for pollination and offers nectar in return, there is a symbiotic relationship, and the flower's shape and color, which attract the bees, constitute a symbiotic releaser. Some of the cases of this sort are odd beyond belief. Trees of the genus *Ficus*—all the figs, in fact—are pollinated exclusively by the different kinds of fig wasps. The edible fig, for instance, depends on a wasp called *Blastophaga*. The fig trees produce specially formed female flowers that are sterile, and in these the *Blastophaga* eggs are laid and the next generation of fig wasps reaches maturity, so that, in the right climate, there are always plenty of them to carry pollen

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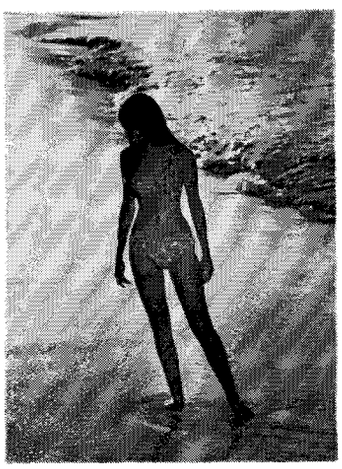

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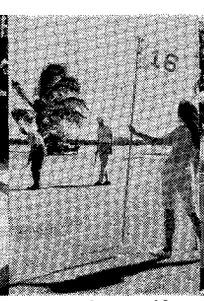

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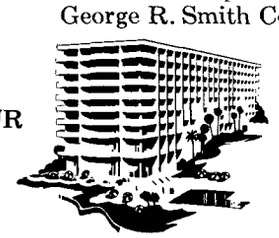

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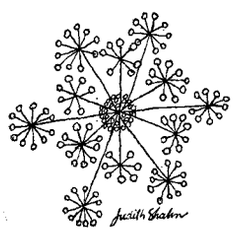
from the fig's male flowers to the fertile female flowers. Here the symbiosis is total, and one must suppose that the special shape of the sterile female flowers is the releaser that causes the female fig wasp to deposit her eggs in them, and nowhere else. Again, *Labroides*' dance of invitation to be cleaned is a symbiotic releaser, whereas *Aspidontus's* imitation dance is a parasitic releaser. There are some fantastic parasitic releasers—like the little African orchid that obtains fertilization by a special wasp species not by offering nectar but by fooling the male wasps into trying to make love to it. Our own fish lures and fish flies are obvious parasitic releasers, and our duck and goose decoys are, too. In pike, predation is stimulated by any silvery shimmer of movement in the water—the more irregular the better, because that means a sick fish—so pike lures are made with these qualities. I should add that limping and stumbling, which imply sickness, are strong attack stimuli in many predators. There's nothing more dangerous than stumbling for a lion tamer, even when he's working with a very tame, normally affectionate lion. As for social releasers, I gave all sorts of examples when we were talking about the jackdaws and other birds."



I could not resist asking how on earth these releasing mechanisms actually work within the creatures that respond to them. Dr. Lorenz replied with a long and fairly complex discussion of what he called the "black boxes." Coin-operated vending machines would have provided a more suitable image, in my opinion. Almost no one who puts in a dime for a candy bar or a cup of coffee has any notion of the inner machinery that causes the vending machine, if it is in good working order, to dispense coffee or candy. How it happens is not known, but *what* happens *is* known—quite simply, that a dime inserted at point A causes coffee or a candy bar to appear at point B—and this is useful knowledge. Dr. Lorenz, by his image of the black boxes, was simply saying that even if the controlling nervous mechanism is as yet quite unknown, it is still scientifically valuable to know, for instance, that baby cichlid fish belonging to one species of the genus *Apistogramma* will follow almost anything painted black and yellow in the approximate pattern shown by a female of the species. This follow-black-and-yellow response is, in fact, the device that "the grand constructor" has provided to keep the little family together until the young *Apistogramma* have safely reached maturity.

"Eventually," Dr. Lorenz added, "I think we shall be able to look inside many of the black boxes. Many of the discoveries of ethology would be hardly credible without the vast advances that have been made in molecular biology, with all that they reveal about the transmission of data in the germ plasm. And, above all, the new discipline of cybernetics has given us models suggesting what may actually happen inside the black boxes. Indeed, the work of looking into the black boxes has already begun. Biocybernetics is becoming an important subject. From it we know, for instance, the exact pattern of the very elaborate aiming mechanism—and most computerlike it is—that enables a praying mantis to strike its victims with almost unfailing accuracy. This was shown by my colleague Horst Mittelstaedt, of the Biocybernetics Department of our Institute."

ONE of our talks began with my asking whether there were any behavior patterns occupying a gray area between the innate and quasi-automatic and the learned and quasi-free. Dr. Lorenz replied that he supposed this was one way of looking at the strange phenomenon known as imprinting, to which he was the first to give a name. There are, in fact, certain patterns of behavior that are fully innate as patterns but are not hooked onto a releasing mechanism, as it were, until a young bird or animal has passed through a critical—and measurable—stage of growth. This is when the hook-ons are made. In nature, young animals and birds are reared by and among creatures of their own kind, and thus are imprinted normally in the great majority of cases. For example, goslings just out of their shells almost immediately begin to utter the special sound called "lost piping." Normally, the mother goose replies, and the reply promptly imprints on the goslings a response of following the mother goose. But if goslings are hatched in brooders and the brooders are wired for sound to make a suitable reply to the lost piping, the goslings will follow the wooden brooder when it is moved about. When birds or animals are artificially reared, they can easily be imprinted abnormally, with re-

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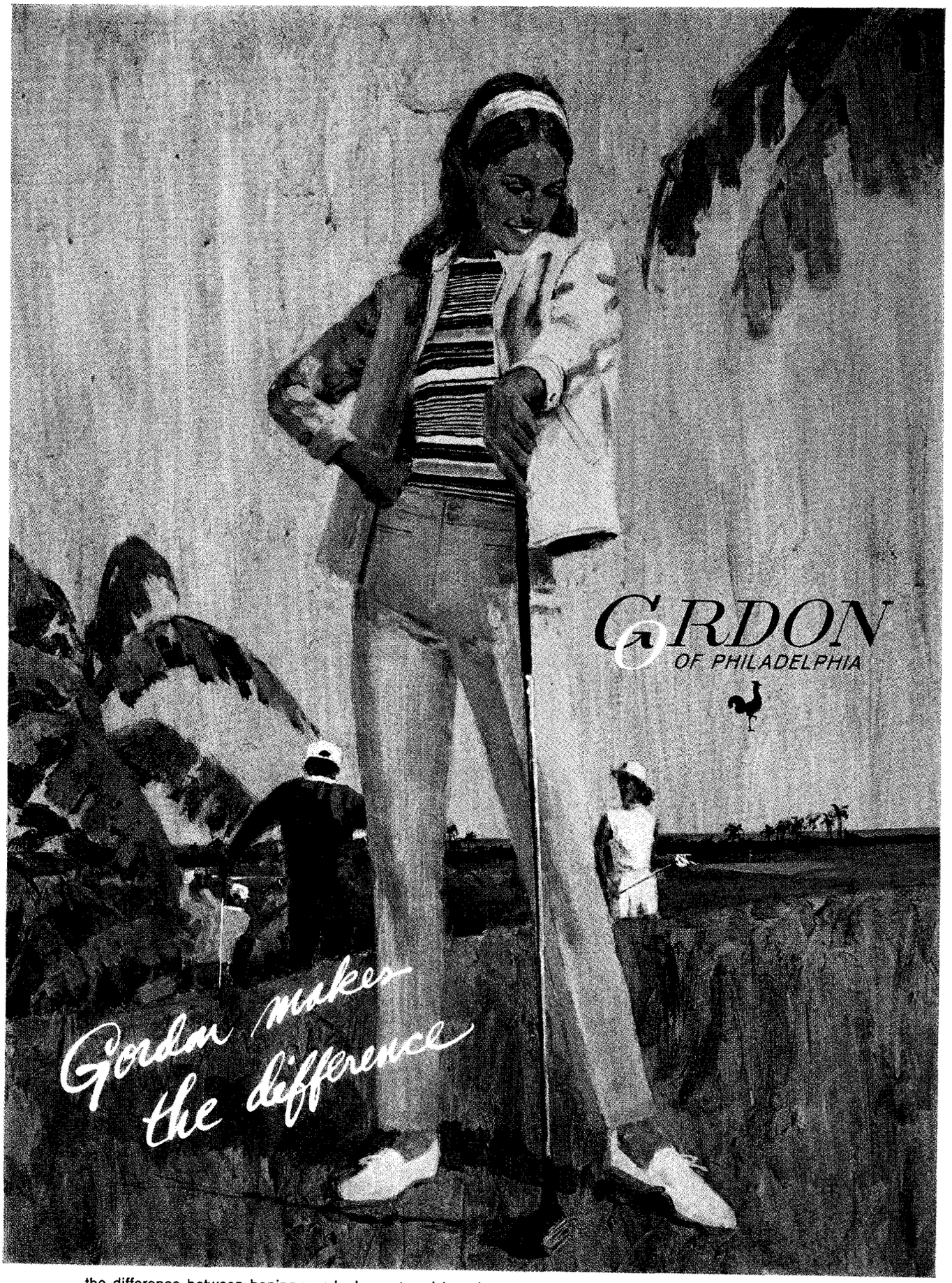

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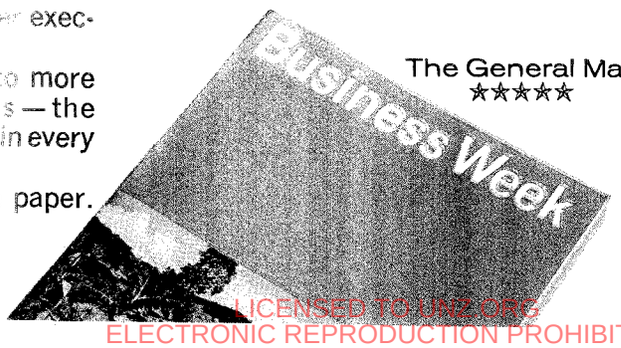

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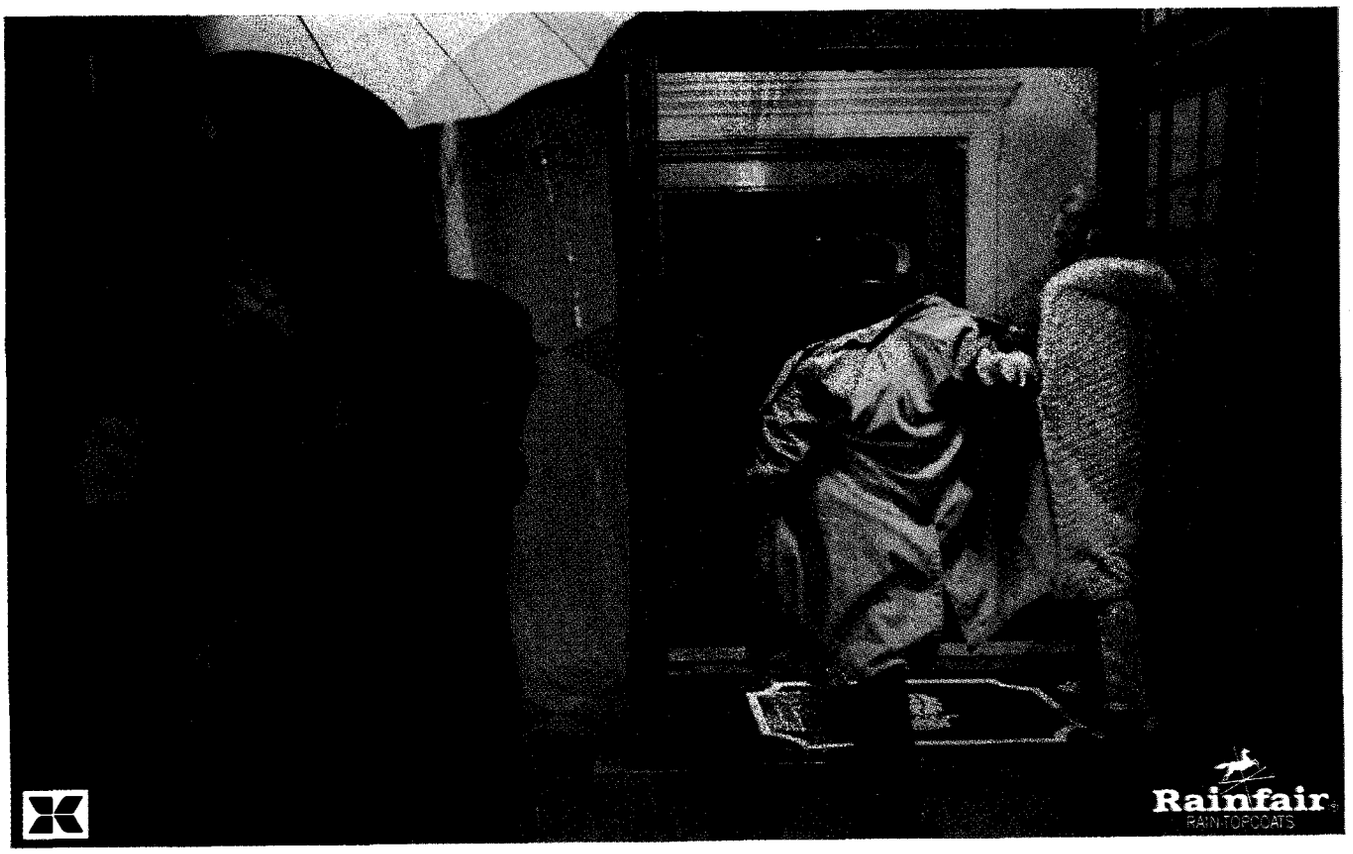

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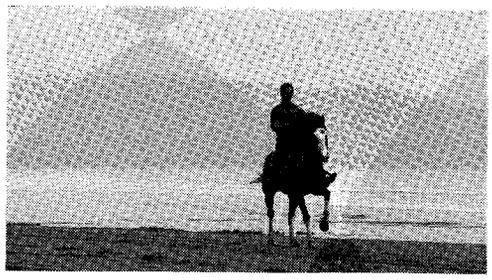
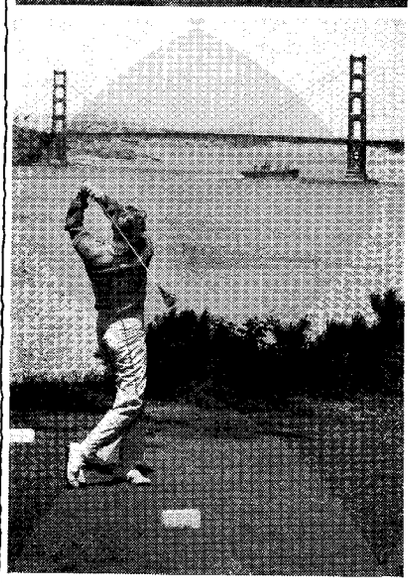
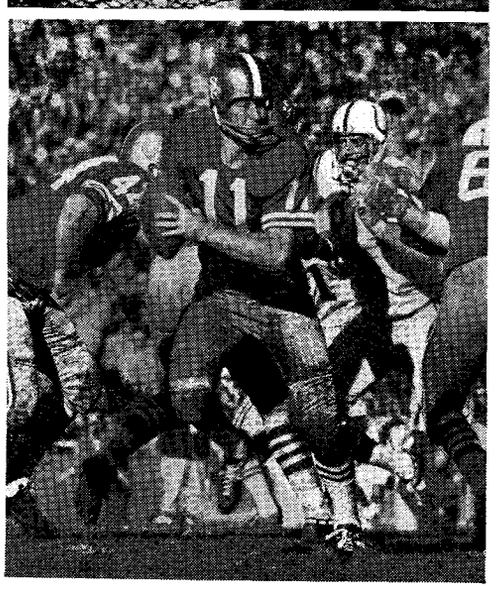
sults that tend to be superficially comic but for the creatures in question, quite probably, are more often both painful and tragic. Essentially, abnormal imprinting seems to be a mistake about identity resulting from abnormal rearing.

Sexual imprinting requires long periods—from forty to sixty days for mallards and most other duck species, for instance, and more than four months for geese, which take far longer to mature. In species with strong sexual dimorphism, such as ducks with showy-plumaged males and mousy females, the females are all but impossible to imprint abnormally, because their sexual responses are innately dependent on the plumage displays of males of their own species. But in other duck species, in which the two sexes show no great differences, the females can be abnormally imprinted with ease, for the pattern-and-color dependence of their sexual responses is lacking. The method of abnormal imprinting is simplicity itself—just rearing the duckling, gosling, or whatever it may be, entirely with creatures of another species until the required imprinting period is over. I went out with Dr. Schutz to see the results of his imprinting experiments at Seewiesen. There were ungainly coots, which rarely go on land in nature, that were lame from hurrying after ducks on which they were imprinted. There was a mallard drake much the worse for wear because he was chicken-imprinted; being jealously monogamous, he had angrily fought to keep the hen for which he had conceived a vain, exclusive passion from any contact with cocks and other hens. There was a human-imprinted Muscovy drake that made desperate approaches to Dr. Schutz and me but had refused for three years to pay the smallest attention to a pretty Muscovy duck with which the poor drake had been locked up all this time to see whether its human imprinting would finally wear off. There were homosexually imprinted drakes of several species, pairs of which would exhaust themselves by jointly performing fruitless courtship movements for hours on end.

"It's an old story," said Dr. Lorenz, when I asked him about all this. "The dead sparrow in Catullus' poem, which the lady laments because he was so loving, was certainly human-imprinted. It can be a dramatic story, too, at times. The most remarkable imprinting experiment I can remember was done by the best friend of my boyhood, Bernhard Hellmann, who would have



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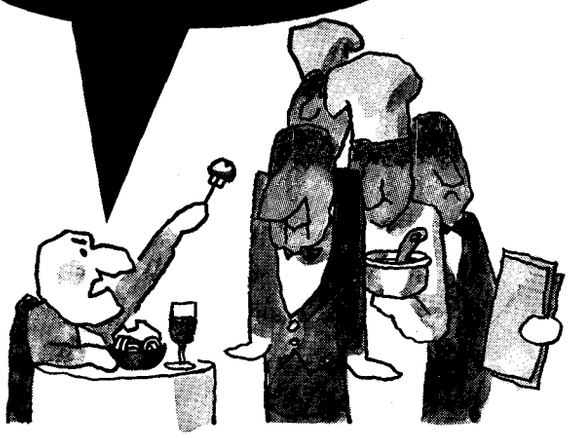

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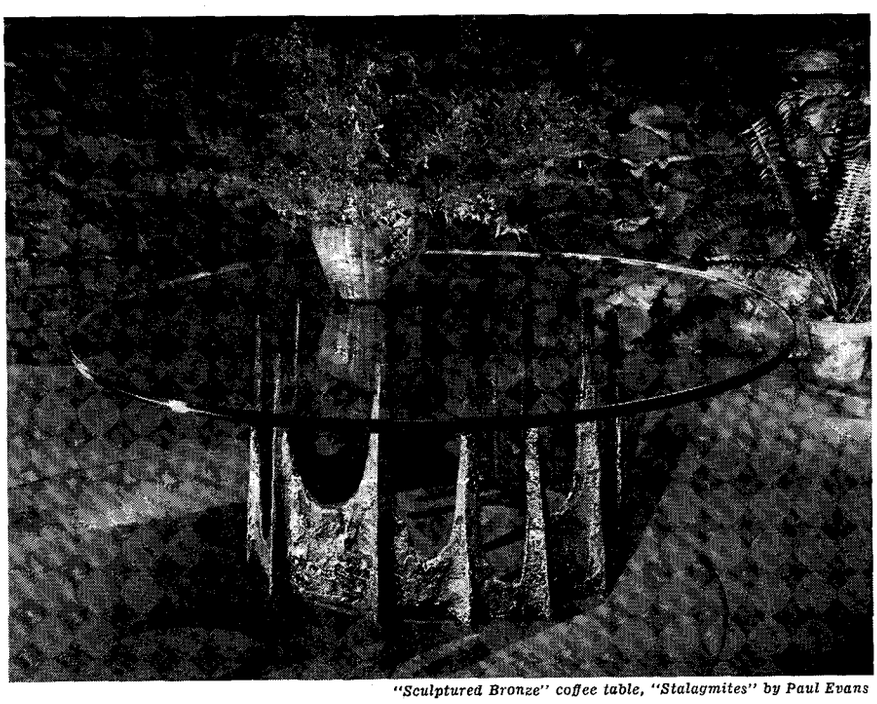

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been a great zoologist if his rich parents had let him take that road. Poor fellow, he was gassed in the Second World War. Long, long ago, he human-imprinted a male and female budgerigar and then isolated the two birds in his attic, observing them through a hole and giving them their food and water through a two-way drawer. Budgies are amorous—they will even use their perches as sex objects on occasion. Eventually, these two in Hellmann's attic learned to use one another in a seemingly normal manner, and they actually reared several broods of young. They had another brood in the nest when Bernhard finally opened his attic, in my honor. Whereupon both his imprinted budgerigars flew at Bernhard and me and immediately began making loving advances—and, having been thus reëxposed to their notion of the real thing, so to say, they quarrelled furiously with one another and thereafter allowed their half-reared brood to die of starvation. Imprinting is not limited to birds, either. You remember the female giant panda in the London Zoo that was twice sent to Moscow to mate with the male there? She was in estrus both times, sure enough, but she was aggressively nasty to the Moscow male. I strongly suspect that she was human-imprinted, from being caught very young and hand-reared."

This made me remember a *Scientific American* article that had struck me. The authors, Professor and Mrs. Harry F. Harlow, of the University of Wisconsin Primate Research Center, had done a series of remarkable experiments with rhesus monkeys. Briefly, those reared in isolation beyond a certain age invariably grew up to be hideously abnormal monkeys: sexually quite incapable, totally withdrawn, so gripped by terror that they had even lost the power of self-defense—in fact, animals with almost no normal behavior beyond self-feeding. Those reared by their own mothers but allowed no play contacts with other young monkeys before a certain age also grew up to be sadly abnormal: the terror was largely absent, and they could defend themselves, but the withdrawal and the sexual incapacity were again complete. A third group, reared in isolation cages with dummy mothers but, from the first, permitted half an hour a day in a young-monkeys' playroom, grew up to be entirely normal animals. What reminded me of the Harlows' experiments was the striking fact that the duration of isolation from normal contacts was critical, just as it had proved to be in Dr. Schutz's imprint-

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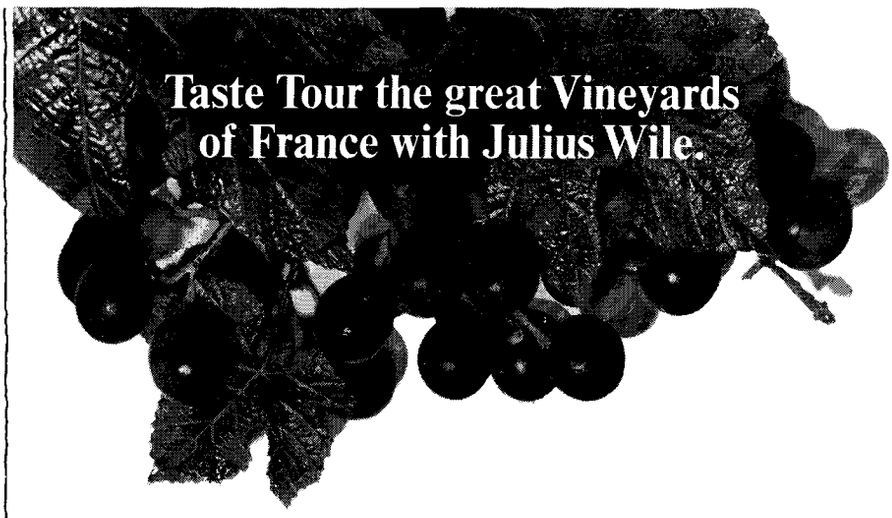
ing experiments. Dr. Schutz told me he had thought at first that geese could not be sexually imprinted, simply because he had not realized that goose imprinting took more than twice as long as duck imprinting. The Harlows discovered that even after eighty days of postnatal isolation subsequent development into "almost normal" monkeys was still possible, whereas solitude throughout the first six months of a rhesus monkey's life (the equivalent of three years in a human child) invariably produced hopeless abnormality.

I asked Dr. Lorenz whether there could be any link between the two findings, and whether the strange imprinting mechanism might not even play a considerable role in the formation of human personality. He replied that the denial of normal stimuli during the critical growth stage had obviously been the prime factor leading to abnormality in the Harlows' monkeys, but he added that the abnormal monkeys' sexual incapacity might have resulted, at least in part, from a sort of negative imprinting. "One just does not know," he said, rather sombrely. "So much work remains to be done in the study of animal behavior. The task has been barely begun. But, especially in the higher animals, it is obvious that normal rearing plays a decisive role in producing a normal individual, and no doubt imprinting is part of this process. And, I must say, the psychologists, and even the psychiatrists, have finally begun to be much interested by this imprinting phenomenon." Laughing a bit grimly, he concluded, "Maybe they will find that if there could have been a real Mowgli, he would have been wolf-imprinted. *That* would require a different ending for 'The Jungle Books.' "

When we resumed this conversation a little later, Dr. Lorenz said, "The effects of the denial of normal stimuli in infancy have reminded me to say that in many cases it is also possible to create wholly artificial and super-normal stimuli. Alfred Seitz, my first doctoral student in Vienna, who is now director of the Nuremberg Zoo, did the earliest work on this. His aim was to pull releasing mechanisms to bits and find out just what did the releasing—the way von Uexküll found that warmth and the smell of sweat made those ticks bite. Seitz worked with dummies and male fish of aggressive species. At first, he thought that a dummy most exactly resembling another male fish would release the strongest fighting response. Instead, he found that the strongest response was to schematic dummies exaggerating cer-



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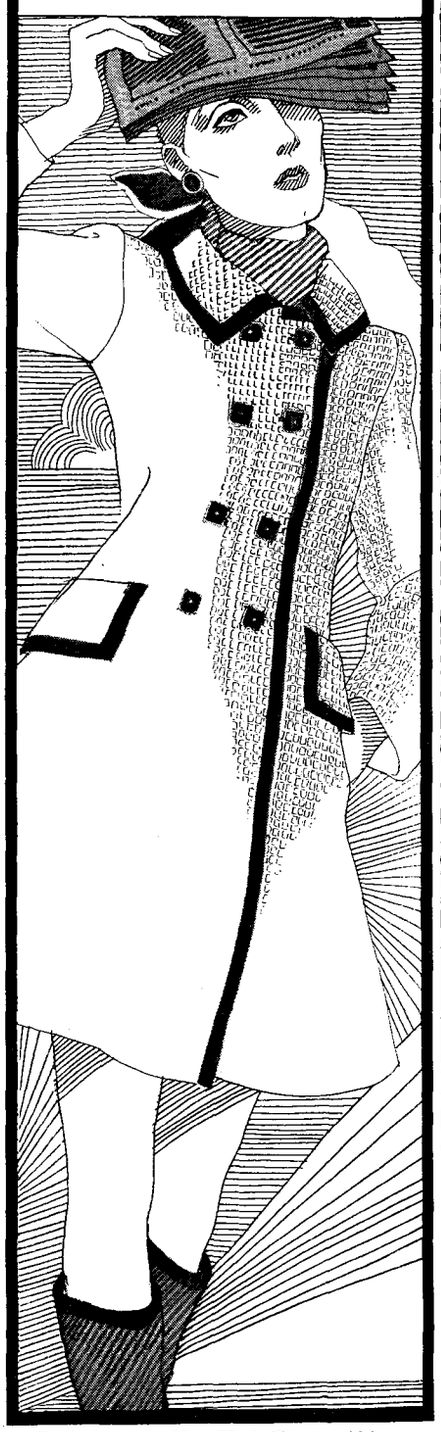

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tain identifiable characteristics—for example, the male fish's coloration; the lateral presentation that means, in many fish, 'I'm ready to fight;' and the tail beat that is common threatening behavior in fish. Yet these schematic dummies could be mere squares of colored Plasticine, with no resemblance to any fish ever seen anywhere. Niko Tinbergen found the same sort of thing with herring gulls. To release a herring gull's brooding response, you need egg shapes of the right color, with sharply contrasting darker spots, and the egg shapes should also be large. Ordinarily, if you move a herring gull's nest a foot or two away in the bird's absence, brooding will nonetheless be resumed when the bird returns. But if you move the nest with real eggs and also substitute a new nest containing a super-normal egg—stronger-colored, with more sharply contrasting spots, and larger in size—the gull will always choose to brood the imitation egg and will let her own eggs go cold."

Seitz found another thing, too, Dr. Lorenz went on, "which at first confused his work." If his fish had been leading peaceful lives for a long period, they would respond aggressively to almost anything—even a piece of rubber tubing. But if they had had many outlets for their aggressive drive, the threshold of the fighting response was much raised. Only extreme stimulation would then evoke this response, although the fish were clearly not physically tired, since they had plenty of energy for food-searching and other activities. Later, another experimenter—Dr. Lorenz's daughter-in-law, Beatrice Oehlert-Lorenz — demonstrated the same thing in a different way. Mated pairs of orange cichlids were placed in the same tank with a pane of glass separating the two pairs. As long as the glass was clean, the male cichlids, which are terrific fighters, would discharge their aggression by threatening one another through the glass. But if the glass grew dirty, the male fish would soon start to mistreat their mates. What one can only call these cichlids' connubial good relations were, in fact, directly dependent on the rate of growth of the algae on the pane of glass. "When we say a man is 'spoiling for a fight'—and men still do, alas," Dr. Lorenz remarked, "we are really talking about the same phenomenon that those fish exhibited."

This led into a discussion of the problem of "discharge." For the truth is that, except perhaps for fear (and even this exception is much argued), all the basic drives more or less insistently demand discharge. This is obvious in the cases of hunger and reproduction, and, unhappily, there is now too much evidence that, as in the case of those cichlids, undischarged aggression can also build up until it seeks outlets, which may be abnormal. English robin redbreasts are viciously territorial and highly aggressive, but in normal circumstances robins fight only other robins; in the absence of other robins, however, the fighting response eventually begins to be evoked by almost anything that is red, including a scrap of stuff in a woman's hat. Furthermore, the demand for discharge is not limited to the basic drives of aggression, hunger, and reproduction. Fixed motor patterns also demand discharge, and a certain expenditure of nervous energy is needed to repress them. If you cut an earthworm's esophageal nerve, for instance, the earthworm will go on incessantly creeping without stopping to eat; it is clear, therefore, that this nerve represses creeping in favor of feeding. In all animals, the internal situation of not having used a fixed motor pattern for too long causes a kind of general unease. ("I need a bit of exercise," we say.) The animal then tends to move about restlessly, thereby searching for a stimulus situation to release the motor pattern. "We call this 'appetitive behavior,' " said Dr. Lorenz. "And the basic behavioral triad is, in fact, appetitive behavior leading to a stimulus situation, plus the releasing mechanism, plus the discharge of the motor pattern by the releaser. The triad, I think I can claim, was mainly my discovery. But, as in other cases, I simplified a bit too much." Here Dr. Lorenz smiled ruefully and added, "The complexity of behavior should never be underestimated."

One relatively simple combination is some form of appetitive behavior, like food-searching, with a releasing mechanism that switches off this behavior. The early American researcher Wallace Craig, a true but ignored genius of two generations ago, called this kind of releaser an "aversion." Habitat selections work this way in many cases. "Take most kinds of crabs," said Dr. Lorenz. "Put them near the shore in shallow water. They will at once start running about, to seek a hole, for they

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have an 'aversion' to excessive light. Once one of them finds a hole, it will quickly resume normal activities—feeding, looking for a female crab, and so on. Craig's term is no longer much used, because the stimulus to the crab is just as much the absence of the hole, in the first instance, as it is the presence of the hole when located. Monika Meyer-Holzfapfel, of the University of Bern, has therefore said that this kind of behavior exhibits 'appetence for quiescence'—the quiescence being what the hole gives the crab. Another, rather more curious, example is provided by the least bittern, which inhabits reedbeds and has acquired a specialized gripping motor pattern, foot above foot, that enables it to roost comfortably on a single reed. Least bitterns consequently attain 'quiescence' in beds of reeds—unless they are provided with stick assemblages that give them the equivalent of a reedbed. These are fairly trifling complications compared to some others that have emerged as ethology has developed. Just as many ethologists have begun to think the word 'innate' is not precise enough to convey what we are talking about, so the old phrase 'innate diagram' has been abandoned by some of my younger colleagues. Here again it's really a question of terminology, arising from the discovery of greater complexities than had at first been foreseen. For it is not quite exact to talk about a diagram when you are really talking about a chainlike series that can go wrong at any link."

The nuzzling-snapping-suckling behavior of a blind kitten, for instance, is not a single, unitary sequence; it is a chain. A furry surface, normally the mother cat's belly, releases the nuzzling. The nuzzling stops at any bare spot, which is a new situation and releases snapping. If the snapping locates the mother cat's nipple, that is another new situation, which releases suckling. But if there is no nipple, the kitten's nuzzling search will start again. Or take the incubator birds. From what is known about them, the hormonal changes that come with the mating season cause the compost heap to be collected. That is a new situation. Eggs are then laid and buried in the compost heap—another new situation. One may guess that this, in turn, releases a testing response, so that the internal warmth of the compost heap is always being checked. Too much warmth makes another new situation, releasing an aerating response, and too little warmth is yet another new situation, releasing a pile-on-more-vegetable-lit-

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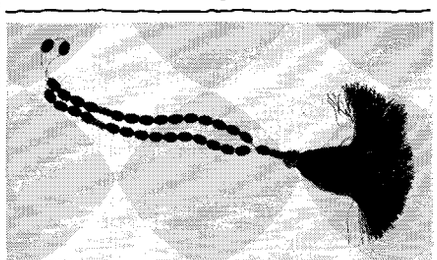

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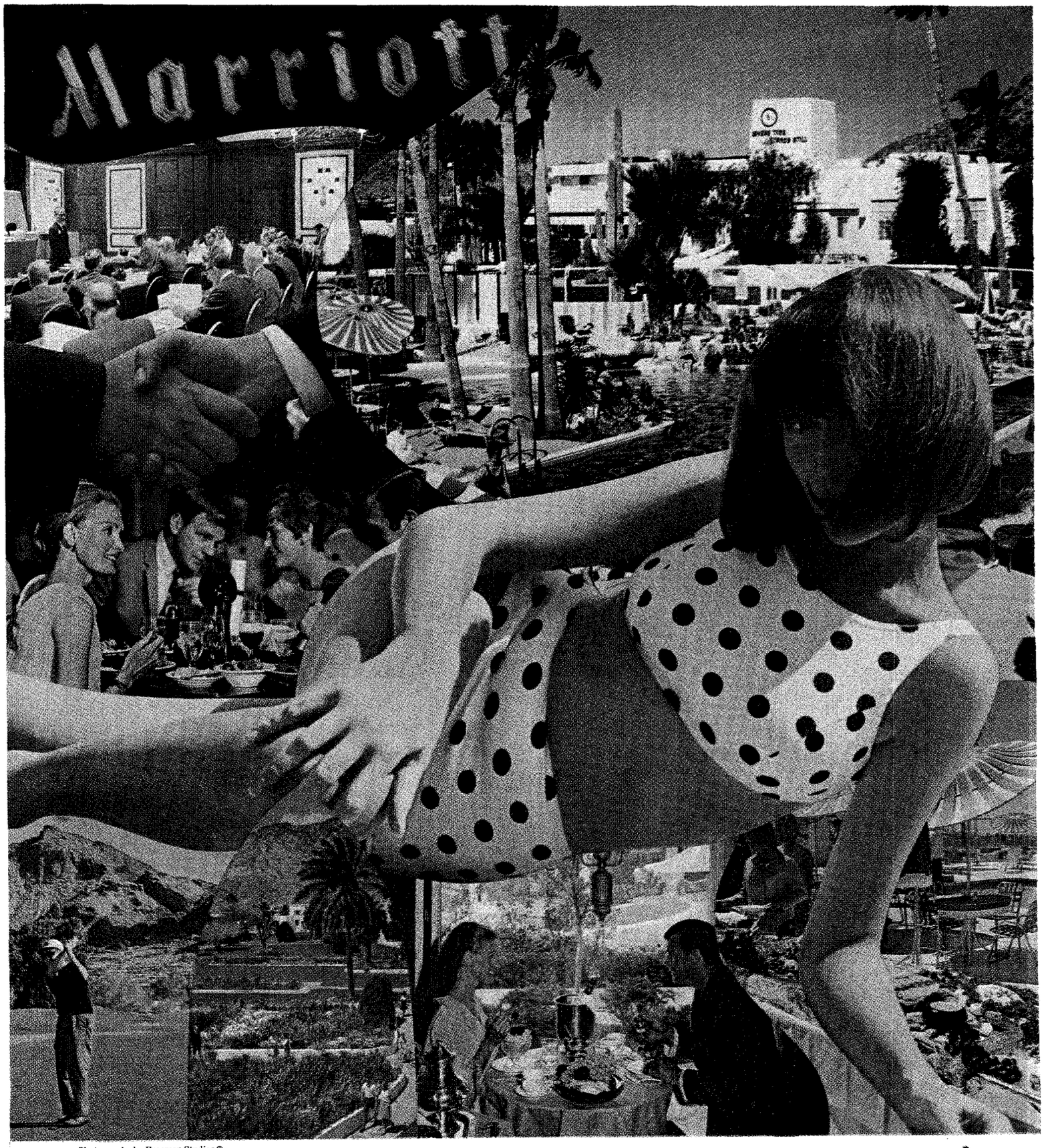

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ter response. "In sum," said Dr. Lorenz, "whereas we used to think in terms of straight-through innate diagrams, we now think in terms of these chainlike programs."

One reason it is correct to talk about "lower" and "higher" animals is that the degree to which life patterns are, in effect, automated by such chainlike programs varies in proportion to the life level of the organism. There must always be a considerable measure of flexibility, since birds and insects, like rodents, men, and monkeys, always have to be able to respond to wide and unpredictable differences in their environments. Yet in insects the flexibility may hardly go beyond an ability to search their surroundings for the stimulus that inaugurates the particular behavior that is demanded by the particular life stage the insect has reached. In salticid spiders, the young male, newly molted for the last time, has to find a female, and he must roam about for this purpose. "He has had no experience in his short life that would tell him what a female of his own species looks like, or anything that would show him how to perform his species' courtship dance," Dr. Lorenz pointed out. "Yet he is driven to find a female, and he has to start with information about females and also about the way to approach them, for he will be quickly eaten if he approaches a female salticid without doing the courtship dance that switches off her feeding reactions and releases her mating reactions. All the same, he generally finds his female salticid, does his dance quite nicely, and manages to mate. How the mechanisms inside the black boxes operate to produce this result we do not know yet, but it is obvious that all the male's successive responses—the search for the female, the identification of the female, the dance, and the mating—can only be genetically pre-programmed."

As ethological research has advanced, moreover, the role of mechanism in behavior has seemed to expand continuously. Even in the higher animals, for instance, the young can be seen testing out innate motor patterns before there is any need for them. When puppies worry slippers, they are merely performing the prey-killing movements that are innate in dogs. In squirrels, too, Dr. Eibl-Eibesfeldt has found such strength in the nut-hoarding program that a squirrel will go through all the usual motions of burying a nut on a naked cement floor if no more favorable hiding place is offered. Some years ago, W. Schleidt, of the

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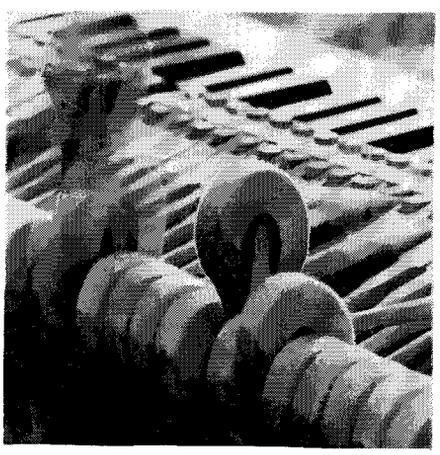

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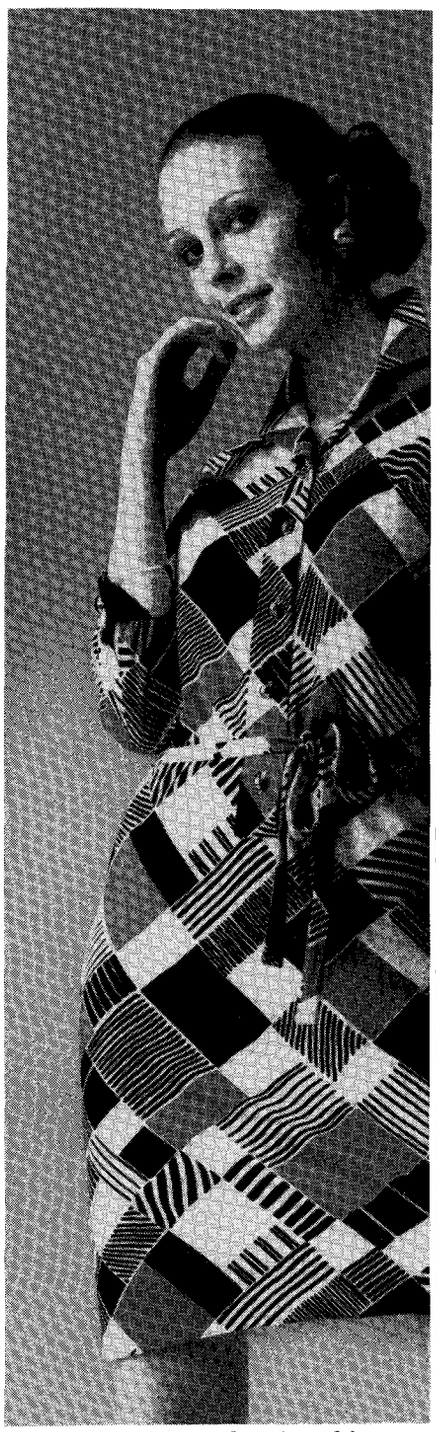

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University of Maryland, and a co-worker, H. Zippelius, discovered that supersonic call notes were uttered by the young of many small rodents and that these proved to be the signals that enabled the mother rodents to find and retrieve their straying young. Schleidt and Zippelius also proved that innate recognition of the supersonic call notes was the *only* information initially possessed by the mother animal to enable her to identify her own progeny. "But you must understand that in such cases among higher animals individual experience can then increase the selectivity of the releasing mechanism, so that the young are later recognized in other ways as well," Dr. Lorenz added. "Very simple innate information is quite sufficient as a starter, provided the general biological situation guarantees that the right kind of amplifying experience will begin at the right moment."

In describing this capacity, Dr. Lorenz was careful to specify higher animals, because it is almost impossible, for example, to train deafened hen turkeys *not* to kill their own chicks. Turkey hens are violently aggressive and territorial in their nesting areas, automatically attacking anything entering the area which is below a certain size. The chicks' incessant cheeping is innately known to the hen turkey, as the supersonic call notes are to the mother rodent, and, in fact, the cheeping is the releaser that switches off the hen turkey's aggressive-territorial response in favor of the mothering response. In time, the mothering response is also strengthened by certain other properties of the chicks, such as their color and their form. But the learning and selectivity are exceedingly limited, and chick-killing is therefore nearly automatic if the hen turkey is deafened and cannot hear the cheeping.

The experiments of the Harlows at the University of Wisconsin showed that young monkeys reared in isolation would take nourishment from the artificial breasts of dummy mothers made out of wire, but that if the wire constructions were covered with terry cloth the young monkeys would then cuddle, cling to, and even become much attached to the dummies. Surprisingly, therefore, it is the softness of the mother monkey's pelt, rather than the nourishing breast, that first releases the characteristic cuddling and clinging of the infant monkey. But in a normal situation this simple mechanism that begins the attachment of the infant to its mother is amplified by experience in all sorts of ways. "The social environment

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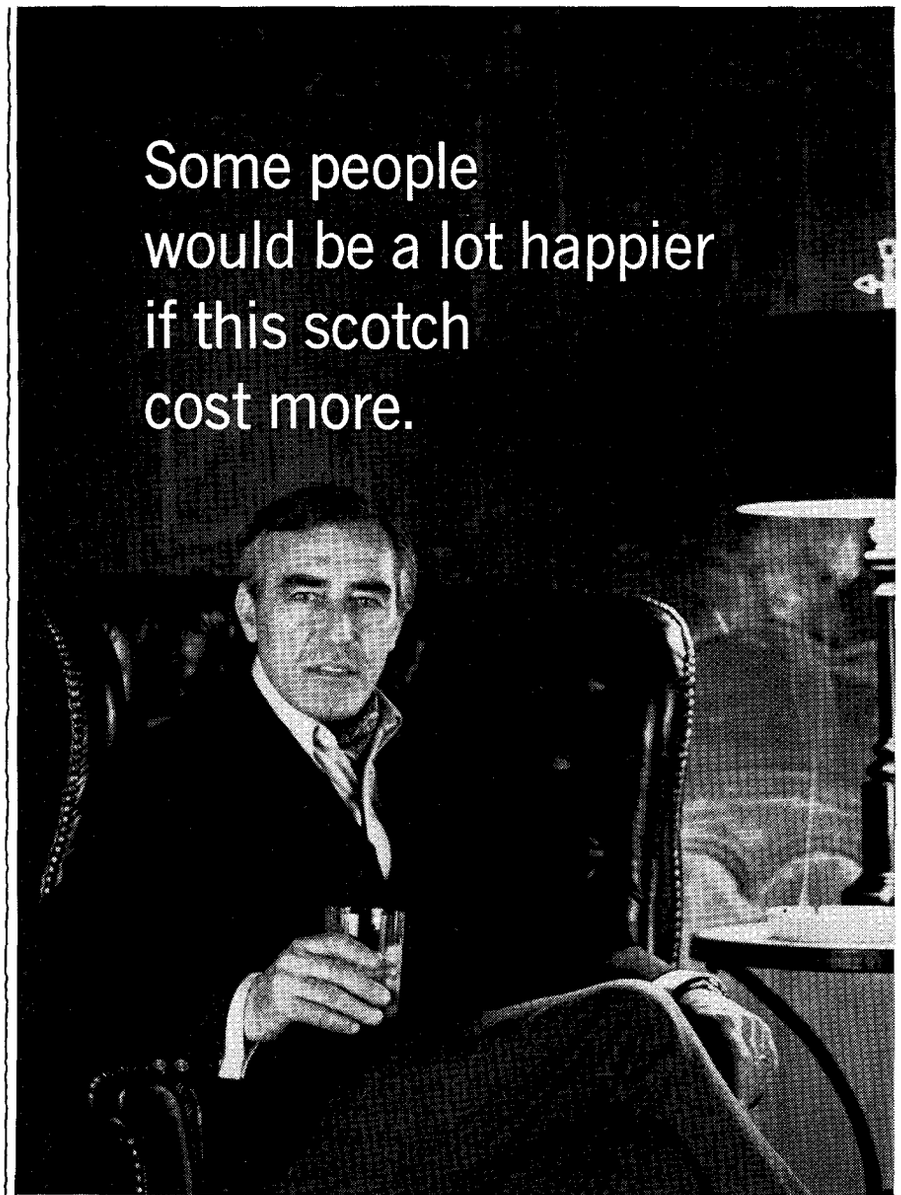
gives the young animal many opportunities for individual learning" is how Dr. Lorenz put it. "And this learning then very rapidly builds up the much greater selectivity I have mentioned, in the mechanisms that release social responses." Through this selectivity, in turn, the infant monkey learns first of all to know its own mother from other, equally soft-pelted female monkeys, and then to run to its own mother for help or shelter or defense or nourishment when the need arises.

"In the higher animals, furthermore, many of the more important releasers are more and more generalized," Dr. Lorenz continued. "Unlike the robin redbreasts, we don't fight one another because we 'see red.' We 'see red' because we are in an intensely aggressive mood. And we mainly fight one another for rank, or for women, or for territory or possessions—which are an extension of territory." In higher animals, too, not only do many of the releasers become more and more generalized but many of the fixed motor patterns are more and more broken down, into smaller and smaller individual bits. It is this breakdown of the motor patterns that permits them to be recombined into true motor skills—purely voluntary learned movements intended to serve a particular purpose individually chosen. Chimpanzees use sticks and the like as tools on occasion, but only in special situations and never continuously, whereas we are prime, habitual tool users and toolmakers, in part because our gripping motor patterns have been broken to pieces, literally finger by finger. Each of the pieces is independently available as a voluntary movement. Thus, tool-using comes naturally to us.

"Of course," Dr. Lorenz went on, "we've been talking all this time as though a given animal at a given moment were wholly controlled by only one motivation—the hunger drive or the sex drive, or whatever it might be. There are some cases in which this is approximately true, to be sure. The urge of the chinook salmon to reach their spawning grounds appears to be so strong, for instance, that they become immune to fear, which is usually the dominant one of the four basic drives. But these are still uncommon cases. Julian Huxley has remarked that human beings and other higher animals are like ships commanded by many captains, who have different ideas about whether to give priority to feeding the crew, to keeping off the rocks, to getting to port as fast as possible, or to something else. He meant by this image



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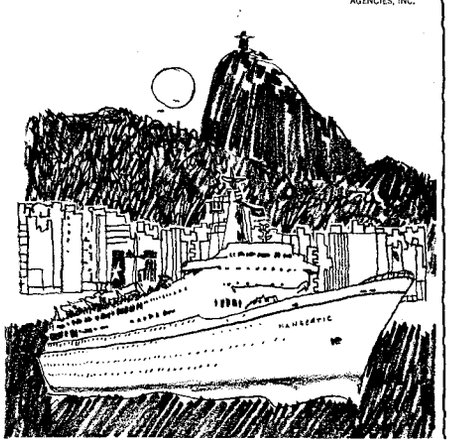
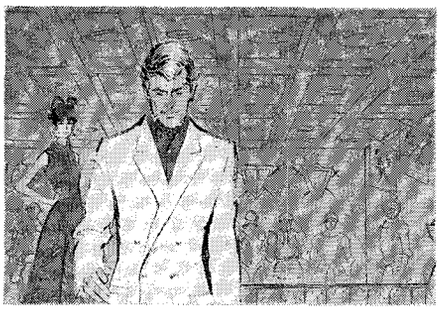


that all the drives and instincts are on the bridge together, as it were, in a sort of voting democracy. Very often, their conflicts result in an intelligent compromise. But if the conflict is too acute, indecision results. Huxley was incorrect, however, in limiting his image to the higher animals. In certain fish, in situations evoking both fear and aggression, you can actually see the tail fins sculling forward to the attack and the other fins sculling backward, as in flight. The conflict here is made physically visible, as it is in some facial expressions of dogs, combining features of the characteristic pre-attack expression and the equally characteristic turn-tail expression. Such expressions, by the way, are clear signals to another dog of a potential opponent's probable intentions. And these conflicts, especially in higher animals, also give rise to displacement activities—doing something else, unrelated to the basic conflict-causing situation, like lighting a cigarette, and the other things people do when they're embarrassed in order to conceal the embarrassment. To the forms of behavior, to their different adaptednesses, to the different life patterns that result, there is indeed no end. Yet through all the variations the same themes recur—the search for the stimulus situation, the releaser, and the motor pattern that the releaser discharges or switches off."

ONE evening toward the end of my stay at Seewiesen, I asked Dr. Lorenz how he had come to be the founder of ethology—the man, as Julian Huxley once wrote, who "has done more than any single man to establish the principles and to formulate the essential ideas behind them." Dr. Lorenz began by pointing out that he was not the true founder, because long before his time admirable work had been done, and major ethological discoveries had been made by the Americans Charles Otis Whitman and Wallace Craig; by the discoverer of territoriality, the English bird-watcher Eliot Howard; and by Freud's great but little-known German contemporary Oskar Heinroth, whose "Anatidae" remains to this day the classic study of goose and duck species. "But Whitman and Craig, especially, got very little recognition in their own time," Dr. Lorenz added. "I once met Whitman's son. 'Oh, yes,' he told me. 'My father played around a lot with pigeons.' I think perhaps it is true that I had a good deal to do with the emergence of ethology as an independent discipline, but that was probably be-



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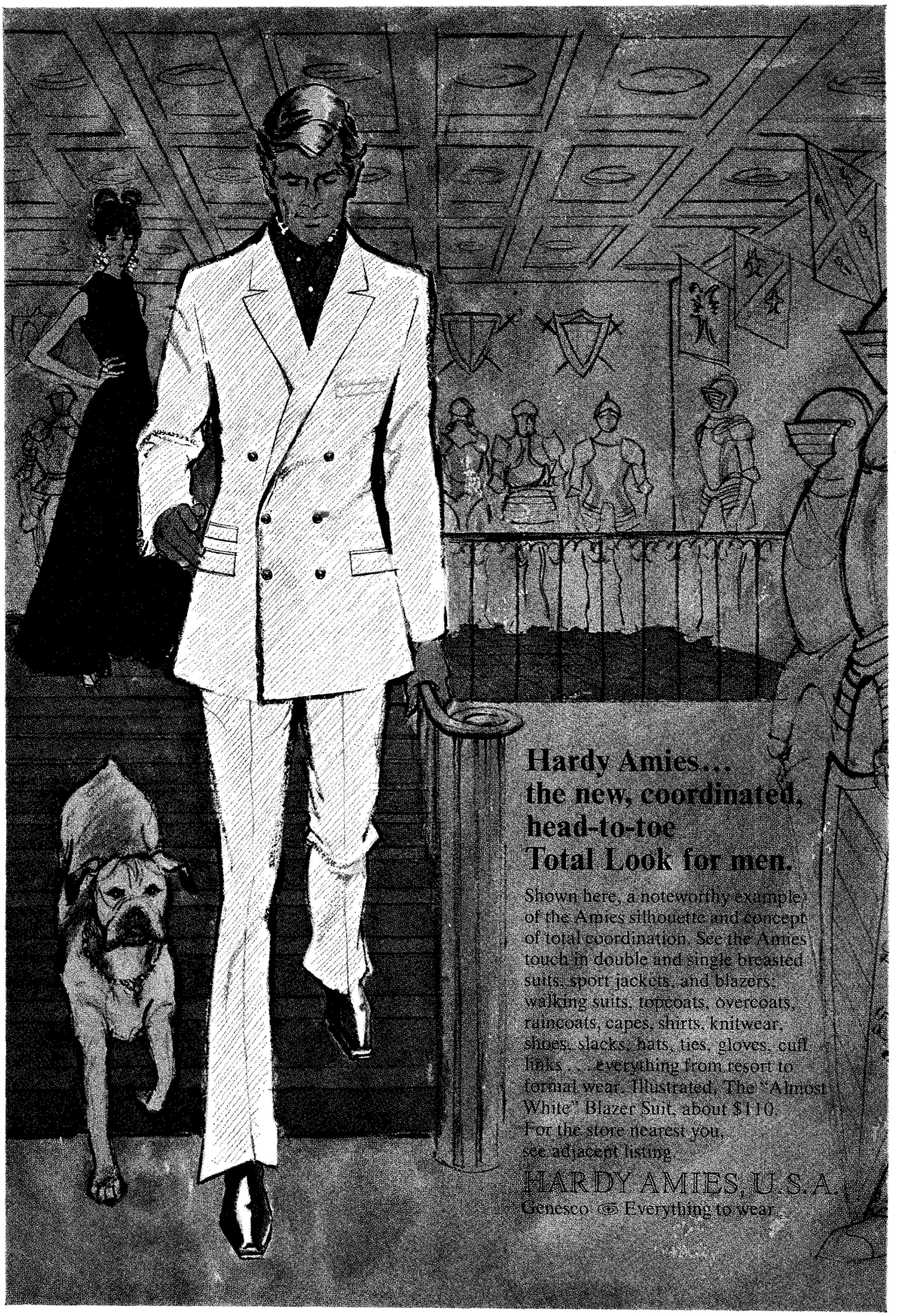

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cause I have been a very lucky man."

Konrad Lorenz was born in Vienna in 1903, the son of a famous and extremely prosperous Austrian orthopedic surgeon, and he grew up in a big apartment in Vienna and an even larger country house on the banks of the Danube, at Altenburg, where he met Gretel Gebhardt, who was the daughter of a neighbor. (They were married in 1927, and they have two daughters and a son, who is a physicist.) Although Konrad's father was an exceedingly strict parent in all other ways, he tolerated, and even encouraged, the boy's animal-keeping propensities, and the Vienna apartment and the house at Altenburg began to fill up with fish, birds, monkeys, and other creatures before Konrad had reached high school. By then, he had already formed what was to be a lifelong habit of writing down his observations on animals and birds. His father had a decidedly low opinion of the material rewards to be gained from pure science, but although he was unhappy about it, he let Konrad join the anatomical faculty of the University of Vienna, under Ferdinand Hochstetter, after he had taken his degree as a medical doctor. From comparative anatomy the young man eventually moved on to zoology, taking a doctorate in that subject and transferring to the university's zoological faculty. Until the Second World War, he taught at Vienna but lived mainly at Altenburg, where he established his experimental bird and animal colonies. (Mrs. Lorenz has always been notably tolerant of having large numbers of birds and animals moving about her home more or less freely.) In the war, he served briefly as an Army doctor, thereafter spending some years in Russian prison camps, while Mrs. Lorenz kept the place at Altenburg going as a farm. Shortly after the war, the Max Planck Gesellschaft (formerly the Kaiser Wilhelm Gesellschaft), whose large endowment has long been a main source in Germany of funds for all sorts of basic scientific research, decided to establish an Institute of Behavioral Physiology. Dr. Lorenz was named a co-director, along with his friend the neurophysiologist Dr. Erich von Holst and two men with related specialties.

When Dr. Lorenz first began his investigations, back in the twenties, he was wholly unaware of the work done by any of his ethological forerunners, and it did not occur to him that he could be doing serious work. He and his friend Bernhard Hellmann, who was also a passionate bird and animal keeper, thought of themselves mainly as addicts of a particularly absorbing hobby. The turning point occurred when Hellmann ran across Heinroth's "Die Vögel Mitteleuropas," was greatly excited by it, and gave a copy to Dr. Lorenz, who was even more excited, particularly by the data on the special behavior patterns of different bird species. A little earlier, Dr. Lorenz had acquired his first jackdaw, Jock, and had begun to keep what he still calls "the jackdaw diary." This so impressed Hellmann that he wanted to send it to Heinroth, who was then still alive, and Hellmann and Gretel Lorenz secretly drafted a letter intended to lay the jackdaw diary at Heinroth's august feet in appropriately humble language. Dr. Lorenz was then persuaded to sign the letter and send the diary. Heinroth replied in warmly complimentary terms, adding a request for permission to publish the jackdaw diary in the authoritative German *Journal of Ornithology*.

"Of course, I was overjoyed, and agreed to the request," Dr. Lorenz told me, grinning broadly at the recollection. "After that, I realized I'd been doing science instead of just amusing myself, and I decided to go in for the study of comparative behavior. This was one reason I needed to get a doctorate in zoology."

The next step was simple. The diary had included the remark that "many of Jock's behavior patterns were obviously of a social nature," and this remark had made an impression on the *Journal of Ornithology's* editor, Professor Erwin Stresemann. Just before the next breeding season, Stresemann wrote to Dr. Lorenz urging him to start a whole jackdaw colony at Altenburg. This was done, despite the many difficulties that are entertainingly described in Dr. Lorenz's popular book "King Solomon's Ring." The main result was a groundbreaking scientific paper on the social life of the Altenburg jackdaws—"A Contribution to the Ethology of Corvid Birds," published in 1931. Other highly significant papers followed. Yet at this period Dr. Lorenz was trapped in a dilemma that gave him great trouble of heart and mind. The dilemma's essence lay in the fact that he was mainly studying and writing

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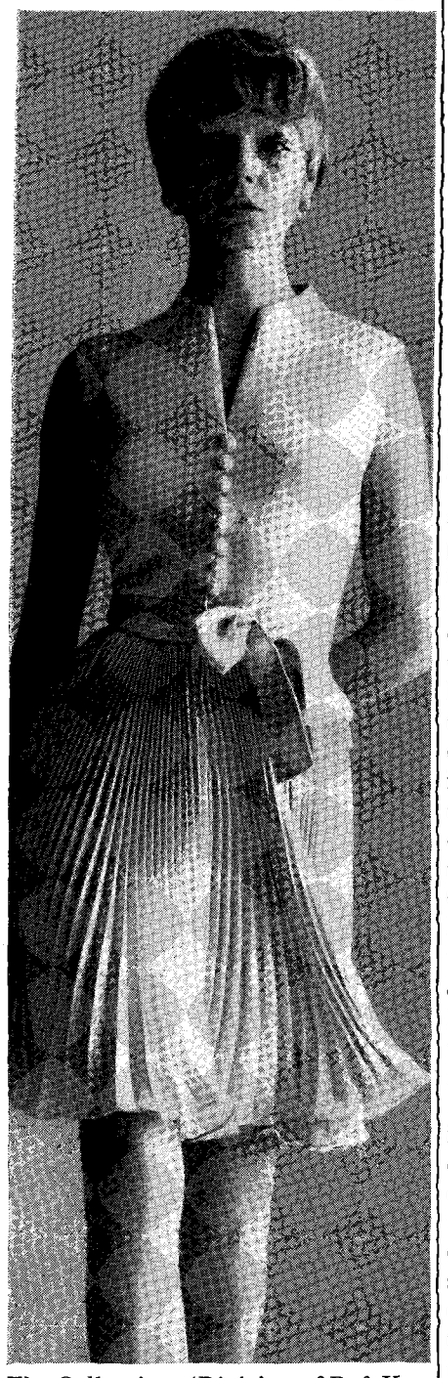

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about instinctive behavior at a time when the very existence of heritable instincts was being widely denied. It is still denied in a few quarters, and one eminent psychologist, Dr. Abraham H. Maslow, of Brandeis University, has even laid down the peculiar rule that anyone who believes in instincts is "a Fascist." But in the early thirties the strict behaviorists, who were anti-instinct to a man, occupied a dominant position among the scientific community's students of behavior; and the pope of all behaviorists was Ivan P. Pavlov, the great Russian proponent of "conditioned reflexes."

"Those conditioned reflexes!" Dr. Lorenz exclaimed. "Of course, they exist, and are important. Pavlov was a great man, and there were also first-class scientists in all the opposing schools of behavior studies of that day. The only trouble was they pushed one another into extreme and untenable positions. And I must say they confused and troubled me."

An escape route from the dilemma opened in 1937, when Dr. Lorenz was invited to lecture in Berlin by the Kaiser Wilhelm Gesellschaft. "At that time," he remarked, "I was already quite certain that many animal-behavior patterns were truly innate, but for the life of me I couldn't see what produced an innate behavior pattern." Fortunately, his Berlin lecture, on "The Concept of Instinct," was attended by Erich von Holst, the neurophysiologist who was later to become a co-director of the Institute at Seewiesen. Von Holst had already shown that many activities that had been firmly classified as reflexes were in fact nothing of the sort. He had, for instance, cut all the nerves in earthworms that could conceivably cause the supposed creeping reflex, but even in the absence of any stimuli whatever to cause a reflex action the earthworm's ganglia had continued to send out the signals for coördinated creeping movements. Thus, it was clear that creeping movements were innate—that they were, in short, a fixed motor pattern. "I was talking about fixed motor patterns in my lecture, too, but I had no notion that there was a physiological explanation for them," said Dr. Lorenz. "I had seen what they *were*; von Holst had begun the task of finding out how they *worked*." The outcome was a jubilant meeting at the end of the lecture, such as occasionally happens between scientists whose pioneering work exactly dovetails, so that each removes a grave difficulty for the other. The two men became close friends long before they were invited

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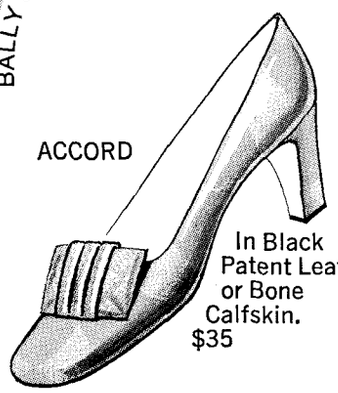

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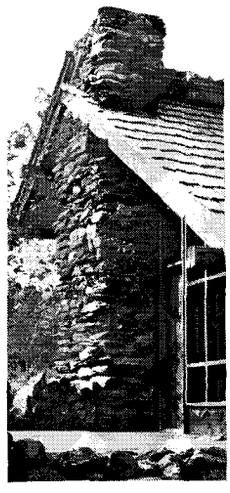

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to found the Institute together, and they jointly chose the Seewiesen site, so that there would be a lake for the waterfowl.

By the time Dr. Lorenz reached this episode in his story, the room had grown a bit stuffy, and Mrs. Lorenz opened a window to admit the sweet night air. Dr. Lorenz rose, went to the window, and looked out over the lake. "So that was how all this began," he said.

THE next morning, I arranged to talk with Wolfgang Wickler, the fish specialist on Dr. Lorenz's ethological team, who spends several months each year in Africa, working both on fish in Lake Tanganyika and on primates in the Serengeti Game Reserve. It seemed an odd combination to me, but Dr. Wickler showed me that it made perfectly good sense. "We have been learning a lot in recent years about the patterns of group life among the primates and other animals, but we really know nothing about the way group life itself began," he explained. "In Lake Tanganyika, however, the fish of the cichlid family have had the chance to evolve and speciate until they now fill just about every ecological niche a fish can fill—in the same way the finches have evolved and speciated to fill every possible life niche for birds on the Galápagos Islands, where they have no competition. Furthermore, there's one cichlid of the genus *Tropheus* that actually has a group life closely comparable to that of baboons. So if I can just trace the evolutionary sequence that produced these *Tropheus* cichlids, with their special way of life, I shall have a theoretically acceptable blueprint for the sequence that produced the baboons' way of life—or our own way of life—at a higher level."

Tropheus of this sort, Dr. Wickler went on to tell me, live in substantial schools, comprising at least several male fish and more females, together with the young. Unlike the true schooling fish, however, these *Tropheus* possess genuine individuality, in the basic sense that they know one another apart and also know who is a stranger. There is a rank order, and one of the strongest males in the school has the "alpha position"—is dominant, in other words—and, like a leading male in a baboon group, does most of the breeding. A *Tropheus* school is highly cohesive internally, and is intensely hostile to strangers, especially other *Tropheus*. "Just about the whole diagram of group life is there," Dr. Wickler

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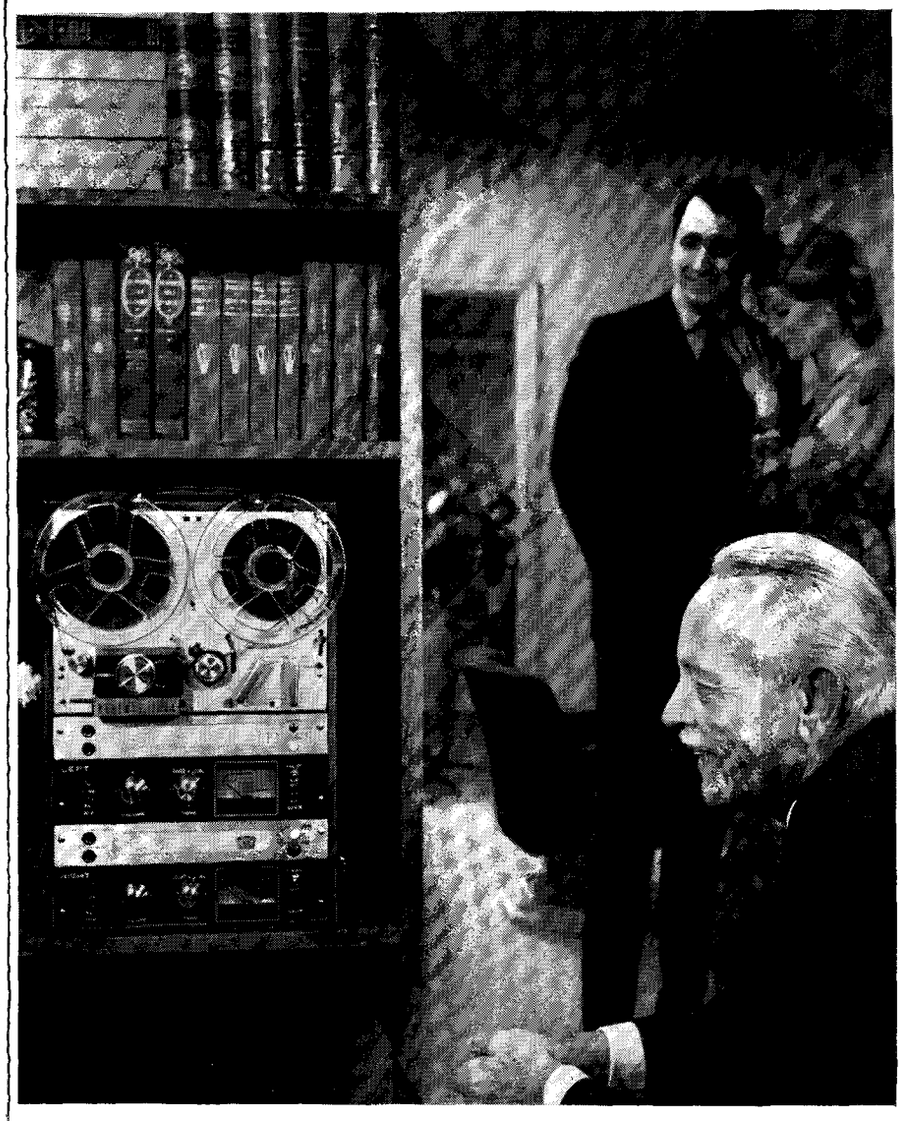

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said. "Some of the resemblances are quite astonishing. For example, if there is trouble between two *Tropheus*, the lower in the ranking order has a very special behavior—drooping its tail, raising its fins, quivering strongly, and changing color. This is the courtship behavior of the adult male *Tropheus*, which is used as an appeasement gesture by females and immature males. Baboons also appease within the group by a derived sexual activity—that is what their backside presentation really is, as is often made plain when a dominant baboon goes through the motions of mounting the appeasing weaker animal. In the same manner, both males and females of the Australian finch *Poephila personata*, which also lives socially, greet other members of the species with a special tail flutter that is normally a female sexual invitation. All this has some bearing on human behavior. Fish, birds, carnivores, and primates have all independently invented the same method of living rather peacefully together in groups of highly aggressive individuals, and, in almost all cases, derived sexual activity is used for greeting or for appeasement, or for both."

Dr. Wickler said that you never know what you're going to find when you study fish of the cichlid family, and, from some of the cases he cited, I could well believe him. For example, certain *Apistogramma*, the same cichlids whose young have the follow-black-and-yellow response, also live in schools led by a single dominant male, the harem owner. Normally, the harem owner is desperately busy defending his harem and its offspring. But every so often a harem owner gets tired of the whole thing. He then drives off all the adult females in his harem, he metamorphoses into a female himself, and he-now-she leads away all the young fish in the school.

Dr. Eibl-Eibesfeldt, Seewiesen's expert on small mammals, told me that his preparation of a paper on "Fighting Behavior in Animals" had drawn him deeply into the controversy between the ethologists and the psychologists (mostly American psychologists) who study behavior in animals without allowing for the animals' overall life patterns, or even for the effects of genetic selection. Basic drives and instincts can be greatly minimized or greatly exaggerated by genetic accidents—or even by selective breeding—when laboratory animals are sheltered, generation after generation, from the stern pressures of natural selection in the wild. Thus, a leading American

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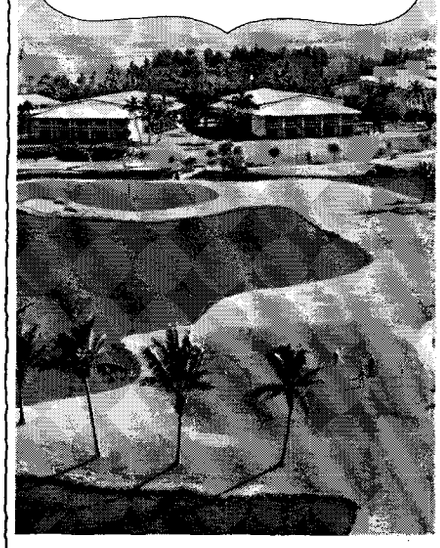

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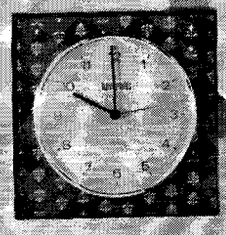

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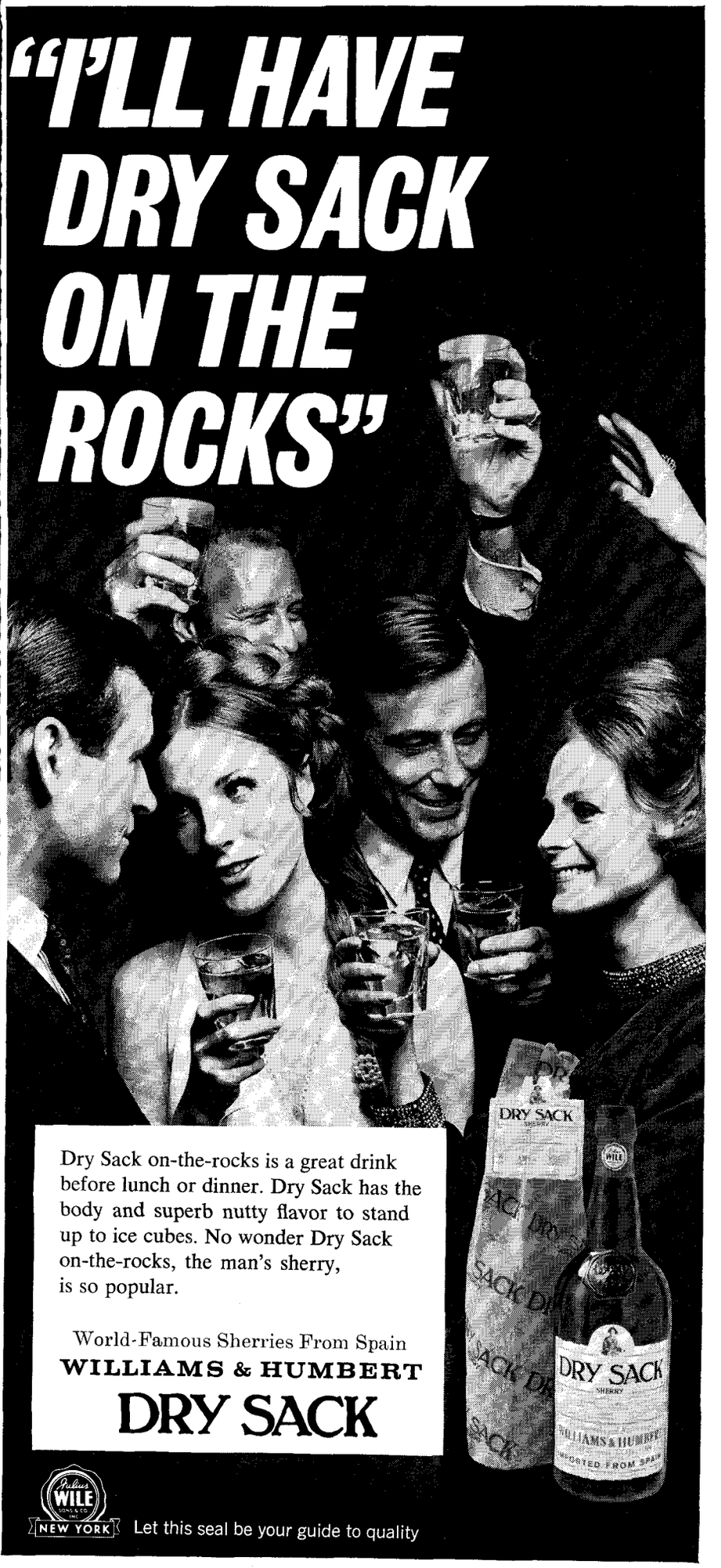
researcher, John P. Scott, concluded that aggression was a learned behavior pattern, on the basis of experiments with laboratory-bred rats, in which aggression had no doubt been genetically minimized. Scott's conclusions, being much to the taste of psychologists who loathe the very thought of aggression's being a basic drive, had made a great noise among students of behavior. But the results were altogether different when Dr. Eibl-Eibesfeldt repeated the same experiments with rats only a generation or so away from the Vienna sewers, where the pressures of natural selection are very fierce indeed. Those reared in isolation were "more aggressive, not less." When, with no chance for prior learning, they were exposed to rival rats, they soon went through all the stages of rats' characteristic fighting behavior, beginning by arching their backs and gnashing their teeth, going on to pushing and wrestling, and ending by exchanging bites, unless the wrestling match had caused the weaker rat to run away. Scott had concluded that aggression was learned by the individual in the course of group rearing, because of pain and frustration accidentally inflicted by other members of the group. But when Dr. Eibl-Eibesfeldt reared his sewer rats in groups, "they showed almost no aggressive behavior toward one another, for they were now members of the same rat clan, and rat clans are always strikingly close—in fact, clannish." The group-reared rats were viciously aggressive, however, if any strange rat was introduced into the group. Dr. Eibl-Eibesfeldt's "Fighting Behavior" paper has the following depressing opening:

> Fighting between members of the same species is almost universal among vertebrates, from fish to man. Casual observation suggests the reason. Animals occupying the same niche in nature must compete for the same food, the same nesting sites, and the same building materials. Fighting among animals of the same species therefore serves the important function of "spacing out" the individuals or groups in the area they occupy. It thereby secures for each the minimum territory required to support its existence, prevents overcrowding, and promotes the distribution of species. Fighting also arises from competition for mates, and thus serves to select the stronger and fitter individuals for propagation of the species. It is no wonder, then, that herbivores seem to fight each other as readily as carnivores, and that nearly all groups of vertebrates, except perhaps some amphibians, display aggressive behavior.

The controversy over the nature of aggression goes far to explain why Dr. Lorenz has not yet been accorded the



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kind of recognition, particularly in this country, that has been given to other major innovators in modern biology. Of course, the new discipline that Dr. Lorenz played so large a part in founding has upset a number of academic applecarts. In addition, perhaps because he started as a hobbyist, Dr. Lorenz lacks the glacial precision and caution in deducing conclusions from his data which are fashionable among modern scientists. He is as frankly discursive and as fond of speculation and philosophizing as one of the nineteenth-century scientific pioneers, who usually started in the same half-accidental way. Worse still, he has dared to write books of great charm and readability aimed at a general audience, thereby automatically outraging scientific snobbery, and the latest of these books, "On Aggression," is also full of widely unpalatable assertions about human behavior. In reality, Dr. Lorenz and all the other ethologists I have encountered are both liberals and humanitarians. Yet their discoveries have not only upset applecarts in other disciplines; they have also raised doubts about the optimistic humanitarian liberalism that now prevails in many university circles here in America. Thus, much of the criticism of Dr. Lorenz has heavily moralistic—hence nonscientific—overtones. Furthermore, Dr. Lorenz's seriously hostile critics include almost no ethologists, who are, after all, the people who do the work and know the data of their own discipline. In the argument about "On Aggression," other ethologists have objected to this statement or that, as overbold or too loosely formulated, but, in the main, they have strongly affirmed the over-all thrust of Dr. Lorenz's argument. On the subject of human aggressiveness, indeed, Dr. Lorenz has actually been surpassed in gloom both by an American leader of primate studies, Professor Sherwood L. Washburn, of the University of California at Berkeley, and by the most eminent and meticulous of all the younger generation of ethologists, Niko Tinbergen, now Professor of Animal Behavior at Oxford. Anyone seeking reasons to worry about the human future has only to read the recent paper written by Washburn and D. A. Hamburg on "Aggressive Behavior in Old World Monkeys and Apes," or Tinbergen's grim inaugural lecture at Oxford, for which he used "On Aggression" as the starting point.

All this was much on my mind at the opening of my last conversation with Dr. Lorenz, when I asked him to discuss the prevalence of aggression among animals that live in groups. He began by pointing out that there were certain kinds of group life from which aggression was absent—or, at least, largely absent. In the true schooling fish, which are not aggressive, the individual counts for almost nothing and the school for almost everything, and the normal individual's strongest instinct is never to leave the school. To be sure, this can be upset if one fish in the school is subjected to the piscine equivalent of a prefrontal lobotomy, destroying its stay-with-the-others program. In such cases, the idiot fish darts where it pleases; the separation exerts a strong pull on all the other members of the school, and so, in effect, the idiot fish becomes the leader. In the species of flocking birds, like starlings, whose flocks have no rank order or other internal organization, aggression is again reduced to a minimum. But birds of many of these species will "mob" owls and other predators, and starlings also space themselves out on telephone wires with mathematical exactness, because starlings have "individual distances" and any starling will peck angrily at any other starling that comes too close. In the gannets, this is the way nests are spaced out in rookeries; the distance from nest to nest is just a bit more than one gannet on a nest can reach across to peck another gannet. These innate "individual distances" have been discovered in all sorts of bird and animal species. The standard distance of each species can be measured exactly, and transgression of the distance automatically awakens the aggressive drive in birds or animals of the species in question. One day, perhaps, city planners will be taking these new facts into account when they analyze the consequences of extreme overcrowding in our urban areas.

"Aggression is always very strongly developed in those species that have the kind of group life that should interest us the most, for it is our own kind," Dr. Lorenz said, with more than a little bleakness of tone. "Let us begin with the bond behavior of the mated pair, which is the obvious prototype of human love, friendship, and marriage." Bond behavior is to be found

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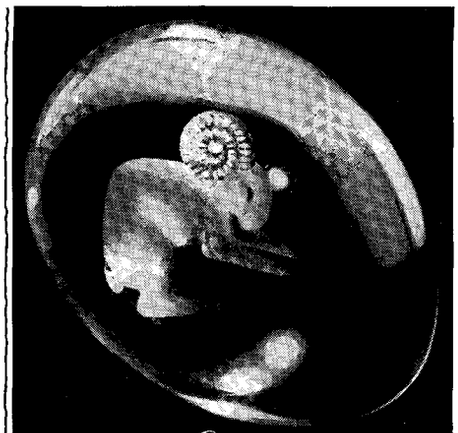
in many vertebrate species at every life level, from cichlids to human beings. But, as far as is known, in all the multiplicity of animals inhabiting the earth not a single species exhibiting bond behavior is anything but highly aggressive. Some birds and animals form bonds only in the mating season and are unbonded after the young are reared. While bonded, these species are invariably aggressive, and at other times they are usually unaggressive. A good many aggressive, bond-forming species, especially among those that form the most nearly permanent bonds, have innate behavior patterns that reinforce the bond—or, indeed, actually constitute the bond—such as the "triumph ceremony" of geese. On the other hand, a good many very aggressive species that live socially show no real bond behavior. Thus, it is permissible to speculate that aggressiveness precedes bond behavior in the evolutionary sequence. Indeed, the adaptedness of bond behavior in aggressive animals is obvious. In normal circumstances, the bonded pair are partners in the safe rearing of the next generation. And the bond both cements the partnership and acts to shield one partner from the aggressiveness of the other—unless, as in the case of Beatrice Oehlert-Lorenz's orange cichlids, an unnatural situation closes off the normal, external outlets for the aggressive drive. By the same token, the adaptedness of organized group life in animals of aggressive species should also be obvious; the group is far stronger than the individual animal or the bonded pair, and for this reason the group is better able to defend its females and its young, to secure and to defend the territory that nourishes it, and so on. From such basic animal needs, in truth, there have originated at many different life levels the habit of social living with animals of the same sort, which was glorified, perhaps unintentionally, in E. M. Forster's celebrated injunction "Only connect!" But whereas among ants the connecting arises from common recognition of the peculiar smell of their own anthill, among men on Forster's supra-tribal level it arises (if it does arise) from recognition of one another's unique qualities as human beings.

"It is curious how often one finds patterns of animal behavior that would be called 'moral' among men which are in fact adapted, innate, and linked, alas, to the aggressiveness of the animals in question," Dr. Lorenz said. "In modern Western society, monogamous marriage enduring 'till death us



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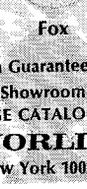

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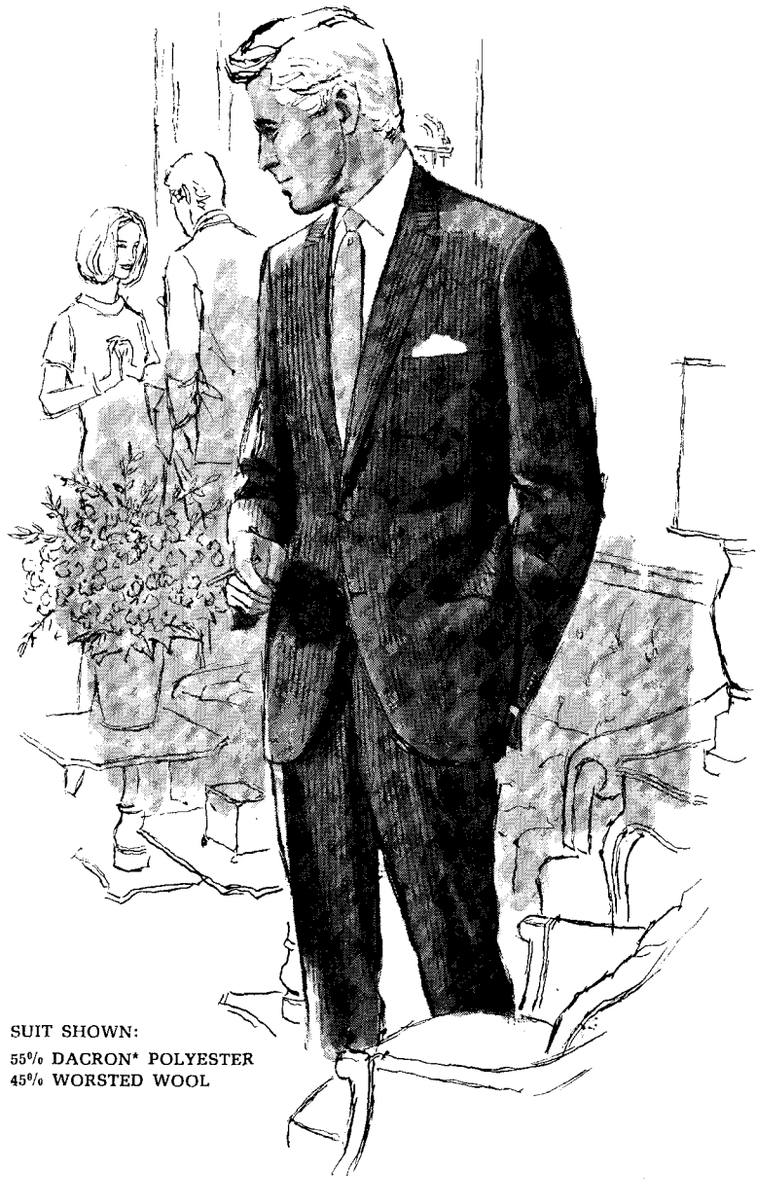
do part' is the conventional moral ideal, and one can say that in goose flocks the same holds true—although in both cases the ideal is often far from realized in practice. Until someone finds a single species in which there is this kind of bond behavior *without* aggressiveness, one must assume the existence of the link already noted. I predict that no such species will be found, but this is not the whole problem by any means."

No one, he continued, would deny the general moral desirability of kindness to children, or would maintain that unkindness to children is anything but immoral. And in all sorts of animals the young have fixed motor patterns, or even infantile physical traits, that release kind treatment—or, at any rate, inhibit aggression—by older animals of the same species. Puppies that fear adult dogs roll over on their backs and urinate, and only a most abnormal adult dog can be rough with a puppy that thus exposes its vulnerable belly and dribbles a little; these are the kindness releasers, so to speak. Among rails, the young birds have a patch of red skin on their heads, and when an older bird begins to be bullying, a young rail will extend its head forward and downward, thus displaying the red spot. This motor pattern gives great prominence to the physical trait, and the display of the red spot is the kindness releaser. Among many species of aggressive group-living animals—in rat clans and wolf packs, for instance—what amounts to kindness to children is actually institutionalized by instinct and rearing. All the young of the group are permitted to play with all the adults of the group, including the senior males that other adults treat with much respect; the young are gently, though firmly, dealt with when they go too far in this play with adults, and when there is danger all the adults join to protect the young. Furthermore, just as kindness by adults to children is the moral norm in human societies, so in many different human societies throughout history there have been accepted rules of "fair play." This simply means observance of some sort of "chivalrous" behavior that limits damage. The damage-limiting behavior is then the moral norm in case of fighting between individual adult males, or even between armed groups. And this "fair play" has an almost exact counterpart in the ritualization of fighting behavior which is common to almost all species of aggressive animals other than man.

The adaptedness of ritualization,



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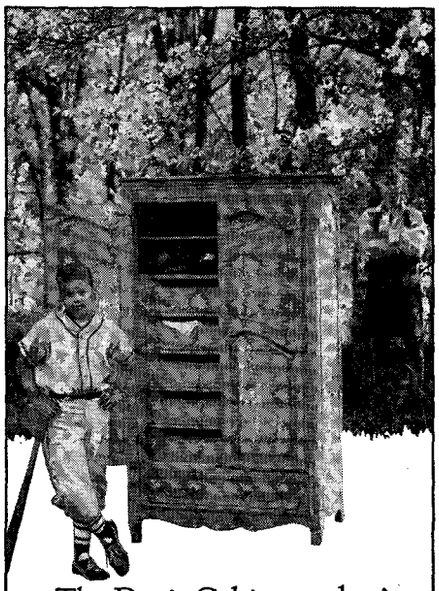

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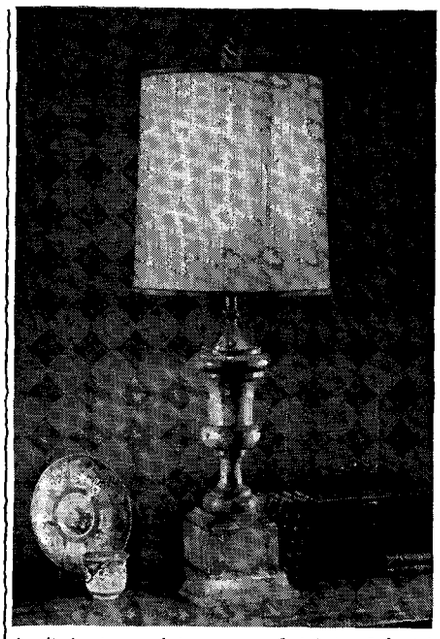
which permits fighting between members of a species without destruction of the species in question, appears even in fish and reptiles. Certain cichlids, whose leathery lips are a useful adaptation, practice an odd mouth-to-mouth wrestling instead of biting. Male rattlesnakes also wrestle instead of biting, and the winner is declared, so to speak, when one snake gets the other "down" by pinning it to the earth with its body. The marine iguanas of the Galápagos Islands, which have fearsome teeth, practice a kind of head-to-head pushing without biting in normal circumstances—as when one male makes a threatening display and attempts to encroach on another male's rocky territory. But if the rules are broken and the circumstances are abnormal—if, for example, a researcher simply dumps one male into the middle of another's territory—biting at once ensues. Male deer and antelope never use their horns against one another but, instead, lock horns and wrestle until the weaker animal gives up, and among oryx antelopes, which have horns like sabres, a dehorned male can fight a horned male and both will go through the whole ritual of head-to-head pushing exactly as though both had horns. In certain other species, fighting can be very damaging indeed, but in those cases what in human society would certainly be called "mercy" is strongly pre-programmed. Among wolves, for instance, fighting can be bloody, and the winning animal will show every outward sign of desiring to kill the loser, but the fight ends when the loser abruptly turns and exposes his vulnerable throat to the winner, thus seeming to invite death. At that point, the winner simply stalks away in triumph. Rank-order contests between birds frequently end in a comparable way, with the weaker bird lowering its head and stretching it forward, in the manner of the young rails, and thereby exposing its vulnerable nape to the stronger bird's beak. "Even among men one finds something comparable," Dr. Lorenz remarked, with a slightly sardonic emphasis on the "even." "In societies simpler than ours, it is a common thing for a beaten man, or for any supplicant in an acutely dangerous situation, to throw himself on the ground at the feet of the victor or ruler, and this mercy-inviting behavior appears to arouse a strong inhibition against proceeding to extremes. Of course, in our Western society patriotism is still considered virtuous and moral, and dying for your country in appropriate circumstances is widely regarded as the highest



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duty. Here, the obvious parallel is with the territorial behavior of countless birds and animals, reptiles, and other creatures."

Dr. Lorenz had some grisly stories to tell about territorial behavior—as when he described the dire border warfare that prevails between rat clans in an overcrowded environment. Some of the stories were also ironically entertaining—as when he described the pulsating alternations of fear and aggressiveness in the territorial fish species. In many animals, and particularly (or, at any rate, most measurably) in territorial and aggressive fish, the strength of the aggressive drive is directly proportional to the individual's nearness to the center of his own territory (or "turf," one is tempted to say), and each individual becomes more and more easily gripped by fear as he goes beyond his territorial borders. Thus, a weak stickleback is intensely combative when he is near his territory's center, and an intruding stickleback, even a much stronger one, is much less combative. The weaker fish will chase the stronger fish out of the encroached-upon territory, but if combative verve carries him too far beyond his own borders the seeming victor will turn tail and flee, making a stand only when he is well inside his own territory again. Thus, there is a kind of pulsation of chase and counter-chase until a temporary peace is established on the limits of the two territories. All this strongly recalled to me Peter Matthiessen's strange descriptions, in "Under the Mountain Wall," of the half-ritualized fighting between neighboring tribes in New Guinea. And when Dr. Lorenz gave examples of the almost universal aggressive behavior that we accurately describe in the old phrase "fighting like a cornered rat," I found myself thinking of the Chinese "Art of War." This military classic is ascribed to a successful general, Sun Tzu, who is thought to have written in the mid-fourth century B.C. The ancient manual contains the maxim "Do not press an enemy at bay." To this the early commentator Tu Yu added, "Prince Fu Ch'ai said, 'Wild beasts when at bay fight desperately. How much more is this true of men! If they know there is no alternative, they will fight to the death.' "

In most human societies throughout history, respect for elders has been inculcated as a moral imperative, and this imperative has often been extended to include higher-ranking persons. Once again, the adaptedness of general acceptance of some sort of rank order by

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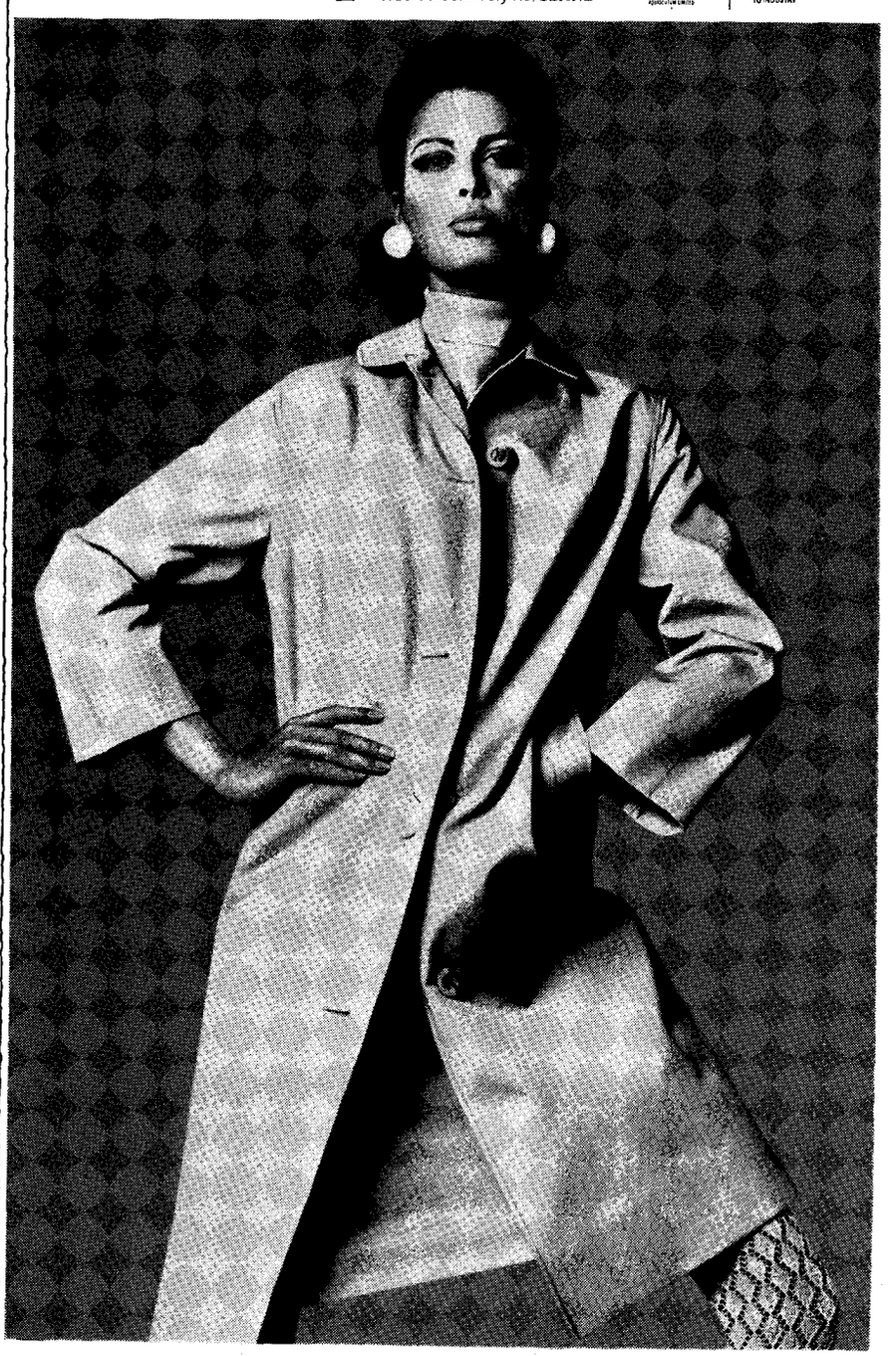

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aggressive animals that live in groups ought to be plain to anyone. For an accepted rank order minimizes fighting within the social group; it provides the group with recognized leadership, which may be needed in times of danger; and it generally works to insure that much, or all, of the breeding is done by the stronger males. Evolutionary adaptation has in consequence assured that this kind of internal organization will come into being in groups of animals of every sort, from *Tropheus* to primates. What is particularly striking (and maybe a bit worrying to earnest egalitarians) is the fact that rank appears to be heritable, or quasi-heritable, in many animal groups, just as it is in aristocratically organized human societies. Japanese researchers, working with their main local monkey species, the macaques, have found that the offspring of high-ranking females tend to claim their mothers' rank or a higher rank, whereas plebeian females' offspring almost always accept low places in the rank order. In his jackdaws Dr. Lorenz found the same thing. At Seewiesen, Dr. Lorenz, Dr. Fischer, and a co-worker devised an experiment with geese to explore the problem further. Through one whole summer, each acted as the substitute mother of a brood of goslings, and, by agreement, one behaved like the alpha bird, another like the beta bird, and the third like the gamma bird in a goose rank order. Seeing the other substitute mothers give way before their own substitute, the goslings of the alpha brood soon learned that they could always bully the betas, and the goslings of the gamma brood learned that they must give way before both the other broods. The gander in the alpha brood, Michenko, was rather small, but, with a super-alpha mother substitute, he became a super-aggressive gander—the only one in the Seewiesen flocks, in fact, that was ever known to attack a dog. And he was always able to intimidate—or, in the Army phrase, to "pull rank on"—the much larger gander, Casimir, that belonged to the beta brood.

In these goose behavior patterns, to be sure, there must have been a considerable mechanical element, for birds' behavior is always more mechanical than one might suppose when watching them; indeed, at the lower life levels much rank-order behavior is clearly innate. But when one gets as high on the life scale as the advanced primates, no one can tell at present whether this behavior is mainly innate, or half innate and half learned, or wholly learned, for in most primates the "deprivation experiment" that prevents learning—isolated rearing, that is—invariably produces completely abnormal animals, as was shown by the Harlows' experiments with their rhesus monkeys.

"Here I should like to see some further experiments," said Dr. Lorenz. "For example, puppies reared in isolation and then exposed to a normal environment are frozen into a nearly catatonic state, and the researcher who first tried this at once concluded that all puppy behavior was learned. Yet rearing with almost no stimuli, followed by abrupt exposure to the countless strong and unfamiliar stimuli of a normal environment, naturally causes an overwhelming fear response. When the puppies were given a dose of tranquillizer just before being taken out of isolation in John Scott's laboratory, they behaved much like other puppies. All the same, an animal that needs tranquillizers to behave in an approximately normal manner is obviously not a normal animal. I am certain, as I said earlier, that particularly in the group-living higher animals, emphatically including the human animal, normal rearing always plays a decisive role in producing normal individuals. But I am also certain that for human ethology—for really scientific analysis of human behavior—dependable answers will be provided, in the end, only by cybernetic techniques and the work of the biocyberneticists. Just as we must be careful to avoid anthropomorphism—regarding animals as people—so, however much we may learn that is suggestive and instructive by studying animal behavior, we must be careful how we apply these lessons when we interpret human behavior. For man is certainly an animal, but man, although identifiably a primate, is also a primate of a unique—and uniquely dangerous—species."

On this point, I had read some admirable studies of primate behavior by Washburn; I. M. DeVore, of Harvard; and the late K. R. L. Hall, of the University of Bristol. Since man's relationship to other primates is such a currently agitated topic, and since this reading had a special bearing on the somewhat melancholy close of my last talk with Dr. Lorenz, a brief summary of what I learned is perhaps in

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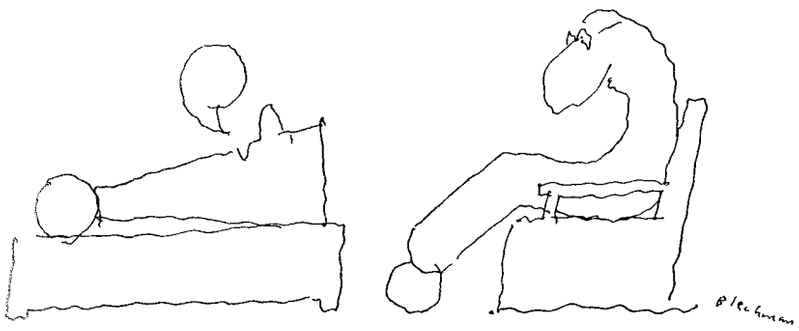

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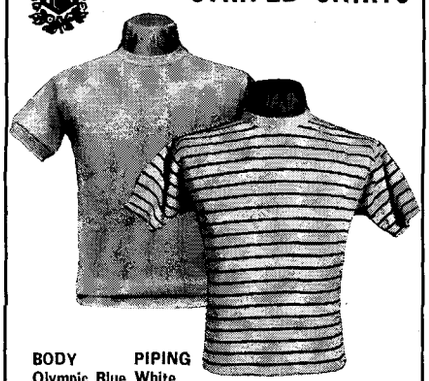

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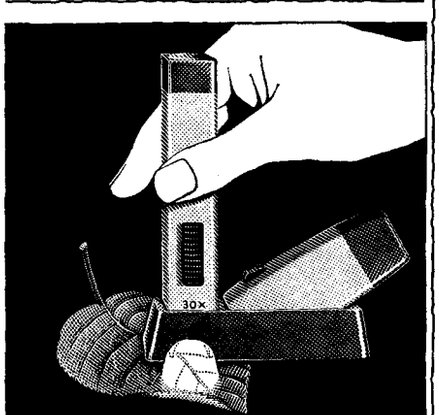

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order. Among the higher primates, then, human beings are exceptional in having strong bond behavior, and, if one may judge by the long and sanguinary human record of mutual killing, men are also very much more aggressive than chimpanzees or gorillas, which are rather amiable, peaceable creatures when living in the wild. In structure and appearance, men are nearer to chimpanzees than to any other primates, but ethologists are generally agreed that the primates whose way of life most closely resembles ours are the several species of baboons. In fact, the ethologists and the paleoanthropologists are pretty well agreed that the baboon way of life gives us a crude blueprint of the way of life of our remote ancestors.

Baboons live in groups (or tribes, or nations) that may include several scores of individuals; the animals are highly aggressive, and baboon groups have a strong internal organization. Each group has its own rank order, and the leaders are usually a kind of senate of the senior males. These leaders stick together to maintain their own predominance, to the point of helping one another to resist challenges by younger males. Each group is responsive to its own leaders, and is intensely cohesive and combatively self-protective; a baboon belonging to no group is soon a dead baboon. Besides the rank order, there is a recognized defensive order; whenever the group is traversing areas of potential danger the dominant males are always in the lead, the other males of fighting age march on the flanks, and the females and young are in the center. Baboons are vigorous and far-ranging, and they are omnivorous, although flesh forms a far smaller part of the baboon diet than of the human diet. Young baboons are reared primarily by their own mothers, but in a broader sense they are reared by the whole group, for other females like to cherish them, there are constant play contacts among the young animals, and, up to a point, the young are permitted to play freely with the adult males—although in doing so they have to learn the lesson of the rank order. Because the rank order is generally accepted, there is little or no fighting within a baboon group, but among hamadryas baboons, which show bond behavior, males will fight to hold their harems. In other species, although the dominant males do most of the breeding, the females are also accessible to other males, most often before they have reached the peak of estrus. Of the way the

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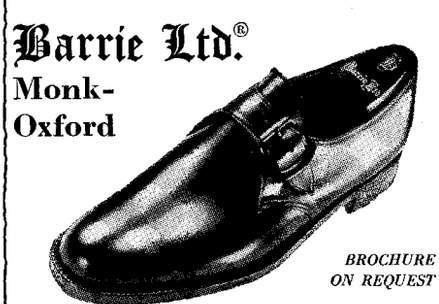

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inevitable changes in the rank order are accomplished from time to time, K. R. L. Hall wrote:

The over-all picture of group organization . . . is of a sensitive balancing of forces, the balance being achieved by the social learning of individuals in the group from time of birth to adulthood, so that infringements of the group norm are rare. When they occur, they may be severely punished *if* the victim is caught. Even changes in dominance rank amongst the males [apparently] occur as a consequence of persistent harrying rather than by overt fighting. In other words, physical prowess may not be actually tested, the confident usurping animal achieving his end simply by some of the forms of threat display and moving toward the [challenged] animal. What exactly is the social context from which such a usurpment takes place is not yet known. From the Japanese macaque studies, it [seems] likely that the confident attitude of the to-be-dominant male is engendered by his being the offspring of a female who is high in the female hierarchy and hence is closely associated with the already dominant males.

Acknowledgment of dominance, which is any weaker baboon's natural response to threatening behavior by a stronger member of the group, takes the form of the "appeasing" behavior mentioned by Dr. Lorenz and Dr. Wickler. In conditions of extreme stress—in captivity, for example—the appeasing animal will practice rump presentation with great insistence until the dominant animal actually goes through the motions of mounting, thereby signifying its acceptance of appeasement. Among baboons in the wild, however, stresses within the group are exceptional, and among the animals of each group there is much mutual grooming—an obvious social activity. In the wild, baboon groups are not rigidly territorial, but each group has a recognized range, and the largest and strongest baboon groups appear to respect the ranges of weaker groups. A strong group may deeply invade a weak group's range to steal fruit or other food, but if the strong group is caught in the act by the weak group it will usually depart at top speed instead of standing and fighting. It is fairly certain, however, that this would no longer be the case if there were severe baboon overpopulation, for in crowded conditions in captivity baboons will fight to the death with extreme ferocity. In a paper on "Overt Fighting in Mammals," L. Harrison Matthews, of the Zoological Society of London, writes darkly:

It is, indeed, very difficult to find any examples of true overt fighting resulting in the death of the loser among animals

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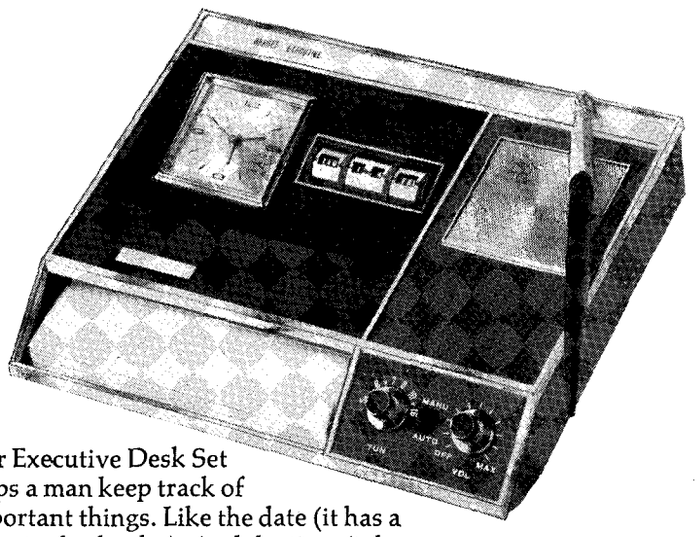

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under normal conditions in the wild. [But this certainly occurs] when population numbers have overtaken the resources of the environment, so that serious overcrowding is brought about. This produces a situation similar to that of animals in captivity, where the environment is artificially restricted, so that aggression is increased and any chance of escape from the aggressor is denied. In both situations the animals are living in a biologically unsound environment, which inevitably distorts the normal patterns of social behavior. Even in overcrowded conditions, as for example during a vole plague, when the crash comes the animals do not necessarily die as a consequence of intra-specific fighting but rather from a general condition of stress. . . . Darling also makes a very interesting remark about deer confined in parks where their numbers reach a high artificial density. "There stags fight in season and out, and stags will kill calves and strange hinds under such conditions." *In short, overcrowding results in anti-*social behavior which in itself is one type of check to the further increase of a cramped population.

In the light of all this, I asked Dr. Lorenz, as my parting question, whether he regarded the aggressiveness of men equipped with H-bombs, or the human overpopulation of the planet that increases year by year, or some other factor in the quite new human situation of this strange century, as the worst of the looming dangers that now darken the horizon of the human future.

"I wrote 'On Aggression,' " he replied, "because it seemed to me so urgent for all of us to understand that we belong to a dangerously aggressive species, now that more and more of us are gaining possession of weapons that can partly, or even quite largely, put an end to life on earth. But now that you phrase the question in this more general way, I am not sure that I really know the answer. To begin with, the relation of the human species to its environment is now quite different—at any rate, in the industrial societies—from the relation of any other animal species to its environment at any time in the history of the earth, and quite different, too, from man's relation to his environment at any time in human history up to the Industrial Revolution. Of course, there have always been many, many species whose adaptedness included a fairly dramatic power to change their environment to suit themselves. The big African termites' nests are marvels of instinctive architecture, and such a nest constitutes a change in the environment going far beyond the temporary nests of leaves and branches that gorillas often make for themselves at nightfall. Man, however, has now attained the power to make

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much more than merely local changes in the environment, as by digging irrigation systems or building walled cities or other old-fashioned activities of that sort; man today is hard at work, albeit not consciously at work, changing the entire world environment in much more radical ways, by altering the chemical composition of the air all creatures breathe, by polluting lakes and rivers, by using insecticides that cause profound ecological changes in huge areas of the earth, by killing off—for sport or by crowding them out—more and more species of the larger animals, and so on and on. In this situation, who can say where the greatest danger lies? To man himself, moreover, there are other obvious dangers perhaps as grave as aggressiveness plus H-bombs. My father used to say, 'Every humanitarian advance is dangerous to the human species,' and in a sense there was much truth in my father's pessimism. Among many human populations, the progress of medicine has now suspended the normal processes of genetic selection. Thus far, we have been able to live quite well on the genetic capital accumulated in the past, but it is obvious that more and more harmful human mutations are being preserved by medical science, and if this continues indefinitely the gene pool will be heavily contaminated. In the same fashion, medicine, plus modern transport that delivers food where there is famine, plus several other factors, have clearly combined to produce the increase of population that you asked about. All biological experience suggests that this cannot go on indefinitely without leading to very dire results. Altogether, life itself—not just human life but all life—is a condition of enormous improbability. And now that the balance of life on earth is being progressively upset, none can foresee the final consequences. Yet one must not lose hope. For if man would just use science to find out and to face the facts about himself, and if man would also use science to guide his activities a little, so that the environment that supports life is not blindly and fatally damaged, then hope for the future would be justified." —JOSEPH ALSOP

•

SASSARI, Sardinia (AP)—Five black-masked gunmen kidnaped a wealthy Sardinian hill country landowner but a second intended victim escaped after a hand-to-hand battle with an armed guard.

The abduction was Sardinia's third this year. Last year there were 234310.—*San Juan Star.*

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BAD BOYS

CALLING a play "Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie?" is a fairly sure way of inducing hostility in the prospective playgoer; if he feels tempted to answer the question at all, it is simply in order to discomfit the arch playwright ("Yes, but *nice* tigers call them cravats"). I am glad to report that the new play at the Belasco is at least better than its title, though not good enough to have bestowed on it the praise that, from scene to scene, it appears always on the point of beginning to deserve. The young author, Don Petersen, is making his Broadway début with this work, and it was to be expected that he would display more talent than skill; in a rough-and-ready fashion, he has mastered the trick of bringing a number of people together on a stage, and it is the next and much harder step—causing them to establish genuine relations among themselves and then letting us observe them being altered for better or for worse by these relations—that he has yet to take. The cast is a large one, but it is nearly always the case that a scene will consist of a sort of scuffle between two people, after which, with a faint clanking of stage machinery, we shift to the next scuffle. One of the many drawbacks to this system is that actors emerge from the shadows, manifest their gifts for a few moments, and then slip back into the shadows, sometimes never to return.

The setting of "Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie?," ably designed by Edward Burbridge and lit by Thomas Skelton, is a shabby urban-rehabilitation center for juvenile drug addicts, in which a conventionally virtuous young man is doing his best to teach a roomful of clowning J.D.s the rudiments of written English. They are tough kids, black and white, from a variety of squalid backgrounds; they have been on their own almost from infancy, and only one of them entertains a hope of being able to kick the habit. The head of the center is a time-serving thesaurus of racist clichés; the policeman walking the beat outside the center swaps dope for sexual favors from the girls. On the side of the community we find (apart from the young man) senility, stupidity, and cowardice; on the side of the outcasts, ignorance, viciousness, and despair. Any tug-of-war between these contestants is all strain and no accomplishment; Mr. Petersen tries to conceal the fatal immobility of his play by introducing a suicide and an imminent marriage, but neither event rings true: the tugged-on rope refuses to budge an inch.

Hal Holbrook, as the teacher, presides over his wretched flock with patient grace, not so much acting as helping the youngsters to act, and David Opatoshu plays earnestly but with understandable equivocation the thinly written role of a house psychiatrist. The chief acting honors go to Al Pacino, who is sensationally menacing as an addict with a self-acknowledged bent for killing, and to Lauren Jones, as a furious black girl who has been turning tricks as a prostitute since she was ten. The admirable direction of the play is by Michael A. Schultz.

"Damn it, Donaldson, when I suggested you sleep on it, I didn't mean here."

"BUT, SERIOUSLY . . .," which opened briskly at the Henry Miller and closed wisely after its fourth performance, was a drawing-room comedy by the well-known screenwriter Julius J. Epstein. Mr. Epstein had a couple of commendable but awfully familiar points to make—that a man ought not to betray a friend, and that marriage is an exceedingly difficult feat of accommodation, especially when two people who happen not to be like each other love each other—and over the play hovered a rueful air of its being nobody's fault that there was no way to say these things freshly and winningly. The play was laid in Hollywood, and the jokes were often affixed, Hollywood style, to the names of famous persons and places. (The biggest laugh of the evening occurred when Leonard Lyons was identified as "an Eastern mystic.") Tom Poston and Bethel Leslie played the troubled husband and wife about whom the action of the play revolved, or eddied, and a charming young man named Richard Dreyfuss, who played their son, came within an ace of stealing the show. I enjoyed Dick van Patten's portrayal of a hearty and pompous candidate for Congress, and Nicolas Coster's portrayal of a compulsive wisecracker. The single set was by Oliver Smith, and the direction was credited to John Allen.

THE National Theatre of the Deaf has been playing a two-week engagement at the Longacre. According to the program notes, only one mem-

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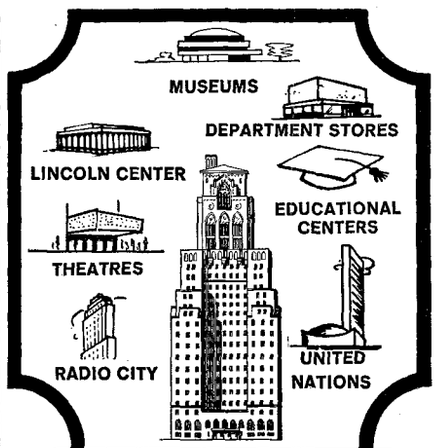
ber of the large company is a "hearing" actor; the rest have turned their handicap into a fruitful form of art, making a gift of beauty to the rest of us out of what might have been a mere sterile affliction. They pantomime superbly with their bodies, but it is, of course, their hands that we are particularly fascinated by; with the help of two actors who translate into sound the arabesques of words uttered by their exquisite fingers, we follow them readily through a program of diverse numbers, differing from performance to performance. The evening I attended the show, the company pantomimed a Japanese folktale, a sampling of poems by Rilke, Cummings, Jarrell, Rukeyser, et al., and an adaptation of an old Italian farce, "Gianni Schicchi." (The directors of these numbers were, respectively, Yoshio Aoyama, Gene Lasko, and Joe Layton.) It was a delightful occasion, on which, after a few minutes, the necessity of the players' silence was entirely forgotten.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Morath

HEREWITH a few late notes on "An Evening with Max Morath," a one-man show that is happily running at the Jan Hus. Mr. Morath, an old friend to watchers of Channel 13, is a personable fellow who knows practically all there is to know about popular music at the turn of the century. A delightful pianist whose specialty is ragtime, he has a relish for this cheeky, mocking, and, to use his own perfect word, rambunctious music that is almost as infectious as his stylish playing. In period saloon costume—derby, pin stripes, cigar—he also delivers an informative, sometimes funny, and sometimes merely facetious monologue, illustrating it with samples of some of the foolish songs that were rampant when ragtime broke through, and, more literally, illustrating it with slides projected onto a pair of screens. (The foolish songs, by the way, don't seem to me any more or less foolish and sugary than those rampant today or the day before yesterday.) The slides are, and are meant to be, amusing, but behind the hearts and flowers and the posturing figures in the foregrounds are the most beautiful scenes imaginable of old New York, with its wide streets and trolley tracks and low, handsome buildings. It must be said that there are times when the narration goes limp. Mr. Morath has small gift for recitation and mimicry (for spoken



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mimicry, that is; the whole evening, in a sense, is mimicry), and his renditions of an endless poem by Robert W. Service and of selections from Mr. Dooley are rather dim, but most of the time he is very good company, and when he touches upon his heroes—Scott Joplin, for example, and Jelly Roll Morton—his sincerity and love and elation sweep the performance along. There are two wonderful spots in the show. Toward the end of the first act, he plays, in a formal and correct manner, a couple of themes from a traditional French quadrille of Louisiana, and then suddenly he launches into Morton's "Tiger Rag," which was based upon them. Best of all, though, is his triumphant finish—a ragtime duet that he plays with an old pianola roll. Mr. Morath is a spirit raiser, if ever there was one.

NOTHING, it would seem, could be a safer bet Off Broadway these days than an anti-woman play, and especially an anti-rotten-Jewish-mother play, but Allen Jack Lewis, whose ill-natured and downright embarrassing "A Corner of the Bed" opened and closed last week, muffed it all the way, and certainly the performance was no help. There was one bright sight gag, in which someone maliciously poured a glass of beer—one-eighth beer to seven-eighths head—for a stingy man, but that was all.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

Air Guardsmen came nevertheless, both grudgingly and willingly, from such desperate locations as Atlantic City, Albuquerque, Sioux City, Iowa, and Niagara Falls.—*Pacific Stars and Stripes.*

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Aluminum radiators, the subject of experiments by the automakers for several years, are about to supplant copper. Women will be put in cars starting with the 1969 models for field testing.—*Amarillo (Texas) News-Globe.*

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Port Chester (N.Y.) Daily Item*]

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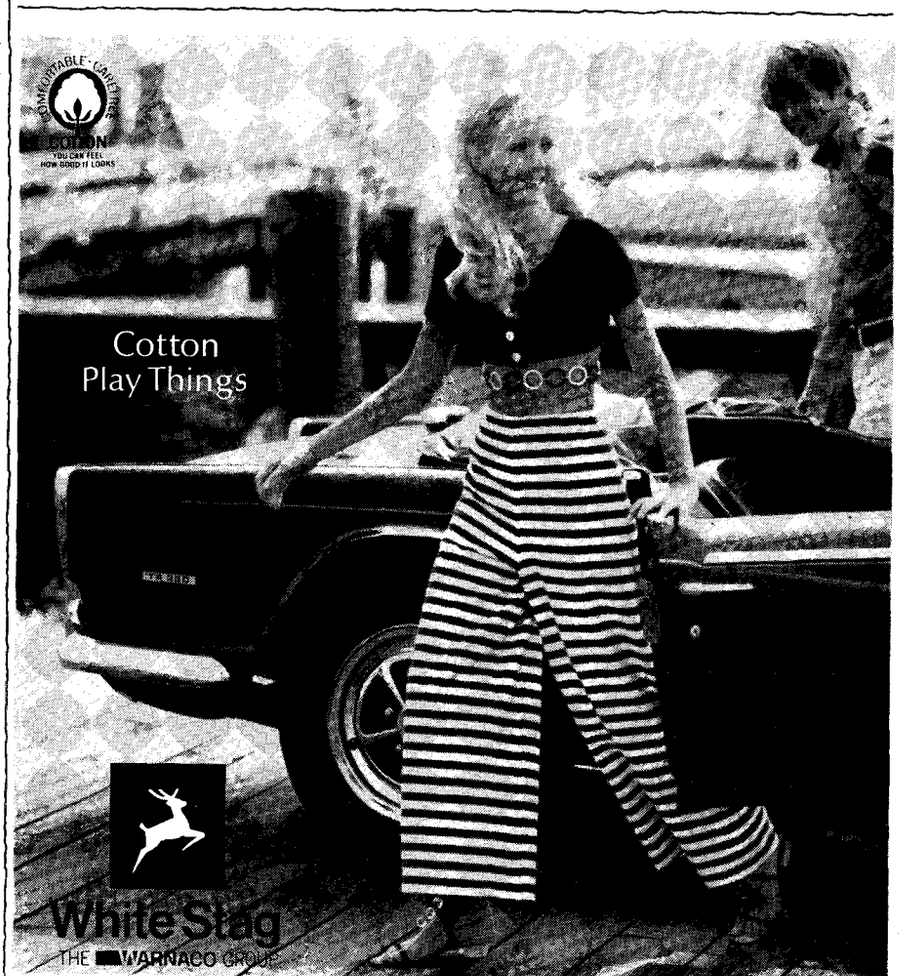

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Slavic Yawn

BORODIN's opera "Prince Igor," I am sorry to say (and I think I did say so when the Bolshoi company presented it in Montreal summer before last), is a bore. I suppose that if one was deeply immersed in the medieval Russian epic one might enjoy its scenes as picture-book illustrations of some of the events of that literary work. But the scenes are mere tableaux. There is no sense of continuity between them. There is no feeling of continuing drama, no dramatic tension, no deep depiction of character. It is true that a good deal of Russian opera is afflicted by this sort of discontinuity. Even Russia's greatest opera, "Boris Godunov," has the affliction. But the scenes of "Boris" are so exciting within themselves, the study of character is so profound, and the music is so original and moving that one forgets the disjointed aspects of the libretto. In "Prince Igor" these virtues do not exist. The music is often pretty, sometimes striking, and frequently of an almost musical-comedy order. The best part of it is the famous Polovtsian Dances, which for so long have appeared on popular symphonic programs.

Last Thursday night, the New York City Opera, for reasons that baffle me, chose to revive "Prince Igor." The opera had not been heard for many years in New York, and its last performance at the Metropolitan was a half century ago. At least the gesture permitted us to see why the work is so seldom done outside Russia. Boiled down to its essentials, the story of the opera concerns Igor's departure from wife and home to fight the invader Khan Kontchak, his capture (along with his son Vladimir) by the Khan, and the Khan's great hospitality in entertaining the captives and finally in allowing Igor to escape (his son remains to marry the Khan's daughter). Igor returns home, to find that his wife has been molested and reduced to penury by his evil, hard-drinking brother-in-law, Prince Galitzky. There is a final clinch, but nothing much in the way of retribution seems to happen to Prince Galitzky. There are some imprecations and promises of retaliation against the Khan, but that is about all. The Khan, during all this, remains an extremely likable, honorable, generous, and forgiving fellow—by far the most attractive male figure in the cast. But Frank Corsaro, the director of this production and a man addicted to touches of melodrama, has changed his character completely. In his version, Vladimir is shot in the back by the Khan's troops and deposited at Igor's feet, full of arrows and bloody, at the end of the Polovtsian Dances (this was, I assume, an effort by Mr. Corsaro to account for the fact that Vladimir does not appear in the last act), and Igor stabs the principal Polovtsian dancer while he is making his escape. No doubt some strict traditionalists will object strongly. Still, I can't get excited over these departures from the composer's intentions. As I see it, Mr. Corsaro's changes are a desperate attempt to inject some drama into an opera whose emotional temperature never rises above a Siberian zero.

The scenery, borrowed from the College-Conservatory of Music of the University of Cincinnati, for which it had been constructed by Will Steven Armstrong, is fairly attractive. The English translation, by Robert K. Evans, is on the pompous side. The choreography for the Polovtsian Dances, by Ron Sequoio, is simply awful. It looks like a second-rate floor show disinterred from the twenties. The star of the performance is Edward Villella, who dances the chief role in the Polovtsian Dances, and does so brilliantly. The singers, I regret to say, are not in Mr. Villella's class, but one of them a *slim*, six-foot tenor, John Stewart showed such promise that doubtless Mr. Bing will make a grab for him before long. Roy Samuelsen did Galitzky, Julian Patrick was the Igor, Maralin Niska his second wife, William Chapman a fairly good Khan, and Joy Davidson (another singer of promise) the Khan's daughter.

IMMEDIATELY after my recent unstinting praise of him for his interpretation of Bruckner's Ninth Symphony, Leonard Bernstein let me down. The occasion was a Gala Pension Fund Benefit Concert last week by the Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall, where a very much cut concert version of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" was presented with the help of Eileen Farrell as Isolde, Jess Thomas as Tristan, and Joanna Simon as Bran-

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gaene. The audience was in ecstasies, but I think that its enthusiasm was for the Wagner score, which is, after all, a tremendous musical experience. The performance was mediocre indeed. I do not know how much rehearsal had been assigned to this performance; it sounded like virtually no rehearsal at all. Meanwhile, Mr. Bernstein gave an exhibition of podium histrionics that outdid anything I had ever seen him do. If, as the recent biography of him by John Gruen says, these histrionics are unconscious and due to Mr. Bernstein's utter absorption in the music and obliviousness of his surroundings, then I think that a little awareness of his surroundings and a little conscious discipline are in order. A man in a state of frenzy cannot possibly control the long lines of a score as complex as "Tristan," and Mr. Bernstein did not control them. Phrases were run into each other, clarity of definition of melody and counterpoint was missing, and the whole massive score was done in a way that obscured nearly all its subtleties. Miss Simon, singing offstage, did her bit during the second-act love scene quite well. Mr. Thomas is not really a *Heldentenor*, but he seems to be the closest approach to one that we have around, and he did his role with dignity and style. As for Miss Farrell, I was one of her original admirers, but I am her admirer no longer. She could have been an artist of the stature of Birgit Nilsson if she had persevered with her operatic career. Instead, she has been devoting herself almost exclusively to a career as a television entertainer, and the results showed. She sang poorly and inaccurately until she got to the "Liebestod"—something she knows well because she has recorded it. Then, and then only, did she show any vestiges of her old artistry.

ON Monday evening, I attended the one event of last week that I found entirely satisfying. This was Eugen Jochum's performance of Bruckner's Fifth Symphony with the American Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. Rarely has such a Bruckner performance been heard here. I remember only one comparable instance, and that was when Karajan performed the Eighth in the same surroundings with the Vienna Philharmonic ten years ago. Mr. Jochum is, of course, a famous Bruckner specialist, his recordings of the complete Bruckner symphonies for Deutsche Grammophon being a treasured item in the collection of any record buff who is also a Bruckner buff. Under his baton, the youthful or-

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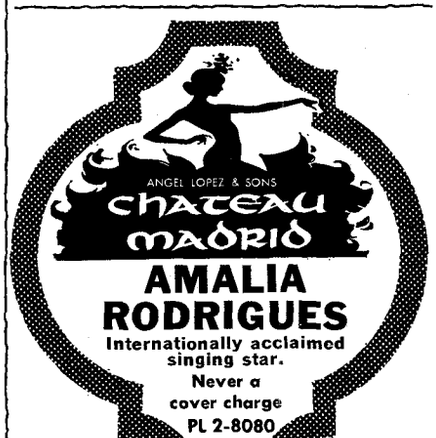

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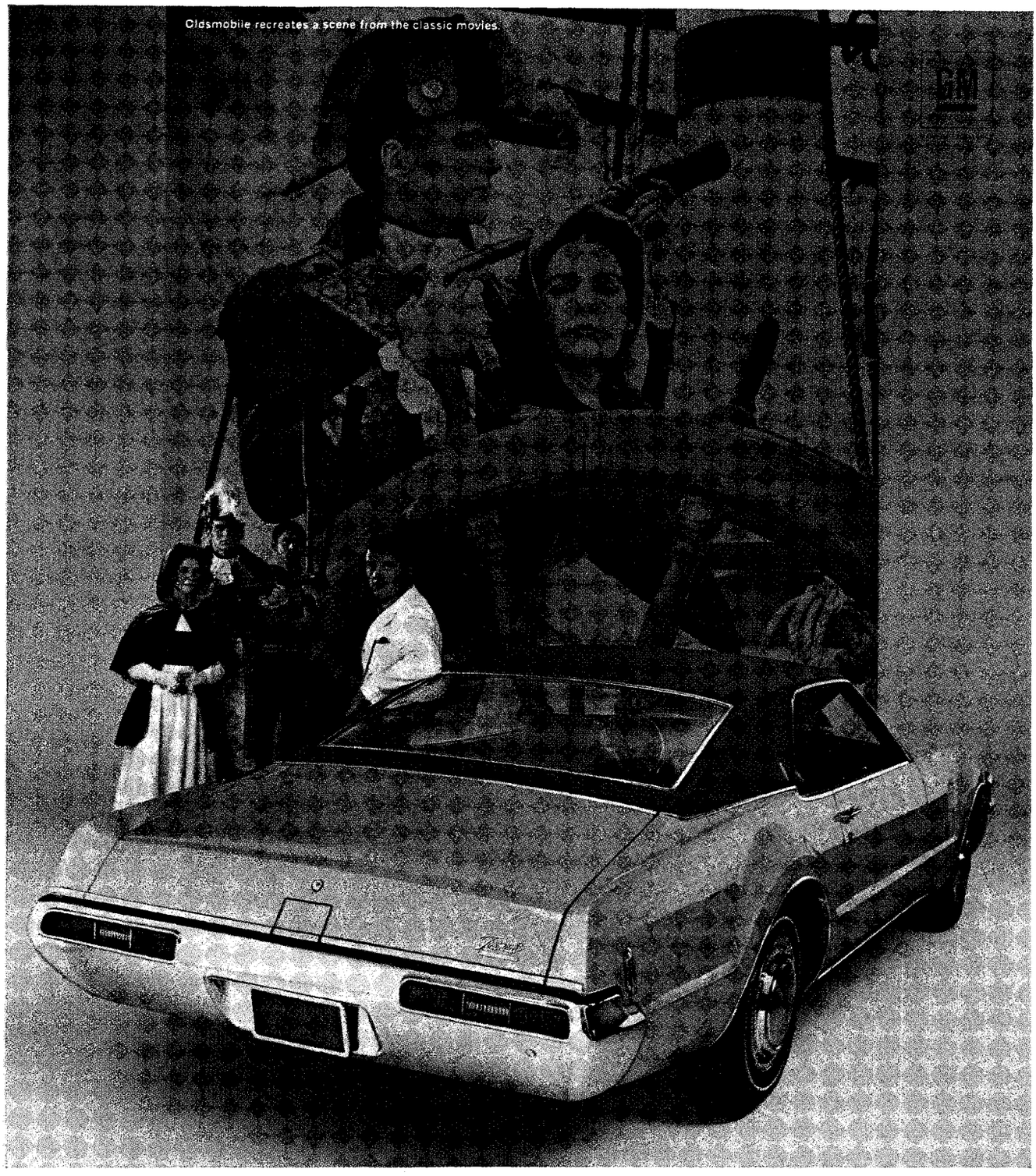

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chestra took on a mature, Middle European tone and played with exquisite care. Mr. Jochum did not do anything extreme with the score. He was faithful to every note, and his interpretation was anything but mannered. It had, however, a miraculous smoothness and logic. All those enormous contrasts that are to be found in a Bruckner score were made to seem inevitable, and the work was treated so gently that it sounded as if it had been written by a lyric composer like Schubert. The two-against-three opening of the Adagio was done with the utmost accuracy and yet without any show of the look-I-am-conducting-three-with-my-right-hand-and-two-with-my-left sort. The Scherzo, which is probably the most complicated one ever written and can sound so if the conductor allows it to, went by like a feather in the wind, with that delightful little two-quarter nugget in its exact center shining with rhythmic ebullience. The tempos in this involved scherzo, which are a vital part of its structure, were always precisely right, as they were, for that matter, during the entire symphony. The finale, with its tremendous double fugue, is perhaps the most imposing of all Bruckner finales. In it, Mr. Jochum brought in the great masses of brass sound with just the right degree of power, building toward the splendid climax with a carefully controlled, step-by-step plan. And yet the whole thing seemed so spontaneous that one was scarcely aware of the plan. *This* is what I call conducting. To start the evening off, Mr. Jochum chose Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, which was done impeccably.

The audience was not large. It should have been. This was one of the great occasions of the musical season.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

BELMONT—New courses in drugs, smoking and alcohol will be taught in the town's schools because this teaching isn't being done anywhere else, the Assistant Superintendent has announced.

The new classes are scheduled to begin Feb. 24. Smoking will be taught in Grades Six and Seven; alcohol in Grades Eight and 11, and drugs in Grades Nine and 12.—*Lexington (Mass.) Minute-man.*

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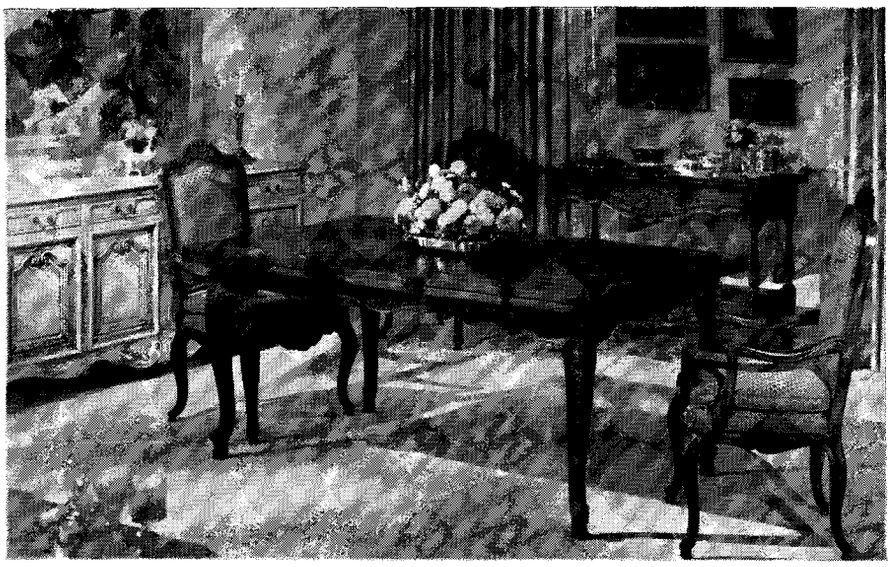

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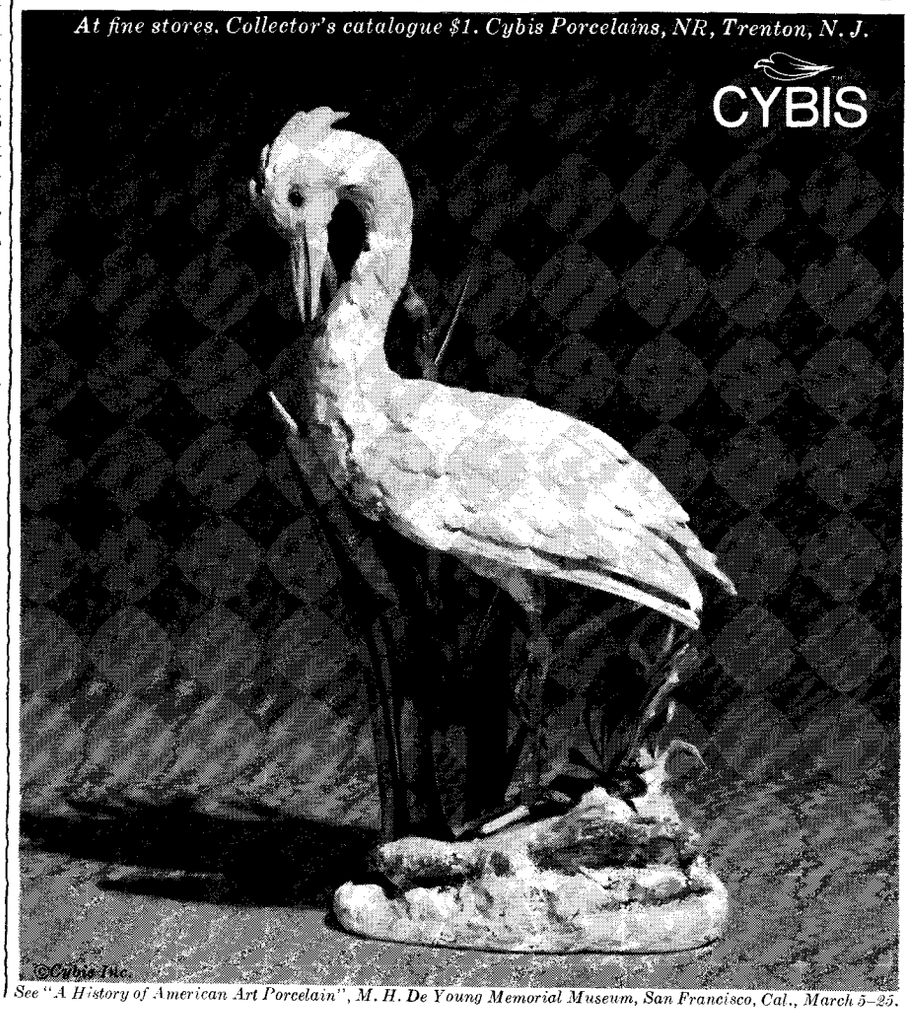

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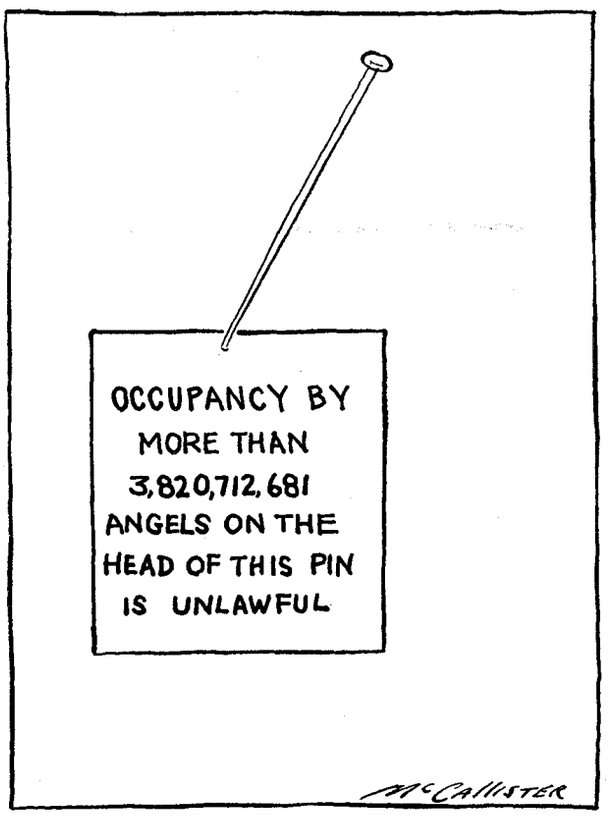
U.S. JOURNAL: SUMTER COUNTY, S.C.

TURKS

THE Turks who live in Sumter County aren't really Turks. But then, in a way, people are whatever they're called. In the city of Sumter, about ten or fifteen miles from where the Turks live, a white citizen may joke about their being a mixture of all sorts of things, and then describe one as "more your pure Turk." A school official I talked with in Sumter County spread his arms out in a V in front of him and said, "Right here, all within ten miles of where you're sitting, is the only Turkish community on the continent of North America. Oh, there may be a Turk who has come over and lives in New York, or something, but this is the only Turkish community." The Sumter County Turks have nothing in common with a Turk who has come over to live in New York. They know nothing about cooking shish kebab or hating Greeks. Their closest known ancestral link with Turkey is not precisely with Turkey: it is said that the founders of the community—two men who, having fought with General Thomas Sumter during the American Revolution, were given land by the General around his plantation—were an oddly named Frenchman called Scott and Joseph Benenhaley, who is usually identified as a Moor or an Arab. Some Sumter County Turks look rather like Arabs. But some look rather like American Indians, some look rather like Cape Coloreds, some look exactly like the Scotch-Irish farmers who have traditionally snubbed them, and some look rather like—well, like Turks. Throughout the Southeast, there have always been communities of people who constitute a third race, usually discriminated against by whites and almost always segregating themselves from Negroes—dark-skinned people of mysterious origin who are called names like Brass Ankles or Wesorts or Red Bones or Buckheads. Most of the groups apparently descend from remnants of Indian tribes that long ago intermarried with whites and with freed or escaped slaves. In a book called "Almost White," an anthropologist named Brewton Berry refers to them as mestizos, and includes the Turks among groups whose names—Moors, Greeks, Portuguese, Arabs, Guineas—seem to reflect attempts by the locals to account for a dark and exotic appearance. Oxendine and Lowry, two names that are common among the Sumter County Turks, are also common among the twenty or thirty thousand people in Robeson County, North Carolina, known as Lumbee Indians. There are still a lot of Turks named Benenhaley, but there are also Turks named Hood and Ray. There may be no more reason to believe that the Turks are Turkish than there is to believe that the Brass Ankles have brass ankles, but the name has become part of their identity. "The men are mostly of the small-farmer or tenant class and most of them are poor," an article in the Columbia *State* said in 1928. "They are not aggressive and seem to accept their lot with truly Eastern fatalism." In recent years, newspaper reporters trying to be respectful have occasionally called the Turks "people of Turkish descent." The Turks would just as soon not be called anything at all. They have never taken much interest in whether or not they are "of Turkish descent." In South Carolina, talk about the descent of dark and mysterious people can lead to only one suspicion—the suspicion that the Turks have always despised and dreaded. "I always knew I wasn't colored," I was told by one member of the community, a woman who might have been taken for an Indian or a gypsy. "And I never paid any attention to none of that other stuff."



THE one racial fact that every Turk is certain of is that he is, in the words of one Turk I spoke with, "as white-blooded as any man who walks the earth." He is also certain that his neighbors are always ready to believe he is part Negro. Around the time of the First World War, Sumter's great-grandson, stating that he was passing on what his father had learned from the General himself, wrote that the Turks were definitely without Negro ancestors, Benenhaley having been "a Caucasian of Arab descent" who married a white woman. It is said that the General himself guaranteed the Turks' right to serve on juries by walking into a courtroom and publicly shaking hands with a Turk who had been challenged. Turks always voted in the Democratic primary, and fought in wars as white troops. There was even an element of whiteness in the way they were segregated: they attended a special school for Turks only but were taught by white teachers, and after 1904 they had their own church, the Long Branch Baptist, but always retained white pastors (before that, when they attended High Hills Baptist with Negroes and whites, they sat downstairs with the white people—on their own side of the aisle). Whites didn't marry Turks, and Turks didn't marry Negroes—or, it is said, were ostracized if they did. Before the Second World War, Turks married almost exclusively within their own community; among the three hundred or so Turks in Sumter County, there are only a half-dozen surnames. As a third racial element, with a tenuous grasp on whiteness, the Turks never knew when they might be rebuffed. But as a rural people with their own church and school they presented few opportunities to those who might rebuff them. Their neighbors knew them as poor people who were usually law-abiding and who loved to hunt and fish and who distrusted outsiders. The box for Race on their birth certificates said "Turk."

During the war, what is now Shaw Air Force Base was

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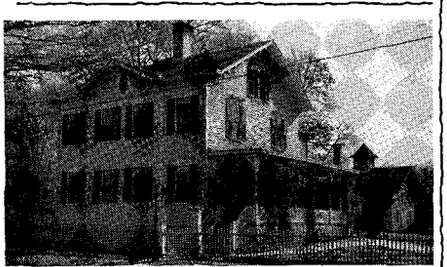
established on thousands of acres of land near General Sumter's old plantation—including part of the land Turks had always farmed. Shaw provided steady employment for the Turks, and some of them apparently lost the truly Eastern fatalism necessary for accepting their lot as poor, uneducated country folk. A few years after the war, the Turks asked that their children be admitted to Hillcrest, the local white high school. There was no question of the Turks' separate facilities being equal; their school only went through tenth grade. The school board found it politic to make the Turks sue for admission, but the suit was not seriously contested. The Turks' children did not have an easy time at Hillcrest; some social events were cancelled, or arranged in a way that made it possible to exclude Turks. It seems to have been the kind of reaction that had traditionally caused the Turks to withdraw into their own community, but a couple of years after the Hillcrest integration they asked that their children go to the regular white grade schools as well. A federal district judge ordered the Turks into the grade schools in September of 1953. The white children boycotted classes, and the judge withdrew the order. The case went back into court, and, with one thing and another, the Turks were not admitted until eight years later.

For the Turks, it was an unpleasant eight years, full of experiences that must have reinforced the strong feeling among them that it's always better to leave well enough alone. The hearings and depositions of the case brought to the surface that pseudo-anthropology which has always thrived among white Southerners the way voodoo thrives among Haitians. The school board presented depositions from local people stating that the Turks "are dark-skinned and have other features different and distinct from the white race and are not considered white people in the community in which they reside." A member of the school board testified in a deposition that a Turkish officer from Turkey who was training at Shaw Air Force Base had been taken by him to see some of "the race alleged to be Turkish" and that the officer "upon leaving told this deponent that these people were not of the Turkish race." A deposition defending the Turks reported that a local physician who had been "making a scientific study of this group of people" believed that "they are Caucasians, although from what he is able to learn they were originally of Arab descent," and went



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on, "Like the upper classes of India, who are definitely Aryans, their color is not as fair as the North European people, but color alone does not determine race. None of their features are negroid." (An earlier defender, the writer of the Columbia *State* article in 1928, had said, "Their skin, though dark, is thin, showing a rosy tint in the cheeks of the young people. Their features are decidedly Caucasian, their ankles and wrists slender, and their insteps arched. No flat feet, flat noses, thick lips, or curly hair are found among them.") The school-board lawyers dug up old census reports to show that some Turks were once listed as "free colored persons," and attempted to show through an old will that they were, as one deponent put it, "tainted with Negro blood."

It was not just that the Turks were accused of being Negroes. As the case progressed, they seemed to be put in the position of having to behave like Negroes. After the Supreme Court desegregation decision of 1954, their suit became increasingly similar to the kind of suit they would have joined their white neighbors in denouncing—the kind of suit by which Negroes tried to "force their way into the schools." The Turks wanted to be in the white schools *because* they were white. When they finally won, it didn't seem like a victory. One of the Turks who instituted the suit told me that he thought it had probably caused his people to think less of him, and that he has tried to avoid talking about the subject ever since. The Sumter lawyer who finally won the decision—Ira Kaye, who is now with the Office of Economic Opportunity in Washington—is one of the few outsiders who have ever amassed any trust among the Turks, but his plans to push for changes in birth certificates and investigations of job discrimination were not pursued by his clients after he left Sumter. The Turks are happy to have their children in the white school, but would just as soon forget how they got there.

THE area where the Turks have always lived, between Dalzell and Stateburg, is still rural in some ways. There are country churches, stores with gas pumps outside of them, farms planted in soybeans and peanuts and cotton, and even an old plantation house or two. But a lot of the land between Dalzell and Stateburg is now within the fence that surrounds Shaw Air Force Base, and that fence is itself surrounded by trailer camps and beer joints, strung along like an outer

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perimeter of defense. The tract housing that goes along with Shaw reaches almost to the Long Branch Baptist Church. The church's two red brick buildings look rather new and bare, like a lot of the church buildings that accompany tract housing, but the cemetery in back looks like a traditional country cemetery—old headstones, many of them inscribed with the name Benenhaley, shaded by gnarled, moss-covered trees. Hillcrest School also has a new-looking building, and its sixteen hundred students now include not only Turks but a couple of hundred Negroes. Its former building, just across the highway, is now the Thomas Sumter Academy, an all-white private school of the kind that has been started around the South in recent years by people who feel so strongly against sending their children to school with Negroes that they're willing to pay money to avoid it. The lot of the Turks who attend high school has been helped by the tendency of local whites to send their children to the Academy, leaving Hillcrest largely to airbase children, most of whom are not endowed by inheritance with a precise knowledge of how Turks are to be treated in Sumter County. "We've had very few of them to go ahead and graduate," a county school official told me, but of the relatively few Turks who became seniors at Hillcrest this year one boy is near the top of his class and two girls have been accepted at a nearby college. Some of the Turks are still poor, and most of them are uneducated. Those who work at Shaw work mainly as unskilled employees in places like the warehouse or the motor pool. But steady employment at Shaw and at some of the factories in Sumter has given many Turks a kind of economic security that would have been unimaginable before the war. A few of them, perhaps combining a job at Shaw with running a trailer park or some housebuilding, have done fairly well, and now live among the careful knickknack cabinets and tinted wedding pictures of the emerging middle class.

There is undoubtedly less discrimination against Turks in Sumter County now than there was in the past, and Turks are reluctant to acknowledge the discrimination that does exist. Having seen light-skinned relatives avoid trouble by moving a few miles into the next county, they tend to say that the only people blindly committed to snubbing them are the whites who have always lived in the immediate vicinity—"that little ring around Dalzell." Local Negroes, in turn, sometimes single out the Turks as the area's most in-

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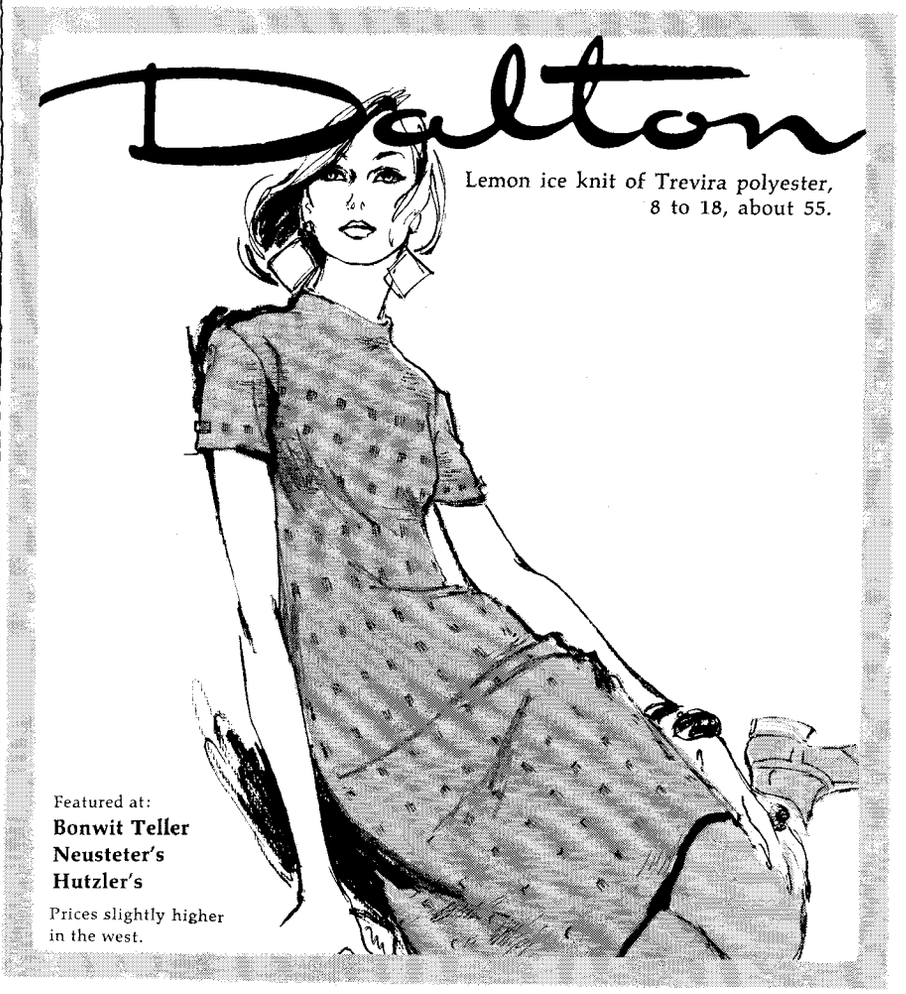
transigent segregationists; Negroes making light of a Turk who used to be poorer than they were and is now intent on living the life of a middle-class-white segregationist sometimes sound like Turks sneering at the "poor crackers" who insist on sending their children to the Thomas Sumter Academy. "Some of 'em come into my house for coffee and I go to theirs," a Negro woman who grew up in the area told me. "But some of 'em actually thinks they're white." In the city of Sumter, a white person who has heard of the Turks may mention that they are generally upstanding and respectable people—and he may mention something about how some people think they're part colored but there might be nothing to it. In Dalzell, I met a woman who was much more direct—a stout woman in slacks who was sitting in the back of a small store drinking a Coke. "They're not Turks, you know," she told me. "I tell you what they are—they're part nigger. The whites wouldn't associate with 'em, so they had to marry with the colored." She took another swig of the Coke and smiled. "Oh, they got some of it in 'em, all right," she said.

The Turks still tend to stick together, and they still dread having attention called to them. But there are now a few non-Turk families from Shaw attending Long Branch Baptist. Local whites still don't marry Turks, but since the war an increasing number of the community's girls have married white airmen from Shaw. It is even possible that someday the Turks will no longer exist. Their existence as a group is now largely a function of family relationships and mutual protection; they have no special traditions to carry on except a love of hunting and an obsession about being white. I asked an elder of the Long Branch Baptist Church what he thought about the possibility of the Turks' gradually merging into the general population. A few minutes before, he had told me that he was, of course, proud of being a Turk but that many of his people were sort of timid about it. He thought for a while, and then he said, "I think maybe the majority'd be better off if it did play out."

WHATEVER untapped inclination toward race pride the Turks have should have been brought out in 1963, when, to everyone's surprise, Muhittin Güven, a Turkish Member of Parliament on a State Department tour of the United States, stopped in Sumter to pay them a good-will



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visit. Kenan Taspinar, a New York businessman retained to serve as Güven's escort and interpreter, had read about the school case in the *Times* and suggested that Sumter be included on Güven's itinerary. "When the State Department called me, I tried to tell them it wasn't really relevant," Ira Kaye has recalled. "But they insisted." By the time Güven arrived in Sumter, it was not easy to tell that the presence of the Turks had been the original reason for his visit. He went on the usual rounds—receiving the key to the city, attending a dinner and reception the mayor gave in his honor at the Holiday Inn, inspecting tobacco markets and a furniture factory. Only one line, deep in the Sumter *Item's* account of the festivities, mentioned that he had also visited "the Turkish-American community at Stateburg." A man from the Sumter Chamber of Commerce was with him. "We had a real nice covered-dish supper at the church," the Chamber of Commerce man told me. "We took a picture of him with the old king out there, and, you know, they could have passed for brothers—although the old king was darker." The local man in the picture was Julius Benenhaley, who has never been a king but was for a long time an elder at the Long Branch Baptist Church. A cheerful, straightforward man in his seventies who looks like the patriarch of some particularly robust Middle Eastern or Southern European clan, he lives on a small farm not far from Hillcrest School. "I'm proud of my Turkish blood," Benenhaley told me. "That's why I was proud to meet that man who come all the way from Turkey." It might be thought that all Turks would have been delighted to have public confirmation of their Turkish origins, but a lot of Turks don't like any talk about origins, and there was a strong feeling that any outsider could bring only harm. Still, a number of people turned out at the church, and Güven, by all accounts, had a fine time. The Chamber of Commerce man says that Güven thought the Turks might have originally been Maltese. Taspinar, the interpreter, believes they could have been North Africans who were part of the Ottoman Empire. Benenhaley remembers Güven as a great fellow, and treasures the picture of the two of them together. Some of the other Turks are still suspicious. "He *said* he was a Turk," I was told by one woman. "I don't know what he was, but he wasn't no Turk. He looked more like an Indian." —CALVIN TRILLIN

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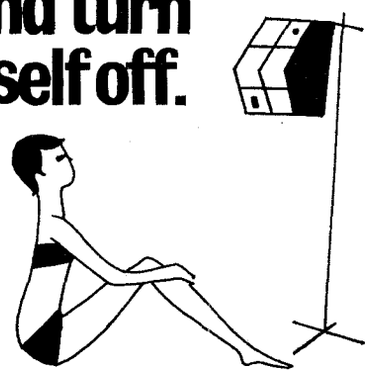

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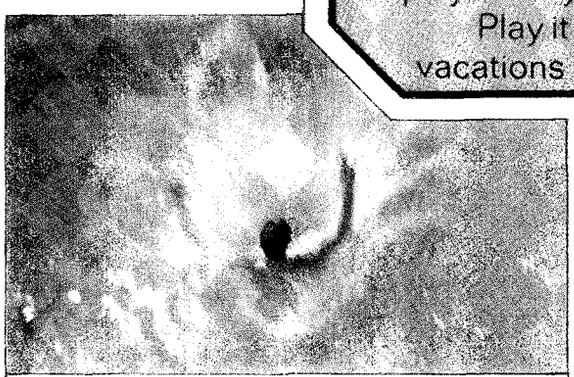

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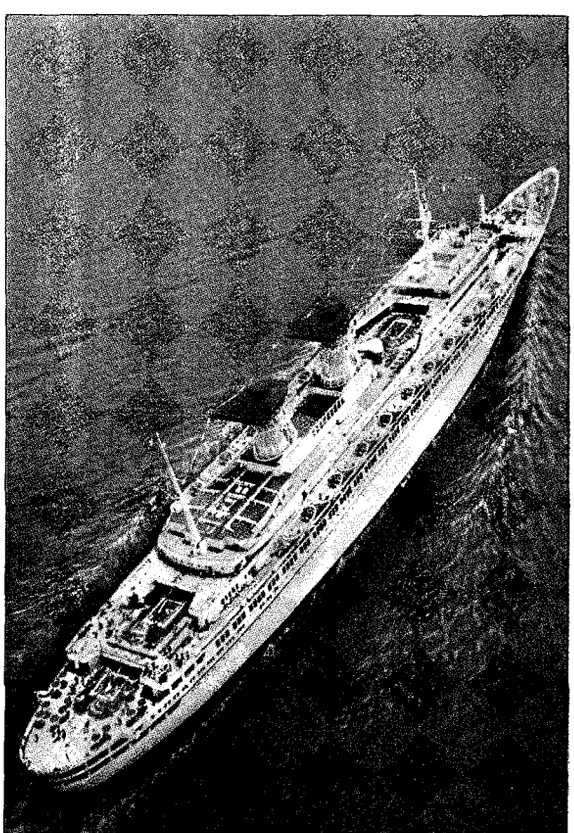

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THE RACE TRACK

Bad News

THESE notes have seldom been written with a heavier heart, for, as you may have heard, Dark Mirage, this department's favorite filly, broke down in the Santa Margarita Handicap at Santa Anita last Saturday. From all accounts, she was caught in a jam at the start, and her right foreleg was injured. Belmonte, who rode her, pulled her up as quickly as he could, and she was taken from the track to her stable in a horse ambulance. Next day, Everett King, her trainer, said the damage was to the sesamoid bones, which are at the rear of the ankle. King added that it wasn't very serious. This, of course, is mere guesswork and may well be wishful thinking. The hard fact is that anything that happens to the sesamoid bones is serious. It will be a miracle indeed if she recovers in full the brilliance that last season set so many racecourses and so many of the hearts of her admirers on fire. She was such a gay little thing at her peak, wiggling her ears prettily while she was being saddled, and winning race after race by lengths. For the record, Princessnesian won the Santa Margarita in a photo finish from Guest Room, with Sinking Spring third. Gamely, the winner last year, was scratched, because the track was slow, thanks to the unprecedented rains out there. Frankly, I was surprised that Dark Mirage wasn't scratched, too; she has never liked that sort of footing.

AT Santa Anita earlier in the week, Majestic Prince preserved his unbeaten record, now five straight, by a four-length victory in the San Jacinto Stakes, at one mile. Mr. Joe F., who led on sufferance to the far turn, was second, and Elect the Ruler was third. The time was 1:36⅗. The Prince's final winding-up gallop for the Santa Anita Derby is expected to be in the San Felipe Handicap, at a mile and a sixteenth, a week from Saturday.

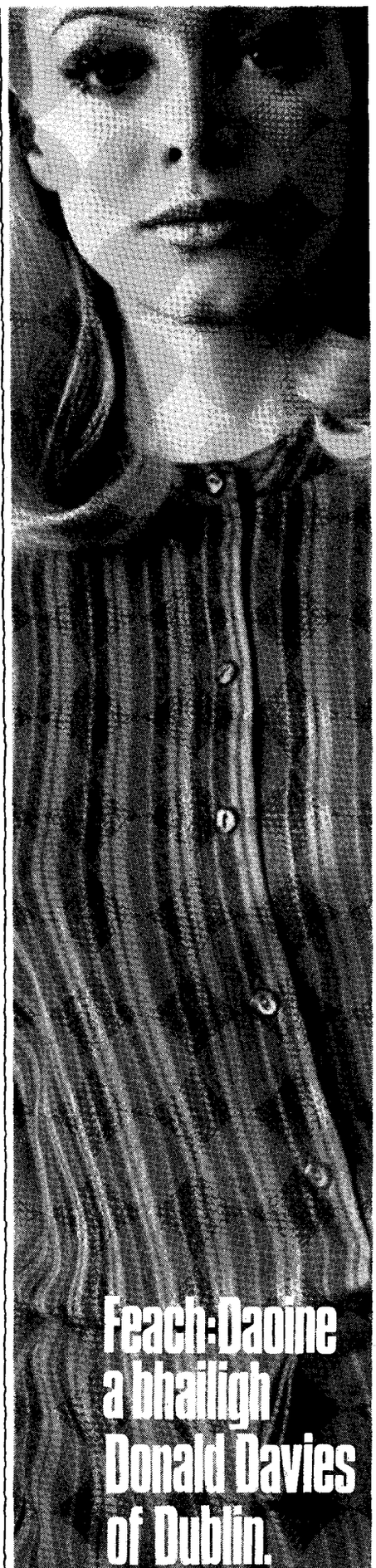
THE courage of two horses and the skill of their riders combined to mark the racing elsewhere last weekend. In Florida, Blanquette II, an English mare, led from beginning to end of the Hialeah Turf Cup, at a mile and a half, to win from Czar Alexander, an Irish colt who is her stablemate. Both are owned by Gus Ring, a Washingtonian who likes to buy his horses abroad. James Cox Brady's Hibernian—another English colt, even though his mama's name is Hibernia—was third. Blanquette II, a speedball, was expected to set a fast early pace and pave the way for her stablemate to come on in the last quarter, but she kept right on going. As for Hibernian, he made his first start at Hialeah—which he won—in a claiming race on the opening day, in January, with a price tag of $50,000 on him. Colonel Martingale remembers when you could buy a small stable for $50,000.

I suppose you could put Juvenile John down as a Bowie horse. A Maryland-bred, he has turned in his better efforts over that racecourse. (As you may remember, he won the Southern Maryland Handicap there early in the meeting.) Though the mile and a sixteenth of the John B. Campbell Handicap was farther than he likes to go, he led all the way in the renewal of that fixture last Saturday, winning with something to spare from his old rival Barbs Delight. Iron Ruler was third. The race was run in a small snowstorm, but that didn't put Iron Ruler, who had come up from Hialeah, off his stride nearly as much as the crowding he got from Balustrade at the first turn.

IT was only a question of time before a girl would ride against the boys at Santa Anita. Mrs. Tuesdee Testa, who gallops horses mornings for Everett King (one of her exercise mounts has been Dark Mirage), had a go at it early last week and was last most of the way in a claimer at six and a half furlongs. She rode again on Saturday, and this time she won at six furlongs on something named Buz On. Last weekend, Diane Crump also rode a winner, Bridle n' Bit, at Florida Downs. It was especially gratifying for her, since her home is at Oldsmar, not far from the track.

IT is with regret that this department reports the death of Alex Bower last week in Lexington, Kentucky, after a long illness. For many years he was closely identified with various sides of racing, and always in its best interests. He will be missed.

—AUDAX MINOR



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Small Winner

SOME years ago, Jean-Luc Godard described François Truffaut's films as "rigorous and tender." I don't think this any longer applies. Truffaut's new film, "Stolen Kisses," is charming, certainly, and likable, but it's too likable, too *easily* likable. It won the Grand Prix du Cinéma Français (which, like the Academy Award here, is given by the industry) and the 1968 Prix Méliès (which is given by the critics), and it may become Truffaut's biggest popular success in America. The timing for its arrival is perfect; people are, no doubt, starved for a romantic comedy that says it's good to be alive. But "Stolen Kisses" isn't rigorous, and without rigor the tenderness is a little flabby. "Stolen Kisses" is a series of improvisations on the young manhood and love life of Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud), who was first presented at twelve, suffering from the callousness and injustice of the adult world, in "The 400 Blows," and later appeared as an adolescent in Truffaut's episode of "Love at Twenty." When I saw Antoine in "The 400 Blows," I thought he was basically a healthy and resilient child who wasn't too badly off—not as badly off as the picture made him out to be. But I didn't think Truffaut saw it that way, and the frozen frame at the end, with Antoine looking at the sea, suggested that his future was hopeless. Now Truffaut has made him so healthy that I can't believe that that sensitive boy could have become so *trivially* healthy. The child's desperation has disappeared, and the adult world is now a collection of harmless eccentrics, some of them unfortunate but most of them—well, lovable. Truffaut has turned Antoine into the sad sack who wins. In earlier periods of the movies, the Chaplinesque figures were generally losers, but now—"The Graduate" led the way—the traditional loser types have become small winners.

The New Wave showed that it was easier to make films than the older generation had indicated, but there is a danger in this easiness which "Stolen Kisses" makes apparent: the possibility of losing the sense of illusion. This movie is so lightly done that the improvisatory style undercuts not merely the believability of the characters and incidents but the very beauty and mystery of movie art itself. The throwaway quality—the ease with which the story seems to make itself up as it goes along—is meant to be the picture's charm, and to some degree it is, but when we can see how it is all done, we may also lose interest. The feat of a master of improvisation would be to achieve the looseness and texture of "life" and the "magic" of movie art simultaneously—to tell a story as if it had been found. Truffaut fails to give us the feeling that he has discovered just what he needed. "Stolen Kisses" seems not a found story but a planted story, and so superficially and clumsily rooted that we are conscious of the filmmaking process and of the players trotting around the streets of Paris playacting for the camera. From the very first shots, when Antoine is being discharged from the military, his face in closeup is reacting to onlookers rather than to the man he is listening to, and all through the movie there's an imprecision in the material, and especially in the editing, that makes us aware of the casualness of the moviemaking. And in this informal atmosphere of just-pretend acting, and with a story that is surely meant to be taken only as the excuse for a movie, such directorial interjections as closeups of the twisting hands of a homosexual are surprisingly cheap. There are so many playful false leads that one keeps thinking the movie is heading somewhere, instead of enjoying where it's at. When it's good, it has something of the idiosyncratic freedom of a Sacha Guitry comedy like "Assassins et Voleurs." There is a delightful little documentary interpolation on the speedy mail service, a lovely moment when the heroine (Claude Jade) teaches the hero a method of buttering toast, a bit of lunatic comedy when a husband, trying to simulate outrage, throws the flowers from a vase instead of throwing the vase. And, best of all, there's a marvellous character invention: Michel Lonsdale as M. Tabard, who can't understand why people don't like him and thinks there must be a conspiracy. But when it isn't good it falls back on being "beguiling."

Truffaut's aim has become, it appears, purely to please. Perhaps this is what Truffaut has really learned from Hitchcock. In his book on Hitchcock, whenever Hitchcock explains how something was calculated to tease and please the audience, Truffaut interprets

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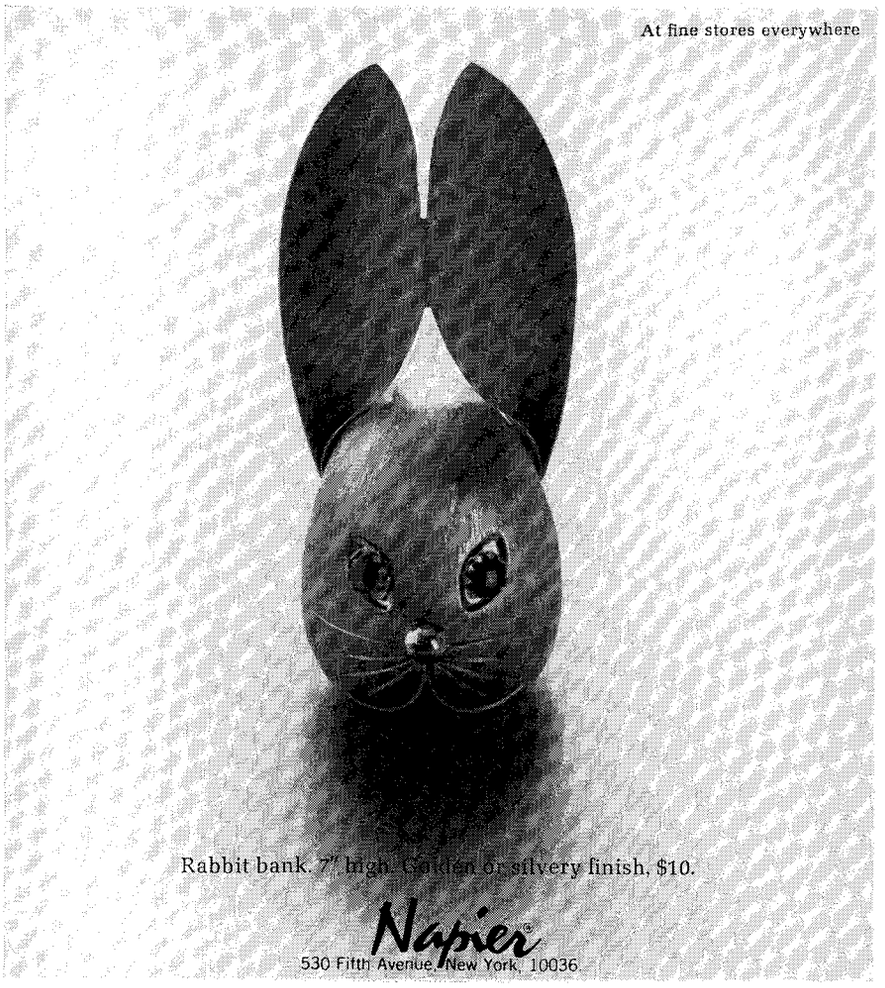
the explanation as if this were the meaning of art. It can, however, be the meaning of commerce, and of emptiness. We can all surely put up with love-in-bloom, and I don't mind boulevard farce, but this movie keeps slipping in and out of the form, and it lacks the *crassness* of boulevard farce—which can be a kind of rigor. Truffaut doesn't bother to create even the central character; he uses Léaud as he used Jeanne Moreau in "The Bride Wore Black"—for what the actor already is. In "Stolen Kisses" Truffaut seems to start with the assumption that we already love his little Antoine and will find his ineptness and incompetence adorable. But I liked Antoine for his strength, and that is gone. Léaud has grown up for us in Godard's films, where he seems more the Antoine we knew as a child than he does in this Truffaut film. Truffaut makes him childish and diminutive, and less than the child he was. When Léaud becomes intense in one sequence—looking in the mirror and chanting the names of his two loves—he is too strong for this film, and leaves it in ruins behind him, because the idea of "Stolen Kisses" is an anti-passionate, anti-serious twentieth-century *éducation sentimentale*. It's a carefree view of romance; when a man declares undying love for the heroine, she observes, "He must be crazy." But it's a careless and, oh, so forgettable movie—almost a disposable movie. Truffaut himself appears to be such a small talent in "Stolen Kisses" that it may seem like overreacting even to put it down because it's so inoffensive in every way except in being so inoffensive.

"THREE IN THE ATTIC" is a sophomoric sex comedy—a sex-exploitation picture with the basic values and outlook of a rather square fraternity boy—but a pretty good case can be made for collegiate lowbrow humor when it's blatant about its purposes, and not coated with the archness of Old Broadway. Christopher Jones' Paxton Quigley is the opposite of Dustin Hoffman's Benjamin; he's closer to those weird neo-Nazi blond boys who were whacking each other with towels in "The Graduate." He's a tough and wily seducer, and Jones himself is a wily actor; he looks like James Dean, but he doesn't look hurt or wounded, and his character here doesn't seem to ask for sympathy or protection. Dean was always "misunderstood," but it's just about impossible to misunderstand Jones. He's the American as a young dog. In a sense, he's the American as enemy—the unredeemed self-centered, carnal frat



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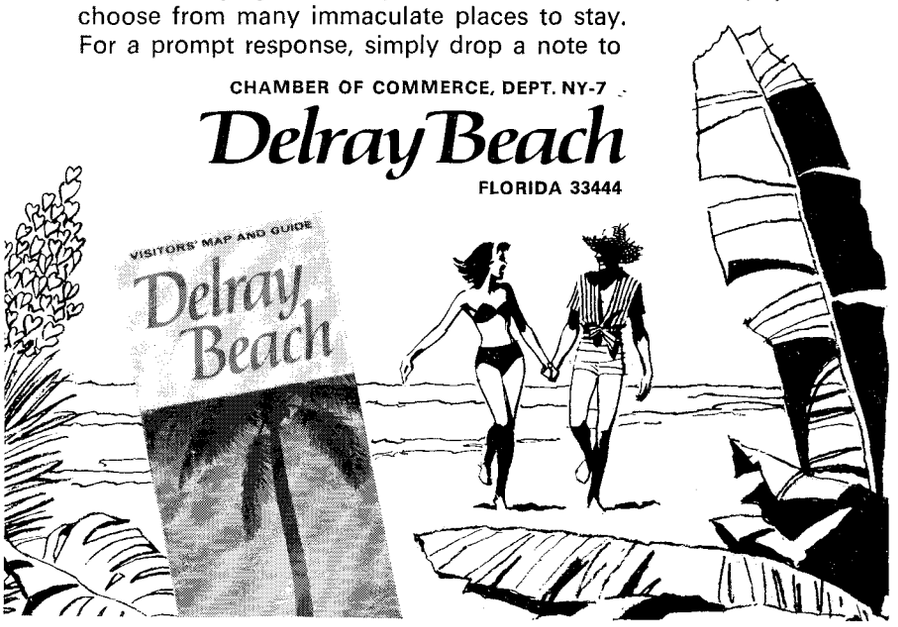

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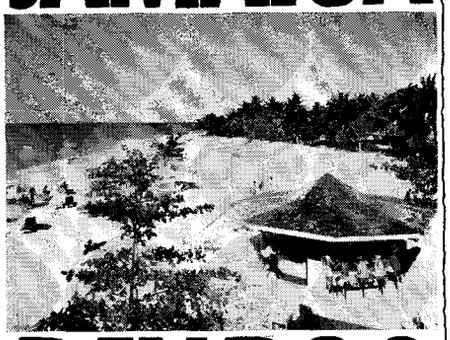

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boy—but if you have watched something like "The Experiment" on television or have been going to recent youth-oriented movies, Paxton Quigley's single-minded preoccupation with sex seems as refreshing as Andy Hardy's naïveté; he's too busy groping somebody to be searching for himself, and he isn't creative. As soon as a moviemaker serves up a self-righteous hero who is a tender idealist worrying about his soul, he thinks he's making art and a statement about our time, but this movie seems to be made without pretension or hypocrisy. "Three in the Attic" is coarse-minded without being tough-minded, but that coarseness nevertheless has something liberating in it. The "Beach Party" movies may have shown a lot of wiggling and a little flesh, but the principals—Annette Funicello and Frankie Avalon and all—were pure and smirky. "Three in the Attic" is new-style corny Americana without the coyness and prissiness. There is too much soft-focus lyricism and leaping about, the last third is poor, and some of the trying-to-be-bright lines are real thudders, but it does have an openness of attitude that is a pleasant change in youth-exploitation pictures.

"THE NIGHT OF THE FOLLOWING DAY" is a very bad kidnapping-for-ransom movie, and the audience laughs at it, but the audience also laughs with it and somehow seems to be having a good time. It is taken from another of those Lionel White pulps (Stanley Kubrick used one for "The Killing," and Godard used one as some kind of starting point for "Pierrot le Fou"), and I have a hunch that it may be taken up and turned into a "classic" crime picture—particularly abroad, where people won't be able to *hear* the worst of it. Hubert Cornfield, the writer-director, points the camera up a girl's skirt. Wow! What technique! Cornfield is a former graphic designer who in the past has joked in interviews about producers' calling him an "arty director," but even producers can be right now and then. "The Night of the Following Day" is that mixture of the fancy and the stupid which makes a movie an art movie in the worst sense. The film is handsomely designed in gold and brown and blue and black, and has the characters silhouetted against white walls; the scheme is so stylized that the hero and his girl have gold hair. The opening looks promising, but then the characters start to talk a pseudo-casual gangster jargon; this sub-banal way of talking is very likely a deliberate attempt to be

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cool, but the actors' faces are so blank and their language has so little relation to the design that it sounds funny. Aiming at coolness is not only not a very high aspiration, it's a risky one. From scene to scene, the actors don't seem sure whether or not to take the movie seriously, and the audience shows the same uncertainty about the actors.

The reaction of the audience is so ambivalent that the movie may gain a certain fame from this alone. And Cornfield did something that has turned out to be awfully shrewd: in two of the cardboard-cutout roles he cast Marlon Brando and Richard Boone—actors who have such phenomenal audience rapport that the audience is *with* them even when they're doing nothing, and doing that badly. I don't think that Brando has ever been worse or less interesting than in this movie—not even in "A Countess from Hong Kong"—yet Brando is, after all, our great *original*. And the audience is so drawn to his singularity that it seems happy just to watch him do some dumb little thing, like stare at his girl when she's all doped up and pretending not to be. And Richard Boone, with his big, scowling, humorous face, is so familiar from all those years on television, and is such a cartoon of a tough, no-good guy, that the audience goes along with him, too. The only acting in the picture is done by Rita Moreno, who plays the ticky little drug addict and gives an expert stylized performance. But though probably almost no one accepts Brando and Boone in their roles, their very presence evokes a special empathy—not simply because they're stars but because their edge of irony about what they're doing and their uncertainty about how to play the comic-strip gangsters make the difference for the audience between just laughing at the picture and laughing both ways. The bad movie begins to seem a joke that we're all partly in on. Kidnapping would seem to be an ideal subject for a movie thriller, because tension and suspense are practically guaranteed, but I don't think there has ever been a good kidnapping-for-ransom movie. I don't know why, any more than I know why when opera singers go into the movies the baritones can act but the tenors can't. —PAULINE KAEL

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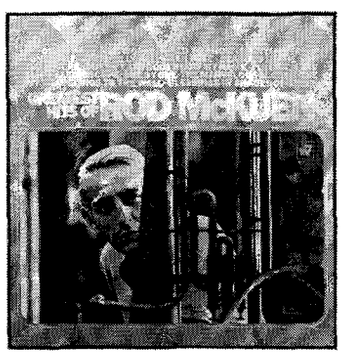

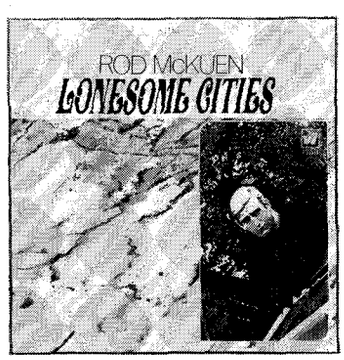

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BOOKS

The Unfinished Man

PHILIP ROTH's latest novel, "Portnoy's Complaint" (Random House), is one of the dirtiest books ever published. It is also one of the funniest. From first to last, it is unremittingly revolting and hilarious—a single, hysterical howl of excrementitious anguish, at which, uncannily, we are invited to laugh. What is more uncanny is that we actually do laugh, that we cannot avoid laughing, it being often wrung from us against our will, if not by the shock of an obscenity we recognize then by the shock of one we don't. Mr. Roth, in the person of his hero and counterpart, Alexander Portnoy, has expanded enormously the range of Pope's "What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed." Portnoy is an irresistibly eloquent, foul-mouthed showoff/wisecracker/victim/windbag. "Look, you guys, you goyim," he seems to cry, "I'm dying, I'm as good as dead! What am I saying—as *good* as dead? Isn't that wild? And you know what's killing me? My mother's love. My father's love. My Jewishness. My gorgeous libido. All the great things, ripping the guts out of me. Poor Portnoy!" He holds up a copy of "Portnoy's Complaint," on his sweating face the parody of a pitchman's ingratiating smirk. "Read all about me!" he begs. "Get the lowdown on poor A.P.'s horrible hangups! Read the filthy memoirs of a smart kid too big for his breeches!"

A hooknosed, Brillo-haired Punchinello, Roth's Portnoy reels in frantic high spirits about the spotlighted center ring, and from where we sit watching him in the shadows it is impossible to tell whether the liquid that gushes out of that painted, smiling clown's muzzle is blood or ketchup, his or Heinz. Nor does he wish us to be able to tell. He falls on his knees in the sawdust, writhing. For a moment, we fear that he may be in his death agony; a moment later, we suspect a hoax. The only thing we can be sure of is that Portnoy is having the time of his life. Never has anyone been so radiantly miserable, never has greater pleasure been squeezed from pain. Roth has taken Whitman's austerely noble "I am the man, I suffered, I was there" and transformed it into a whining and superbly comic "I am the boy, I ache all over, I am here." For Portnoy, still swaddled in polymorphous perversity at thirty-three, it is plain that there *is* no place but here; his bounds are the bounds of his mother-haunted, desire-tormented, guilt-ridden body. "I touch and sin, therefore I am." His heart is not the only organ he wears upon his sleeve, and it is certainly not the most conspicuous, but all of Portnoy's organs are equally precious to him and equally importunate in their need to be exhibited. Well, and no wonder; it turns out that they are the sum not only of what he is but also of what he knows. Beyond his troubled, panting, incessantly swelling and subsiding flesh lies terra incognita, inhabited by fire-eating and fire-breathing dragons that are, in fact, only other desperate people leading desperate lives. Most of these dragons are Gentiles, Portnoy's natural foe, and he strives to keep them at bay by cravenly abasing himself before their imaginary fierceness. Pratfalling into cataracts of scatological hyperbole, he becomes the biggest Jewish joke that ever was, and so, he hopes, the most harmless of creatures.

Roth insists again and again on our seeing Portnoy as a joke—one that, for his quaking hero, is a nightmare he is unlikely ever to waken from. The form of the joke is a series of psychoanalytical sessions, during which Portnoy pours out in exuberant disarray a rich sampling of lubricious recollections. His ever-silent, ever-receptive listener is Dr. Spielvogel, whose first utterance is also the last sentence of the novel: "So. Now vee may perhaps to begin. Yes?" This vaudeville take-off of a German accent strikes an unwelcomely gaglike note; best to forgive it as the author's revenge on the obviousness of the literary device he has employed to frame and sustain his novel. (And the "Yes" with its question mark is surely a prankish tribute to the most celebrated final word in the history of the novel—a "yes" that is content to be followed by a full stop.) One sees the advantages of the device: among other things, it permits the author to juggle chronology in a fashion so vivid that it almost succeeds in taking the place of the conventional suspense provided by a plot, which "Portnoy's Complaint" flagrantly omits. It can also permit the author to practice an indetectable carelessness of composition; it must be far easier to write a book higgledy-piggledy, in purported

"'Real,' you say! Ah, but have you ever asked yourself what is 'real'?"

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imitation of the tendentiousness of the unconscious mind, than to impose the calculated order of a "story" on it. Advantages allowed for, there remains something irritatingly old-fashioned about this particular device. For decades now, it has often been our lot to discover that the narrator of a novel is the inmate of a sanitarium, prison, or what you will, and is addressing his remarks—the body of the novel—not to us but to someone having a professional relationship to him; we readers are only eavesdroppers, presumably all the more ready to accept the validity of what is being said because we have no right to overhear it. Why, this late in the day and this late in the novel, cannot a work of fiction speak in its own voice, unaccounted-for? Wallace Stevens wrote that "The poem is the cry of its occasion, part of the res itself," and so should a novel be; the trappings of a laborious verisimilitude (Dr. Spielvogel, say, or the pretense that Portnoy is the Assistant Commissioner of Human Opportunity in the Lindsay administration) are but archaic nuisances.

Be all that as it may, Portnoy lives—lives with an intensity of comic force that reminds us at first of the opening chapters of Lenny Bruce's autobiography and of the Norman Mailer of "Why Are We in Vietnam?" and then, much more closely and more interestingly, of Mark Twain. How Twain in Heaven, vexed as usual and still having trouble with his "goddamns," must envy Roth his freedom to write as he pleases! Roth's exhilarating power of invention, his fearless upward spirals of exaggeration are obviously akin to Twain's and to the whole nineteenth-century pioneer tradition of humor. Roth's robust curiosity and coprophilous earthiness are also to be discerned in Twain, sometimes under astonishingly demure disguises. Obscenity is a notable enhancer of life and is suppressed at grave peril to the arts; if Twain had enjoyed today's wise permissiveness in respect to what one may write and publish, his career would probably not have been plagued by so long and sorry a sequence of false starts. No doubt he passes his time in Heaven pleasantly enough, swapping dirty limericks with Tennyson (who is said to have developed a fondness for them in old age), but he would have preferred joining the company of the great pornographers and scatologists—Rabelais, Restif de la Bretonne, Shakespeare, Rochester, Joyce, Céline. With this one short novel, easily raced through at a single sitting, Roth has

Leading nominees for the 1969 NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS

On Wednesday, March 12th, the seven winners of the 1969 National Book Awards will be honored in a presentation ceremony at Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, in New York. Meanwhile, these are among the books by American authors published in the United States in 1968 which the judges regard as among the most distinguished:

fiction

JOHN BARTH/Lost in the Funhouse/Doubleday & Company, Inc.
FREDERICK EXLEY/A Fan's Notes/Harper & Row, Publishers
JERZY KOSINSKI/Steps/Random House
JOYCE CAROL OATES/Expensive People/Vanguard Press, Inc.
THOMAS ROGERS/The Pursuit of Happiness/New American Library
Judges: Irving Howe, Jerre Mangione, Wright Morris

arts and letters

HANNAH ARENDT/Men in Dark Times/Harcourt, Brace & World
PETER GAY/Weimar Culture: The Outsider as Insider/ Harper & Row, Publishers
GORDON S. HAIGHT/George Eliot/Oxford University Press
GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB/Victorian Minds/Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.
NORMAN MAILER/The Armies of the Night: History as a Novel, The Novel as History/New American Library
Judges: Renata Adler, Stanley Kauffmann, Alfred Kazin

children's literature

LLOYD ALEXANDER/The High King/Holt, Rinehart & Winston
PATRICIA CLAPP/Constance/Lothrop, Lee & Shepard
MEINDERT DEJONG/Journey from Peppermint Street/ Harper & Row, Publishers
ESTHER HAUTZIG/The Endless Steppe/Thomas Y. Crowell Co.
MILTON MELTZER/Langston Hughes/Thomas Y. Crowell Co.
Judges: John Ciardi, Virginia Haviland, Zena Sutherland

history and biography

NUEL PHARR DAVIS/Lawrence and Oppenheimer/ Simon and Schuster, Inc.
WINTHROP D. JORDAN/White Over Black: American Attitudes Toward the Negro, 1550-1812/University of North Carolina Press
ALVIN M. JOSEPHY, JR./The Indian Heritage of America/ Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.
NORMAN MAILER/Miami and the Siege of Chicago: An Informal History of the Republican and Democratic Conventions of 1968/ World Publishing Co.
DAVID M. POTTER/The South and the Sectional Conflict/ Louisiana State University Press
Judges: Robert Cromie, Martin Duberman, Allan Nevins

poetry

JOHN BERRYMAN/His Toy, His Dream, His Rest/Farrar, Straus & Giroux
GWENDOLYN BROOKS/In the Mecca/Harper & Row, Publishers
GALWAY KINNELL/Body Rags/Houghton Mifflin Co.
JOHN THOMPSON/The Talking Girl/Pym-Randall Press
KEITH WALDROP/A Windmill Near Calvary/University of Michigan Press
Judges: William Alfred, John Frederick Nims, Richard Wilbur

the sciences

RENE DUBOS/So Human an Animal/Charles Scribner's Sons
R. J. LIFTON/Death in Life: Survivors of Hiroshima/Random House
FRANK E. MANUEL/A Portrait of Isaac Newton/The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press
KARL MENNINGER, M.D./The Crime of Punishment/Viking Press
JAMES D. WATSON/The Double Helix/Atheneum
Judges: J. Bronowski, Theodosius Dobzhansky, Walter Sullivan

translation

JOSEPH HITREC/The Pasha's Concubine: and Other Tales — Ivo Andric/Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.
ROLFE HUMPHRIES/The Way Things Are — Lucretius/ Indiana University Press
ELLEN CONROY KENNEDY/Lyrical and Critical Essays — Camus/Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.
BURTON WATSON/The Complete Works of Chuang Tzu/ Columbia University Press
WILLIAM WEAVER/Cosmicomics — Italo Calvino/ Harcourt, Brace & World
Judges: Howard Hong, Vincent McHugh, Richard Winston

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, and consist of seven $1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, the Association of American University Presses, the Book Manufacturers Institute, the Children's Book Council, and the National Translation Center.

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edged into the outskirts of that company. It is an enviable place for a young writer to be.

At the start, Roth prints a mock dictionary definition of his hero's affliction:

Portnoy's Complaint (pôrt′-noiz kəm-plānt′) *n.* [after Alexander Portnoy (1933-)] A disorder in which strongly-felt ethical and altruistic impulses are perpetually warring with extreme sexual longings, often of a perverse nature. Spielvogel says: "Acts of exhibitionism, voyeurism, fetishism, auto-eroticism and oral coitus are plentiful; as a consequence of the patient's 'morality,' however, neither fantasy nor act issues in genuine sexual gratification, but rather in overriding feelings of shame and the dread of retribution, particularly in the form of castration." (Spielvogel, O. "The Puzzled Penis," *Internationale Zeitschrift für Psychoanalyse*, Vol. XXIV p. 909.) It is believed by Spielvogel that many of the symptoms can be traced to the bonds obtaining in the mother-child relationship.

This definition is characteristic of Roth in being both funny and exact, as far as it goes, but one would do more justice to the novel if one were to summarize it with the help of a single verse out of Yeats' "A Dialogue of Self and Soul":

A living man is blind and drinks his drop.
What matter if the ditches are impure?
What matter if I live it all once more?
Endure that toil of growing up;
The ignominy of boyhood; the distress
Of boyhood changing into man;
The unfinished man and his pain
Brought face to face with his own clumsiness?

As the novel ends, there is no assurance that Portnoy's ignominy and distress can be mitigated; he may never become that worthy thing "the finished man among his enemies." But back of Portnoy and his perhaps incurable complaint looms the figure of his creator—the confident artist, rejoicing in the maturity of an exceptional talent and an exceptional intelligence. Roth has come into himself and into the world. He is a finished man, and if he finds himself among enemies they are almost certain to be of his own choosing. Patrick Kavanagh said of the Irish peasantry from which he sprang, "They live in the dark cave of the unconscious, and they scream when they see the light." "Portnoy's Complaint" is Roth's scream, and from now on, whenever he screams, it will have the sound of song.

—BRENDAN GILL

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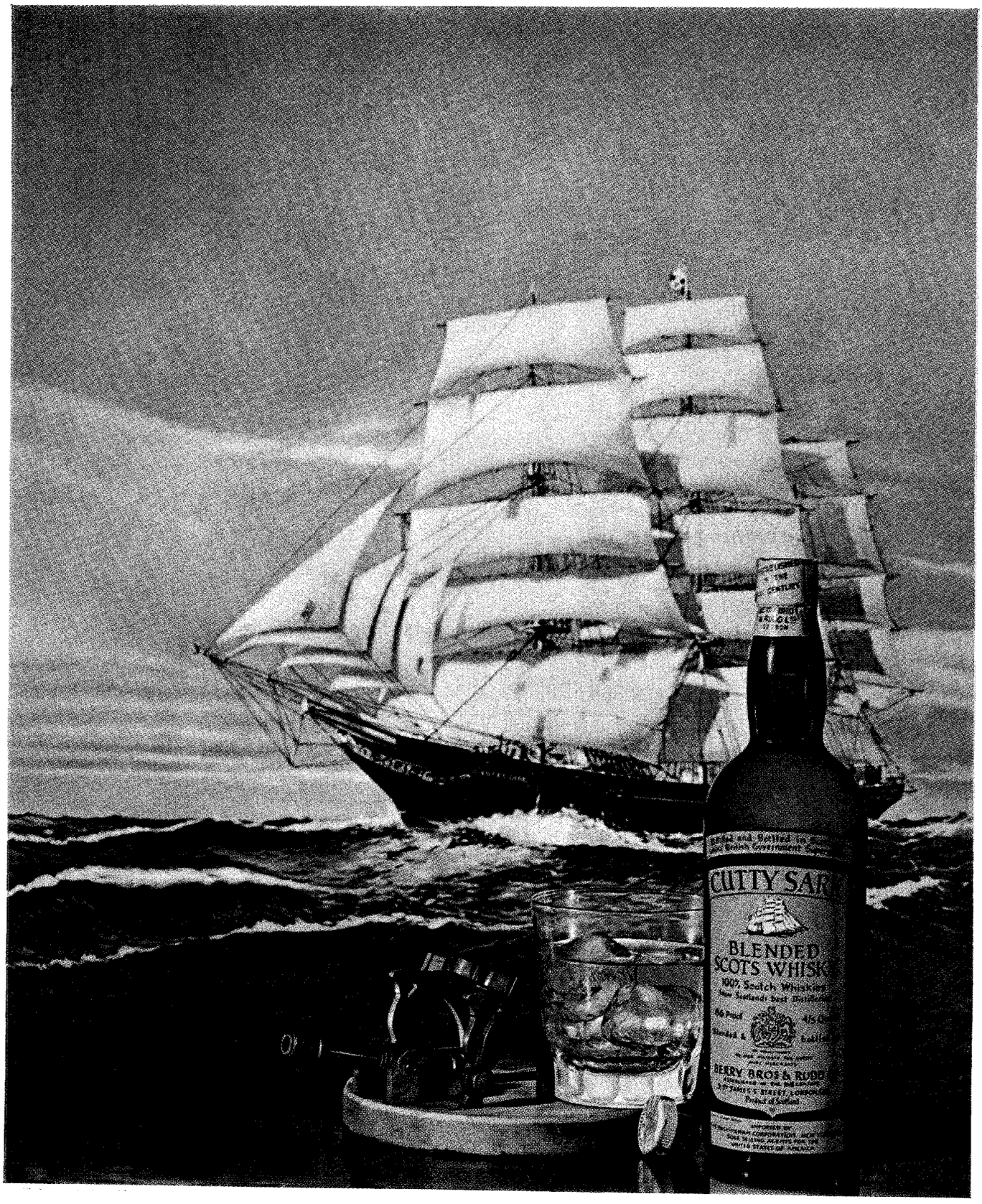

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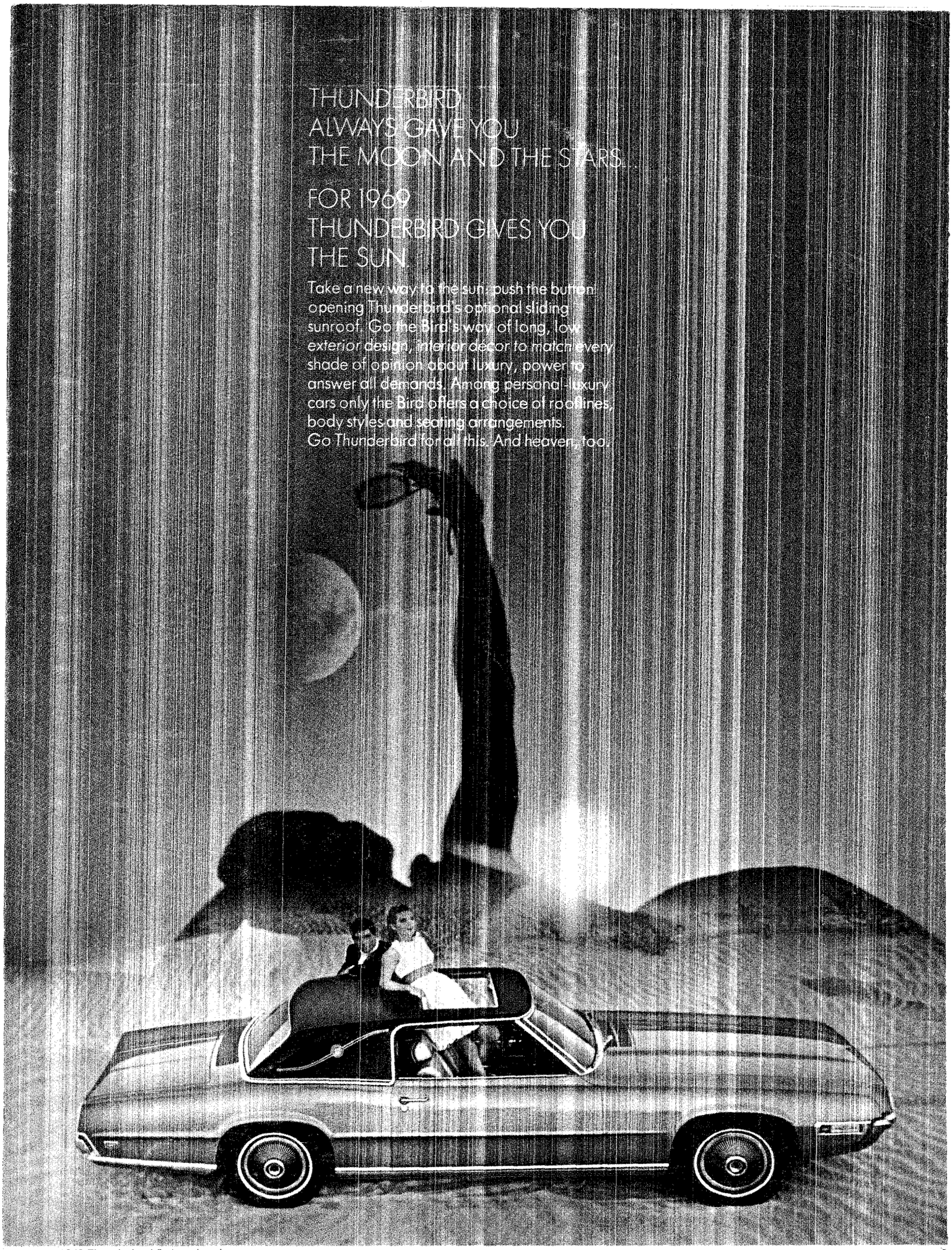

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